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The Christian Parlor Magazine

Darius Mead

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THE

magazine

CHRISTIAN PARLOR ~~BOOK.~~

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

ADELA AND HER GOLD WATCH.

BY META LANDER.

Adela was reared in the lap of affluence. The sun looked down rejoicingly upon the landscape of beauty which encircled her delightful home. Of that home she was the pet and the pride, the plaything of all, and the fairy queen to whom all rendered homage. In her infancy, she had but to hold out her little hand, and the prettiest, the brightest, and the most costly thing was placed within its tiny grasp. Had she wished to be crowned with a chaplet of stars, or girdled with a beautiful rainbow, something as nearly like what she desired as gold could procure, would have been set before her glistening blue eyes.

As she grew into a winsome child full of sweet witcheries and mischief, she lost none of her queenlike sovereignty, and many would prophetically have pronounced her spoiled. But Adela was one of those rare specimens of our poor human nature, which seems sent to redeem the honor of the race. Those various influences which make most children selfish and unlovely, glanced over her in seeming harmlessness. Indulgence could not corrupt her loving heart.

In her mother, to whom she was ardently attached, were sweetly blended the gentle humanities of life with the adornings of an elevated Christain grace. Her example was not lost upon her darling.

At the age of thirteen, Adela, like many, choosing the good part, sat at the feet of Jesus. And her tender heart began thus early to go out in sympathy towards the guilty and suffering in every part of this dark world.

When she was in her twenty-second year, her mother was stricken by the palsying hand of disease. All that skill could devise, all that wealth and affection could do to stay the approach of death, was done, but her hour had come, and poor Adela was left motherless. As she gazed in anguish upon that form, pale, cold and lifeless as marble, she felt the utter impotency of all earthly good. In that hour of desolation, she recalled the counsels of those now sealed lips, and fled to that Friend, who alone can give "beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning."

At the grave of her mother, she devoted herself to the work of bearing messages of mercy to the perishing children of earth. Not long after she consecrated her life to the noble cause of missions in a foreign land.

Do you wonder, fair reader, what spell was upon her, that she should voluntarily resign the advantages of her position, for a self-denying, laborious, missionary life? Standing in the shadow of the cross, she felt that to her as well as to others was addressed the Saviour's dying command. Feeling that affluence and the means of self-indulgence constitute no ground of exemption from the common law of labor and self-sacrifice, she longed to speak of the Saviour's love in the habitations of cruelty. To her heart, now beating in sympathy with that of Jesus, the self-denial would have been to linger in those bowers of ease, where every luxury was at her command.

Before leaving the country, much of her cost-

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ly apparel, and many of her jewels and other ornaments, the gifts of doting affection, she distributed among her friends. But her watch, a birthday gift from her now sainted mother, she retained.

Not without tears, but with a courageous and a trusting heart, did Adela bid adieu to her native land, and was borne far over the crested waves to a benighted shore.

Years passed, and Adela still labored on untiringly in the good work to which she had devoted herself. During the progress of her missionary life, a traveller from her native land passed a few weeks in that region. Being hostile to the cause of missions, this gentleman lent a willing ear to any unfavorable breath. Incidentally discovering that this highly esteemed missionary lady was in possession of a gold watch, he carefully noted the fact as a choice bijou for kindred spirits. On returning to this country, he gratuitously distributed his precious information. It was soon noised abroad that the missionaries practised no self-denial, and that most of them *wore gold watches*. Although this was a large conclusion from so small a premise, yet few thought of doubting the justness of this extraordinary inference.

The strange tidings, travelling by railway, soon reached the Christian camp, throwing it into unwonted confusion. Many a sister waxes warm in her holy indignation, and declaims against the enormity of missionary ladies wearing gold watches, and thus squandering the sacred funds of the church.

"I'm sure *I* never expect to wear even a silver watch," says one good sister. Mrs. W., for a different reason, could have said the same, for the ticking of her beautiful gold repeater is close at her heart. Nevertheless, with an equally self-righteous ardor, she protests against the practice in *missionaries*, as a capital offence. Mrs. S. considers it the height of ingratitude for them to make such returns to those who are practising self-denial for their support. Gentle sister! I would fain whisper a word in thine ear, but I forbear. A fourth, but an humble Christian, may perchance be sincerely grieved that scandal has thus been brought upon the Redeemer's cause. Yet while she cannot fully believe the charge, she knows not how to refute it.

There is One who listeneth to all these exhibitions of zeal; yea, and noteth the spirit that may prompt them.

But, my dear friend, how happens it that *you* are not toiling in those far-off vineyards? Has God excused you from these labors? And if He *has*, are not the same obligations to self-denial resting upon you here as upon those who labor? "Ah, but the case in distant fields is different. A much greater degree of self-denial is incumbent upon the missionary than upon *us*."

Mrs. G. sagely quotes Paul's injunction, "that no man put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way," thence inferring that to save the consciences of the weak brethren and sisters, missionaries are bound to dress and to live in the *very extreme* of plainness and frugality.

Be careful, my sister, lest by your over-scrupulous regard to the weak consciences of others, you offend the Mighty One of Israel. There is no evading Paul's injunction, but what think you would the apostle have said to that species of weakness, which should indulge itself in the identical thing which it condemns in others?

There are, we fear, not a few good people ignorant of the very first letters in the alphabet of self-denial, who yet seem to make it a point to watch for, and note down, and complain of, the extravagances of missionaries. There may be, we admit, among this noble, devoted band, as among ministers, families at home, some who err in this particular. We would not justify them in such an error, if any such exists. The treasure is committed unto earthen vessels. But we should never forget that these earthen vessels *contain* the treasure, and that through them it is imparted to others. If they give us some occasion to mourn over their infirmities, let us inquire, whether the responsibility does not, in a degree, fall back upon us? Do we give them freely not only of our substance, but—our warmest sympathies, our earnest and continual prayers?

There are those, we could weep that we must say it,—there are those dwelling in ceiled houses, and clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, who would have their poor missionary brother wear raiment of camel's hair, and eat locusts and wild honey. Or they would have him, like Elijah, trust to being fed by the ravens of the air. Or he must dwell outside their gate, glad to eat of the crumbs which fall from their groaning table. Their wives and daughters may wear "tinkling ornaments, and chains, and bracelets, and head-bands, and ear-rings, and rings, and changeable suits of apparel," so that an assemblage of Christian women shall seem like a company of the daughters of Vanity Fair,—and yet—and yet—if any—the smallest article of gold finds its way upon a missionary lady, they will be shocked at the in-

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consistency. Is not this straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?

Where is the law that imposes self-denial upon some, while it sanctions self-indulgence as the privilege of others? Is not Christ our head, and are not we, the members of his mystical body, *equally* bound to bear his cross, and to walk in his footsteps, even up the steep mount of self-sacrifice?

Suppose ten men in a certian town engage in some mutual, gainful enterprise. To accomplish their object, it is necessary that a part of their number sojourn for some years in our Western wilds, encountering dangers and hardships. It is evident that it would be, not only ungenerous, but *most unjust* for those who, remaining at home, are to share equally in the benefits of the undertaking, to be exempt from the self-denials it involves? If they are true and honest men, they will, on the contrary, do their utmost to cheer and sustain those who are doing the foreign work in their common cause; and will deny themselves to furnish to their companions in their distant home, not only the necessaries, but the comforts of life.

And are not the missionaries, the agents of the church, laboring in the common cause of our Master, in which they are no more actually interested than we are—or *should be?* And *because* they have made those sacrifices and encountered those dangers from which some of us shrink, shall we *therefore* lay upon their shoulders still heavier burdens, to which we will not lift a finger? *Because* they are fighting our battles, shall we pursue towards them a starveling policy, grudging them even a *tithe* of our abundance? We feel that we are entitled to a pleasant home, and a comfortable subsistence. Are they any the less so for having voluntarily renounced country and friends to do what is equally incumbent upon all?

A faithful and laborious missionary servant who had been at work in his Master's vineyard nearly thirty years, when about returning to this country, received from an English officer of Government a gold watch as a token of his high esteem. Might not such a man be trusted to wear it, even if the manner by which it came into his possession had *not* been known? Has he not nobly earned a claim to the confidence of the Christian community, so that there is no need for explaining all his doings?

It not unfrequently occurs that returned missionaries are censured for their dress as extravagant, when it is only a proof of their true economy,—the second edition of another's garment. We have heard of certain good people who were quite excited, because, forsooth, they had made the great discovery that some missionary lady was wearing a dress of plain material, indeed, but made *according to the fashion.* Oh! let us be ashamed of such illiberality! A delicate, elevated Christian taste, which throws an air of comfort and refinement over the roughnesses of life, is surely not more incongruous among devoted missionaries in a foreign land, than among the followers of Christ at home.

If then we hear of a missionary lady's sending to this country for a handsome garment, let us be sure, before we censure her, that she is not actuated by a regard to her own highest usefulness. There is a befitting attention in externals to times and circumstances, to places and people, to position and influence.

The devoted missionary, Mrs. Sarah L. Smith, in a letter home, after mentioning some articles of dress to be procured for her, says, "You have doubtless perceived from my letters, that we have not come out of the world by coming to Beirut, but that we require as much as ever, to be respectably dressed. In our chapel, we are seldom without the presence of English travellers, and not unfrequently there are with us English noblemen. For two reasons, at least, I think our little company should appear respectable, first for the honor of the missionary cause, and secondly for our national dignity."

The late lamented Mrs. Hamlin, of the Armenian mission, expressed similar views, saying that she found herself mistaken in the principle on which she had furnished her wardrobe—that of the greatest possible plainness.

The same glowing zeal for Christ, the same self-sacrificing love for the souls of the perishing may lead a missionary in one part of the world to a more enlarged expenditure than would be necessary or befitting for one in a different state of society.

We consider it desirable for our ambassadors to foreign countries so to attend to externals as to command the respect of all, and reflect honor upon our government. In a proportionate degree will intelligent Christians wish to have the representatives of our church avoid bringing discredit upon the cause of missions by any style of dress or mode of life which might appear mean or disreputable. Is not this a case in which it is proper in a degree to apply Paul's principle that we should be all things to all men?

Let us hope that the day will come when our noble missionaries will not only not be restrained in their Christian expenditures for preaching the

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Gospel, but when they will not be stinted in the comforts and sometimes even necessaries of life.

It is a cause for deep humiliation that there is so much carping in the church respecting this matter. Have we not enough to do with our own sins of heart and life without spending our time and strength in bemoaning the sins of our missionary brethren and sisters? Doth not the beam in our eye testify against us as we apply a magnifying lens to spy out the mote in our brother's eye? Oh, let us but have the spirit of an enlarged Christian benevolence, and we shall have enough to do, enough to weep over, in what is well fitted to touch our hearts, without imputing worldliness and folly to those who have forsaken all at home to carry the precious Gospel to the benighted abroad!

If the church expects her missionaries to be self-sacrificing and successful, she must be self-sacrificing and prayerful. Then will "she look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

FORGOTTEN THE PAST.

Forgotten the Past! and why not forget?—
Its memory yields but the sigh of regret—
Its loveliness faded, its joyous hopes fled,
Its sunshine and gladness entombed with the dead.
Is the sky of the present unclouded and bright?
A breeze from the past may enshroud it in night.
Gather storm-clouds above to enwrap us in gloom?
The sunshine of yesterday mocks with its bloom:
Its genius has dipp'd in the rainbow her brush,
But the present lies sleeping in day's fading flush.
Then turn from its brightness—list not to its tone;
The present—the present is only thine own.
Forgotten the Past!—but can we forget?
Hath its music no part in the tones with us yet?
In the flowers that shed o'er our paths their perfume,
Is there not some hue caught from its earlier bloom?
Mid the freshness and beauty around us to-day,
Are there no wither'd leaves lying strewn in the way?
Is the group round the hearth-stone so gay, so complete,
That we list for no fond voice—see no vacant seat?
Are our spirits but harps on which breezes may play,
Yielding tones to the winds which sweep them to-day?
Aye, blot out the Past—forget if ye will,—
It is o'er thee—around thee—in thy heart still!
Forgotten the Past! oh, we may forget,
When its gladness is lost in bitter regret;
When the songs of the winds, the whispers of streams,
Naught tell us of joy, of gay hopes and bright dreams;
When the smile of affection which greets us to-day
Recalls not the image of one now away;
When unkindness and pique shroud our spirits in gloom,
Yet remind not of love buried deep in the tomb;
When the stamp of eternity fades from the heart,
God's impress is lost in the mouldings of art.
Then bury the Past —and live in to-day:
of the Present, pass with it away.

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR THE SCEPTIC.

PAUL'S VISIT TO PETER.

BY S. C. BRACE.

We wish to hold a familiar interview, in a few pages of calm inquiry, with the man who has any doubts respecting the miracles and resurrection of Jesus. The Greggs and Newmans and Westminster Reviewers of our day are putting forth their singular compounds of suggestive cavil, rhetorical flourish, and patronizing compliment to Christianity; and are probably gaining a disastrous influence, in relation to this particular subject, over minds not taught to discriminate between adroit and arrogant scepticism, and the modest firmness of the sincere and candid inquirer. The writers of this class run rapidly and lightly over the series of objections, giving to old difficulties a certain air of freshness, dressing up insinuations and injurious surmises in a garb of decency, and masking the real features of their opposition with a peculiar kind of sentiment and pietism. A mode of treating the weightiest of all subjects so demonstrably unsafe; so unworthy of the acknowledged excellence of Christianity; so disrespectful to the sober research of ages, and we must add, so treacherous to man's immortal interests, should be shown in its true character, and the popular mind fortified against it. The true, manly modes of inquiry should be made familiar to all who are exposed to the influence of sophistry. The minute subdivisions of that manifold evidence on which the Christian faith rests, should be presented in great variety of method, and in such ways as to reach the community at large. The man who is liable to be hurried into a thoughtless unbelief by a rapid discharge of startling queries, plausible assumptions, disguised reproaches, and unpursued suggestions of doubt, should be led to see how different a thing it is to enter deliberately, patiently, modestly upon the field of inquiry. The man to whom one magazine article, or one little popular volume charged with scepticism, is a novelty and a wonder, should be led to open his eyes upon the field where, for centuries, the learned have pursued their life-long labors. And especially important is it to impress upon every mind this lesson—that one direct, conclusive train of reasoning deserves our respect and confidence, in the face of a whole volley of random cavils.

It is indeed but a very small part of such a labor that we undertake now to accomplish; but we invite the reader to consider one single line

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of argument in proof of the miraculous attestation of the ministry of Jesus. We do not inquire how this argument compares in dignity with others; we only ask whether it is in itself, and in its own kind, complete. In "rightly dividing the word of truth," there is an appropriate time for every species of evidence.

The proposition to which we now invite the reader's attention may be briefly stated thus:—*Paul was an honest man—he had personal intercourse with Peter and other companions of Jesus—he could not have failed to learn from them the truth in relation to the miracles and resurrection of Jesus—he continued an earnest believer in Jesus as a Divine Redeemer, and was willing to suffer and die for His sake.* The inference from this proposition is obvious—that the Divine mission of Jesus was attested by miracles, even by his own resurrection from the dead.

That we know, in the main, who Paul and Peter were, is not now denied by intelligent sceptics. That Jesus lived, and taught, and gathered disciples, at the time when he is generally believed to have done so, is admitted to be beyond controversy. That Peter was one of the constant companions of Jesus, and that Paul was a converted persecutor, who, by an entire revolution of character, renounced his opposition to the Christian faith, and consecrated to it his whole affections and energies, will not be called in question. Indeed so close has been the examination of these subjects, that among learned men the main facts of ordinary history connected with the origin of Christianity are not matters of dispute. One of the most prominent and influential sceptical writers of the present day employs his highest rhetorical power in eulogizing the character and teachings of Jesus; disclaims any reflection on the sincerity of the New Testament writers; is willing to refer the books to about the same period in which they are generally believed to have been written; and after all his doubts about the miracles, concludes his discussion of the resurrection by admitting that Jesus *may have risen from the dead!!*

That Paul was honest—honest in the highest sense, a man whose supreme desire it was to approve himself to a heart-searching God, is so manifest that we know of no thinking man who would deliberately deny it. We have genuine letters of Paul—letters admitted by all to be genuine—and in these the character of the writer is revealed so clearly, that, it may be "known and read of all men." It is evident that Paul delivered no unwarranted account of his own ruling purposes when he said—"Our rejoicing is this, that in simplicity and godly sincerity we have had our conversation in the world."

We pass then to the second member of our proposition—that Paul had personal intercourse with Peter and others of the twelve companions of Jesus. This is expressly stated in the letter of Paul to the churches of Galatia—a letter the genuineness of which is not questioned; and stated in that incidental way which carries with it irresistible conviction. Let the first two chapters of the Epistle to the Galatians be read with this point in view, and it will hardly be necessary to argue it further. It will at once be seen that Paul was under no temptation, in the direction of his argument, to maintain that he *had* enjoyed intercourse with the other apostles, but rather that he had *not*. He is assuring the Galatian converts, for reasons which are very obvious, that he had not received his commission or his instructions from man. He asserts that on his conversion at Damascus, he did not repair to Jerusalem to confer with the apostles, and that it was long before he had any interview with them. But he adds—"after three years I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days; but other of the apostles saw I none, save James, the Lord's brother." This negative aim of the argument is obvious and remarkable; and in connection with the incidental mode of allusion, furnishes irresistible evidence, even aside from our conviction of Paul's veracity, of the reality of that visit to Peter. In the second chapter we have an account of an interview with Peter, James and John, fourteen years afterward; and here, so far from glorying in the honor of such an interview, Paul introduces the mention of it for the purpose of showing on what grounds he then "*withstood Peter to the face, because he was to be blamed!*" It is unnecessary to dwell longer on this point. The evidence is of that kind which it is not in the power of any attentive mind to resist. Paul had personal intercourse with Peter, James, and John—at one time enjoying a visit of fifteen days with Peter at Jerusalem, at another, after an interval of fourteen years, meeting Peter, James, and John, to consult with them and other apostolic men in reference to their work of preaching the gospel of Jesus, and to divide their field of labor.

And who was Peter? We should be contending with a doubt never yet raised, and not at all likely to be raised, should we labor to prove that he was that same ardent, vehement disciple, of whom we read in the narratives of the Evangelists, and in the Acts of the Apostles—one of

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the twelve who followed Jesus through his whole ministry, and were witnesses of all that he did and suffered. For after all the subtractions which sceptical criticism can venture to make from the New Testament histories, we have enough left to give us the lineaments of Peter's character—one of the most engaging characters on record; and enough to acquaint us with the general course of his discipleship. Here then, we have Paul, the subdued and penitent persecutor, who had now come to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord;" who had probably never seen Jesus in the flesh, but who now "lived by faith" in Him; glorying in toils and tribulations for His sake, and willingly suffering "the loss of all things" for that Jesus whom he once persecuted—Paul, whose sublime devotedness no language except his own eloquent words can express, meeting in free intercourse with those who could relate to him the whole history of Christ's earthly ministry, and answer every inquiry which his intense and reverent affection should propose. The imagination runs out here into a field which is altogether beyond the limits of our present writing, and indeed of our ability to command expression. With what unspeakable interest must Paul have occupied those fifteen days in questioning Peter respecting the events of their Master's earthly sojourn. On all human principles, how minute must have been his inquiries respecting the person of Jesus, the style of his conversation, the habits of his life; and how solemnly earnest his questioning respecting the teachings, the miracles, the crucifixion, and above all, the resurrection of Him for whom they were ready to go to prison and to death.

And what did Paul learn from Peter? Did he learn that the report of the resurrection of Jesus was a mistake? Did he learn that the disciples had never seen Jesus walking upon the waters, stilling the tempest, or raising the dead? Did Peter inform him that Jesus was only a wise and benevolent man, who was put to death for his fidelity to the truth? Did Peter say that after the body of their Master was laid in the new tomb of Joseph, they never saw him again? Did Paul learn that his preaching was vain, and his faith vain, as he declared that they would be, if it were true that Christ had not risen?

The answer to these questions forms the last member of our proposition. Paul continued to endure hardship, toil, reproach, peril, and persecution for the cause of Jesus as his risen and glorified Redeemer, until he could say—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have *kept the faith*." That faith involved a firm belief in the Divine mission of Jesus as attested by miracles. In the city of Jerusalem itself, in the very scene of Christ's trial and crucifixion, in the city where the supposed resurrection must have been discussed with greater feeling, and greater advantage for discovering the truth than anywhere else, Paul found Peter bearing testimony to the reality of that great event—abode with him fifteen days—conversed with him as an intimate friend—had full opportunity to question and cross-question him in private respecting the appearance of Jesus after he was risen—and in all this interview, and in all his subsequent interviews with Peter, and with others, both believers and unbelievers, he found no reason to hesitate in his proclamation to the world that God had raised Jesus from the dead. This conviction endured year after year, through all Paul's journeyings, in all his collision with unbelieving men, in all his acquaintance with those who professed to regard the preaching of the resurrection as an imposture, in all his undoubted familiarity with every opposing testimony which embittered opposition could bring forward. Paul continued all his life to "suffer trouble as an evil-doer," because he "testified of God that He had raised up Jesus."

Now will any one be disposed to maintain that while Paul did fully and steadfastly believe that Jesus had risen from the dead, he did not believe in other miracles, said to be wrought by Jesus during his ministry? We can hardly think that any advantage could be expected from such a position, or that it would be deliberately taken by any thoughtful objector. In connection, however, with this suggestion, we will direct the mind to one aspect of the subject which we have not yet presented, and which would furnish us with a distinct argument on the primary question—an argument of very great power, which we do not propose now to exhibit. Paul constantly and unequivocally claimed that his own apostleship had a supernatural Divine commission, that he was directly taught of God, and that his own preaching had been everywhere sustained and enforced by miracles which he himself had been permitted to perform. This opens a new field on which we do not now enter, except to say that we find here a reason why Paul does not, in his Epistles, dwell upon the miracles performed by Jesus during his public ministry. And is it for one moment to be supposed that Paul constantly appealed to miracles which God was working by him—"the least of the apostles, and not worthy to be called an

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apostle," according to his own touching account of himself, and yet that he knew nothing of miracles as attesting the ministry of his Lord? This thought needs no expansion for any reflecting mind.

We have thus indicated the line of argument which springs from Paul's intercourse with the immediate followers—the personal companions of Jesus, at Jerusalem. And now we ask, where is the defect in the argument? What element is wanting? What member is defective? In what respect is it incomplete? As we have already said, we institute no comparison between this and other descriptions of evidence; we do not claim precedence for any species of proof; we do not speculate on the general design of miraculous attestation; we only ask whether this argument is, in its own place, a conclusive argument. We ask how unbelief is to meet it. We ask whether scattering cavils are of value as an offset.

Sceptical suggestions are far from being reliable arguments. In the ordinary affairs of life, men do not need to be reminded of this truth. But in regard to religious inquiries, the common sense principles of reasoning are extensively abandoned. Many, indeed most of the infidel writers seem to feel as if to doubt a proposition, were to prove it false. Who would consent to act on this principle in his secular concerns? When the discovery of gold in California was first announced, did our enterprising young men look at the queries of the doubters, or at the direct positive evidence? Did they give up all further thought of the matter, because some wise one suggested that the report *might be* unfounded? Did they reject the first letter which related the opening of Sutter's mill-race, because some critic was sagacious enough to intimate that the letter might not be genuine? No—their attention was fixed on the evidence that the letter *was* genuine; and when any young man found one train of evidence which was to him conclusive, he acted upon it, without waiting until every doubter should relinquish his captious inquiries. The evidence which was sufficient to prove that gold had been found in California, sufficed to negative all unbelieving objections. And a conclusive proof, *of any kind*, was deemed a full answer to doubting suggestions *of every kind*. Many a young man embarked for California, and came home rich, who could not, even after his return, answer all the cavils which an ingenious mind could devise. Suppose that some one who valued himself upon his acuteness, had attacked the young adventurer, on the eve of his departure for the Pacific coast, and had said to him—"if there is so much gold in California, how does it happen that civilized nations have not found it before now? And how does it happen that there is so much gold there, rather than among the New England hills?" Might not a thousand questions of this kind have been crowded upon him? And must he wait until they are all fully answered? No. His common sense reply would have been—"the direct evidence that there *is* gold in California does, in and of itself, nullify all your objections. *The gold has been found, and therefore all your objections and queries are vain.*" Now it is to be feared that the young man whose good sense would promptly serve him in such a case, may show less practical sagacity in regard to the seeking of the heavenly treasure. We put him on his guard. The strong lines of direct argument established by Nathaniel Lardner, and by Prof. Norton, show, for example, that the gospel of John was written by John the beloved disciple of Jesus; and are we to surrender our conviction on this point, because Mr. Gregg does not see how this and that is to be explained, or perhaps simply *does not know* that the gospel of John is genuine? Paul found abundant reason, at Jerusalem, to believe that after three days Jesus rose again; and are we to yield up our faith because Mr. Gregg doubts and wavers, and wonders why the Evangelists did not mention this or that, and after seeking every possible opportunity for doubt, leaves us informed that for aught we can know, Christ may have risen?

It should be understood by every young man, that among the dangerous conditions of his existence in this perilous world, the artful approaches of infidelity are not the least to be feared. The Almighty has seen fit to leave it in the power of man to array objections in such a way as to make a powerful impression upon the mind which is voluntarily submitted to evil influences. He has not walled us in by such evidence as excludes the possibility of disbelief, if we take no pains to watch against delusion. The mind should be made up to this condition of our trial. Instead of grasping at cavils, we should eye them with suspicion, as perhaps forming a snare for our feet. We should remember that we are to search for the truth, as for hidden treasure. It will not be forced upon us, do what we may. The man who deems it a mark of acuteness to hold himself aloof from the power of direct argument, and open to the influence of cavil, will be likely to be "led away with the error of the wicked."

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We add, as the concluding thought, that he who would place himself in circumstances favorable to the discovery and reception of the truth, must avoid the bias towards error, which results from an impure life. The unbeliever sometimes talks of the Christian as biased by his feelings; and takes on airs of independence which would be amusing, were not the case too serious for amusement. Bias!—where is there greater bias, than in the case of the man who, being resigned to the dominion of evil passions, and bent on a self-indulgent life, is invited to contemplate the claims of a religion which would teach him to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, and righteously, and godly in this present world!" The power of this bias is far greater than the man dreams of, who, in the midst of a career felt by himself to be a guilty one, flatters himself that he is an *unprejudiced* investigator of the evidences of Christianity. Let him who would "know of the doctrine," do what he believes to be the will of God, and he may then hope to test fairly the question whether the religion of Jesus is from heaven.

NEARER HOME.

BY PHŒBE CAREY.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Near my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Near the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dark abyam;
Closer, death to my lips
Presses the awful chrysm.

Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death;

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

THAT KEY.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

What a sudden change in the weather! but at this season it is our wisdom to look for such changes—and to be prepared for them. Yesterday we calculated on the splendor of to-day, without a question, or misgiving—yet, here I am, and have been these ten hours, a captive, captivated in the least possible degree with the prospect before me, for very evidently this rain has made up its mind to persevere for an indefinite period.

Had I begun to write this morning, I should have prefaced my remarks thus: It is a gloomy day in October—cold enough for a fire certainly:—and I might add now, because there is a cheerful fire in the grate, and the millionaire will confess his sometime poverty with an air of pride and exultation—I might add now what I should not have done then—that, on a certain very gloomy day, I found myself seated in front of an empty grate, wrapped in a shawl, and my window was open!

Why was my window open? That is an unsettled question. Perhaps the dear lady fancied herself guilty of an unavoidable act of desecration, and her conscience sorely troubled her thereupon. She was mistaken in regard to the new-comer. The stranger from the country was not a sufficiently ethereal, and spiritual, tenant for an apartment sacred in her thoughts and affections, because it was once the abiding-place of all that was human of the greatest intellect that has been tabernacled in the flesh (of woman), for a hundred years—(more or less).

Or—which is quite likely, and a far more agreeable supposition, it may after all have been an oversight on the part of her maid-servant, and a stupid carelessness of mine.

Connected with the fact of the open window is another, as indisputable, which has been the event of the past day, instead of the delightful trip on which our hearts were set.

While I sat shivering with the cold, I was quite unaware of the various real causes of my disconsolate mood, until a loud cry aroused me from a recollection in which I was indulging—"Martha!" a sharp, quick sound, instantly followed by "*Martha*," an impatient, hurried exclamation, upon which broke without a second's pause "*Martha!*" a decidedly desperate and frightened cry.

The human call awakened in me a wholly terrestrial sympathy. Instantly I found myself before the open window gazing out into the

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open space. And behold! there stood the dispatchee of the startling sound, separated from me by two yards of space, and perhaps a foot of wall.

An individual acquaintance with the various forms of distress has a tendency to keep our own sympathies alive—and without doubt the trouble of the woman would have elicited some manner of expression from me, but for the instantaneous appearance of the maid, who emerged from the basement into the court below.

Some over-scrupulous individual, who is refined beyond the reach of impulse, may here exclaim against the gross indelicacy of any third party that should thus become an uninvited witness of the scene transpiring. But the candid reader who has ability to appreciate the emotions of humanity, will understand that the intrusion was not such as could properly be called intrusive. Had I maintained my position at a distance from the opened window, I should still inevitably have heard the conversation, and at this moment, while, the event still fresh in my mind, I can reflect dispassionately upon it, I am far from being persuaded that it was not an involuntary expression of more than ordinary delicacy on my part, that sent me like a flash window-ward, at the sound of the voice.

I do not stop to discuss the point, dear H. A. H., but simply state it may have been my first intent to close the window, that I might not become an unsuspected, unanticipated listener to the story of my neighbor's misfortune! And still, whatever conclusion you may arrive at, let me here state clearly that the phlegmatic indifference, peculiar to the extremes of civilization at the present time, viz., the indifference of the red sons of the wilderness, and of the dwellers in the rarified atmosphere of fashion, is an extreme of civilization (or of barbarism), to which I have not attained. Bear with me, H——, there's no knowing what years and cultivation may effect for one!

You must, however, take all this for something besides an apologetic preface. I confess it *was* something of a satisfaction for me to look upon the face of that "Martha" of whom my imagination had drawn so many pictures, for, indeed, she seemed to be the one unfortunate object against which the entire contents of that immense boarding house had conspired, from the tiniest child that had a voice for the articulation of syllabic words, to the ridiculous old man, who, like M. Dechalumeaux in the play, kept the little hand-bell tinkling from morning till night; whose whole being, indeed, seemed resolved into an unending want, which must incessantly find expression!

The same cannot be said of Mary and John, that is said of poor Martha. A sort of gentleness and respect is invariably yielded, as unquestionably due to these dignitaries of the basement. When I hear them addressed, the idea involuntarily arises that they are human beings, made of flesh, blood, and soul—I notice that their service is never required save in a way that suggests, and conveys the idea, that if they choose to render the service, a great favor will be conferred.

But Martha, poor Martha! she might have been the meanest of domestic animals, or even a specimen of the race which the descendants of Abraham hold in such special aversion, for aught of recognition she received as a creature of rank superior.

Therefore, I had an irresistible longing to look upon this girl whose heart seemed to be against every boarder and lodger, as every individual's voice is certainly against her, and the cry which brought me to my feet, justified as I have proved, I trust, my remaining near the window until she appeared to view.

Immediately she came, and—if a name has any significance (which Juliet would not allow)—then was poor Martha fated from the first, and little more about her should be said. A yellow-haired dwarf, a red-faced, long-armed, weather beaten object, human indeed, but the last that could by external influence win the admiration or the affections of beholders. And, I confess, then and there taking into consideration the bonds of "love" and "friendship" which unite the people of this earth, I could understand at once, that no marvel was implied by the reception this poor creature met at all hands when summoned before them.

"Martha, have you seen a key, a very small key! a little bit of one! It was on the chain with the others, I am sure I left it there."

"No," was the brief reply, and Martha vanished.

For a moment the inquirer continued leaning from the window, as if laboring under the delusive idea that the maid would reappear with a recovered recollection. Then I saw a deeper disappointment overshadowing her face, then a renewed and most evident vexation—and again the voice repeated its cry rather desperately, "MAR-tha! MAR-THA!"

And again the maiden appeared.

"Wasn't the bunch of keys on my table when you arranged the room! while I was at breakfast, you know!"

"I don't know, I told you I didn't see it. I

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don't know anything about your keys—nor any body else's. 'Taint my business too, I expect."

With this emphatic and conclusive reply, the girl again retreated. And then the curl papers, anxious face, and dressing-gown likewise disappeared behind the window-curtain.

Doubtless the search was then renewed with increased diligence within that curtained chamber, by the token of a child's voice that has been wailing all the day, and the impatient "HUSH," and the nervous song, which have at times broken upon the silence of my solitude.

It was yesterday that we visited Greenwood—it was yesterday that they buried Daniel Webster. What a grand, solemn day it was! so shadowy, mild, and beautiful! Shall I ever forget that day? No! and I thank Heaven for all the dear and glorious ideas and incidents with which each of its hours are associated. The day is not to be forgotten.

This morning, while the rain dashed upon the roof, and heavily against the window-panes, I retraced every step of our progress through the grand aisles of that Temple of the Dead—the streets of that great city of the Dead. When I lifted my eyes they did not fix upon the leaden sky from which the rain fell; I saw instead the waving banners of purple, and green, and red, and gold, which floated in the calm October daylight, and my feet went again, treading with reverent steps beneath those banners which had written on them all one inscription, one epitaph, that was more imposing, more striking, than marble monument ever bore.

For here, we all knew, was no quotation—but the original sentence spoken by Infinite Mind—by Him, the first Great Mourner, whose grief was that He had created man, whose folly had brought upon himself the mortal penalty and doom! What was the inscription written on those gorgeous banners? That which the seeing eye must read whichever way it turns—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." We stood in silence together upon the point whereon the Pilot, imaged in stone, is placed—far away we saw the cities, and nearer the bay, and the shipping in the harbor, and vessels making for the Narrows, and steamers bound for California, and Liverpool, and Japan, a proud and noble sight, but the red, withering leaves were beneath our feet, and they, and the yellow and empurpled garlands, hanging from the branches overhead, were speaking to us other things than the romances and truths of life, even of the mighty reality of Death. "Dust thou art! Dust thou art!" It is hard to believe it. And saying that we do believe it, we know not what we say.

It was from this height that we went immediately beneath, and stood before the ranges of vaults wherein the dead are entombed; and there the withering grass, and the earth we trod upon, told us the same story—and still it was hard to yield the story credence.

Then we stood in the presence of the Undine of Greenwood—we saw that fairy-like fountain which leaps from the bosom of sylvan water, and the music of that voice had, for the hearing ear, that same sad story; but—from no point did the irrevocable doom, and these many witnesses, appeal to us as a fact, until we had gone afar from the grounds which Wealth and Vanity have chosen, to the quarter where a dead poet and an Indian girl, and a multitude of children sleep.

We had entered the Cemetery, and taken the path that led us first into presence of the witnesses of the pride and the vanity that delights itself in riches: we had seen how these could find a joy that assumed to itself a sort of sanctity, in making toys for the adornment of the places of the dead; but we went back to the city of the living by another way, a way which led us with softened heart, and appealing soul, and reverent step, to the work and the duty awaiting us there.

I am glad to have seen, and to have seen yesterday, in such a light, and on such an occasion, the quiet and sheltered place where McDonald Clark is lying; though it is a grave beside which none can stand without shame and misgiving, without a new application of the indignant words spoken by the countrywoman of Burns, when told of *his* great monument, "He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone!"

Near by his grave is the lovely nook where the Child of the Forest is buried. The sun that has shone on the solitudes of untrodden wildernesses, the rain and the dew that descend there, could not fall more pleasantly upon her grave, were it there, than it does here where civilization has made fair the sepulchres and palaces of Death. Nor could more grateful song of bird, or more fragrant bloom of wild-flowers, visit, amid the "dim aisles" of the forest, the spirit of the slumberer, than is in this cultivated place breathed forth—than is here exhaled by sunbeam, and moonbeam, and the air of heaven.

I could wish to long remember those places of rest. And I am thinking that they will be remembered when prouder shafts and images are forgotten, for they are associated with Deli-

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ideas than those suggested by exhibition of the pride of riches, and the pride of life, even with those suggested by a reverence for childhood and purity, with genius and sorrow, freedom and courage. Loving hearts will not forget to make their pilgrimage to the unpretending monument in the shaded and silent place, where a poet that loved nature, and childhood, and beauty, is sleeping. And they who have a thought for the fitness of things, will love to linger near the place where is slumbering the daughter of a vanquished race that is fast passing from our borders.

But with a more exceeding tenderness, with a more thoroughly awakened sympathy, will the stranger remain upon that sunny slope where a myriad children are buried, the children of foreigners brought from distant lands with a hope that saw them men, strong, and free, and prosperous; children who were early laid to rest, ere they had learned to look up into heaven, and abroad upon earth, with the thought or the knowledge of what had brought them thither. The children of foreigners! who left silence at the hearth, and in the heart—who indeed found very early what their parents sought for them, freedom, prosperity, happiness, though it came to them not on earth, but beyond, THERE where their angels do always behold the face of the Father.

Thought, more beautiful and affecting than is suggested by either Egyptian or Greek faith, will not fail to accompany the glance that rests upon those numberless little mounds. They are decorated in a way that proves that the human heart, while it has affections, will never be at a loss for resources when it would testify to those affections. Though there be no pride of name or of purse to gratify, though there be no power to perpetuate individual interest in the minds of those who shall come to look upon the ground where their children lie, they do all that love in their case can do—and, in a peculiar way, may they speak of the "public grounds" of the cemetery as their own.

There on the nameless mounds lie the toys and playthings which were once the joy of the little unconscious slumberer beneath. The shining pebbles that were treasured and prized by their several infant owners, as misers treasure styles of dust more glittering—leaden soldiers—wooden cities—china toys—drums, and dolls, and marbles—you will find them all there, just where the hands of the living and loving placed them; and there, had they fifty times their worth, would they remain, safe from the hands of the spoiler, who would not shrink from despoiling the habitation of the living; the elements alone will touch them; rain, and snow, and light, and frost, and heat,—no human hand will displace, or mar, or remove. They are safe, as though fashioned of marble, and established on a firm foundation.

You will find in the enclosures of these "little graves ranged side by side," many monuments, although, as I said, very few headstones are to be seen there. What are these monuments? You have seen the casts of kneeling Samuels hawked about the streets—ranged in the shop-windows—on your own mantel, perhaps? You have seen those other casts of the child Samuel reading from an open book as he stands by the side of the aged Eli? These little images you will see on almost every grave—and your thought will not need to follow wildly after a vain imagining, in order to discern most beautiful images of a better and grander idea in these frail memorials. Over the grave of some child of fortune you will see emblems of Hope, of Faith, of Angel guardianship, of Purity, of Courage, of Freedom; and the children of the poor are not here without their symbol and memorial—here also is Angelic guardianship, and Purity, and the Lesson of Life, set forth.

Glad am I to have looked on such expressions of affection—to know that love, as well as vanity, has its voice, its touching and inspiring voice, that it speaks from the city of the Dead; glad am I, of all the recollections I shall cherish of that metropolis of Western Empire, to have this also, of the children that are buried in Greenwood.

I took up the book that was lying on the lounge beside me. It was the volume that a friend had praised—a volume entrusted to fame not long ago, under the title of "UP COUNTRY LETTERS." Fortunately it happened to be the volume nearest me; I think it fortunate, because it is now unassociated with those recollections of Greenwood, and the Key, and that thought of the funeral at Marshfield, and this whole Rainy day.

I took it up to read, and hours went by unheeded. Until the darkness warned me, with the old Sandman's cry, "Eyes or no Eyes!" I read of "China," till I myself felt inspired to break out with, "Z. P.," in "Why-should-we-mourn-de-par-ar-ted-da-"! of "Thanksgiving," till I could have wept that I was not also born in the glorious "Up Country," where people do really give thanks, and feast in token of gratitude—; till the "Dark Days," and the "Driving Fast," and the "Birth Day," and "Tidy," and "Joy," and "Mr. Pundison," had become so many distinct chapters, thoughts, exhortations, and beings, to my mind. And when I closed my book in the gloom of the fast closing day, it was

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with a feeling that almost impelled me to an embrace of the Niobe on the mantel, in lieu of poor, bereaved, and speechless "Tidy," and I know not how the cry upon my lips was restrained, if it was really restrained, "Come! let us look no more upon Frank! let us go forth and gaze into the Heavens which have received him."

I laid the letters aside with a blessing on the author who had beguiled me of a mournful day; and when I arose it was with no apparent purpose—but just then, alas! a repetition of the morning's cry, an energetic "hush! hush!" hurriedly recalled my long wandering thoughts to the theme of the morning's contemplation. And fancy had now recklessly determined on having its own way. Unobserved it wandered over the two yards of space, and through the one foot of wall, until it stood within the lady's chamber. What a scene!

There lay the baby in its cradle, almost buried under the weight of playthings and trifles, which the mother had thrown to him in the hope of quieting him, while her search was continued. Boots, which had evidently been overhauled in hope of discovery, boxes, chests, and drawers emptied of their treasure—papers, books scattered everywhere—oh! it was a scene of such dire, such inextricable confusion! Fast, as this fancy gazed, "the wonder grew" as to what *could* be dependent on this bit of iron wire that a machinist had tortured into a certain shape!

What had been entrusted to its care? What treasure was given into its charge? Perhaps it was a casket—and, it may be, of diamonds—(though the appearance of the room hardly warranted the supposition,) or of glittering paste, over which the faithless, or captured key had charge, and guard. Perhaps precious documents were given it for safe keeping; and, for the mourning dress the lady wore seemed to warrant the idea it had been her intention to keep sacred this day, probably the anniversary of their marriage, or of his death, perhaps of both events, to memories of her lost companion! Thinking this, my sympathies, all aroused by the bereavement of poor "Tidy," went straight over to, and were lavished on this troubled woman who was dressed in mourning, and searching for a missing Key. Then I began to find place for the belief that she, the stranger, was Tidy's self, and that the key was the very one to which it was entrusted the safe-keeping of "Frank Bryar's Log Book!" But the Baby! oh!—well, doubtless "Joy," or it may be some fellow-lodger, had left it in her keeping for that—"*That* day of all days in the year!"

As I said, it was growing dark when the "Hush" again startled me.

And then, shortly after—about an hour ago—"Mary! Mary!"

From my window I looked out again into the dismal night. And my eyes glanced into the court below. And a figure was standing there to answer the cry. It was a quiet, dignified, and, as it seemed to me in the "dim distance," quite a graceful figure, whose natural attitude and state seemed to be repose! Poor creature that had found herself an official in a city boarding house! As she looked upward I beheld it was a quiet face, and that a pleasant smile adorned it. Immediately occurred the recollection of Miss Sedgwick's Irish Biddy, and the greeting of the happy family, and I felt inclined to imitate the amiable household, dear H. A. H., believe me, and exclaim, "You've had good news to-day, Biddy!" But then the unabated anxiety of one of the party prevented so cruel an interruption of the conversation she was on the point of conducting.

Again was that question proposed, to which Martha had so ungraciously responded; and again, on utterance of a negative, was the head withdrawn, and the maiden disappeared, and the lady in mourning closed her window, not hastily, as in wrath, but evidently "with more of sorrow than anger," and all that induces me to the belief that the missing valuable will yet be found, is that pleasant smile with which Mary's face was radiant, as she returned into the basement. My heart's desire is that she shall find it, for—but who would have believed it—this lost key has been my sole incident of to-day, and but for its excitement, even while Broadway "unrelieved," teemed with life and excitement, I should have been sure to sleep, in order to rid myself of *ennui!* While I sat before the now lighted grate, and watched the "shadows dance along the wall," I was in a fair mood to attain unto some very definite and welcome ideas concerning the secret of the interest, that the most hackneyed heart may be supposed to feel, at times, in any story of human life that is truthful, natural, and common.

Doubtless my reflections were assisted towards more perfect development than they might otherwise have attained unto, by the incident of the day, the transpirations of yesterday, and by the fact that I was at the moment the tennant of a haunted chamber. Haunted by the recollections and the thoughts which inevitably crowd upon whosoever crosses its threshold. For, as I have intimated, one dwelt there, not many years ago,

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in whom was tabernacled extraordinary gifts and powers. And the very silence that enveloped me there in the solitude, around and about which the breath of human life and the air of heaven pressed heavily on every side, seemed "eloquent of her praises."

It had been to me, from my first entrance, a haunted chamber. I never crossed its threshold but I thought of her. I could not work, or sleep, but she was in my thought. I could not lift my eyes, but, behold she stood before them! She entered at the door, I saw her as she came to the room which was lowly for the habitation of a regal soul like hers,—"alone" she came from the presence of a crowd that reverenced her genius, that loved her peerless womanhood. She had been swaying and startling by her eloquence —suggesting by her own deep-thoughtedness; winning by her gentleness—and confounding the wisdom of fools by her learning.

Amid the circles whence she had come, she had moved as a queen—not as a queen had ruled there, but solely by force of her intellectual power. I saw her as she came from the brilliant drawing-room, from the glance and speech of admiration, and praise, and love, into the silence and remoteness of this humble apartment, her home. And, at a glance, I understood the power by which she had captured, and held captive. Hers was not that loveliness of maidenhood which weariness, or vexation, or disappointment, and care can over-cloud. It was not the splendor of apparelling, nor the dignity of mannerism. It was the grace of lofty genius, united to the humanity of a great heart. It was the power, the grace, the magnetism, that was neither to be doffed, nor donned, as a garment. It was her abiding, steadfast, earnest, unconcealed self. I saw her as, "alone," she studied, and pondered, and thought there. The shadows danced along the wall, as in her time. To the skies in the north-west on which her eyes rested when they gazed from the windows of the room, my own were lifted, alas! not with her vision; and in the cloudless nights, the stars looked in upon her, as they do on me. There did she bring to light her own high thoughts, and generous imaginings—there, in solitude she lived, as in society, her own true life, and not a fiction, or a fragment, or a base imitation; she lived herself there. Ay, though hopes which wean weak minds cannot understand, nor feel, were dying in her sight—though treasure earned was withdrawn from her grasping—though clouds were gathering around her—though many a proud and heroic aspiration was checked by the

ld's false-heartedness in its unfolding!

I saw her dreaming there as young hearts, the young, and loving, and romantic, dare to do; toiling, as the brave, and gifted, and energetic toil; longing, as the lonely and great-souled can; achieving, as the patient, and trustful, and patient, must.

Remarkable words that she had uttered were ringing through my brain; her prophecies were in my memory; a very grand and majestic life stood up before me in the silence of that chamber, and I gazed upon it, until, from contemplation of all that she was, and had the soul to be, of all that she was not, and might have been, of of all that she dared, and dreamed, and accomplished, I shrunk back into the depths of humiliation, wondering to think of the life that was recalled as it had reached its prime, ere the work for which its soul had strength, was more than a fragment. And my heart went into mourning, thinking of her, as it had a hundred times before.

When I looked up again, how great was my amazement on beholding, on a finger of the outstretched hand of Niobe, a glittering, golden key! —a tiny thing, studded with gems which flashed like stars in the gloom of the chamber! My first impulse was to fly to my window, and cry out to the sorrowing lady that her lost was found: but another instant, this was quite out of the question—surprise, bewilderment, made even so much motion quite impossible.

My eyes fell; and, as I now believe, the glance was drawn by an irresistible attraction to the pedestal of Niobe! and this also was a glance calculated to transform me into a huge bewilderment; for there, at that very base, behold! an elaborately wrought casket, glittering with gems, and the finger that bore the ring was pointing, with an intensity of meaning, towards it!

Unconsciously I had grasped both casket and key, and the begemmed shrine was open before me. A royal fragrance filled the room—a blending of all richest and rarest perfumes—and within the wonder was a crystal, through which, and still unconsciously, I gazed. And lo! with the distinctness of the famous cosmoramas, a life, a woman's life, spread out before me. A woman's life, its loves, its woes, its joys and hopes, its struggles and endeavors; its hopings, even against hope—laborious and cheerful, generous, and lavish of affection.

I beheld it, as with angelic sympathy it labored for the abandoned and the lost, speaking for them in high places of the land, opening blinded eyes to see, and to weep, and to amend; laboring for the depraved before such labor had become a fashion and a trade; toiling for them at

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a midnight hour, before the awakened multitude had discovered that it was a work for plaudit and renown! I beheld that Heart making its way with angel gentleness, and tenderness, and perseverance, through gloomy prison passages, and vaults—moving by that gentleness, and tenderness, and perseverance, the hardened and depraved to remorse, shame, repentance, prayer!

I beheld that Heart, moreover, as it throbbed to high and noble symphonies, in a far-off land where the strife went on for "Freedom, Equality, Brotherhood." I beheld it valiant and heroic, encompassed with dangers, but strong to cope with them all—laboring, as since her childhood she had done, for others—binding up the wounds of men stricken in battle—closing the eyes of the dead—feeding the hungry—comforting the despairing, inciting them to deeds of valor by her valiant words. Sympathizing with the people when they were triumphant—daring to suffer with them when they were overcome, and vanquished.

And in her time of joy, I saw the heroic Heart. "Alone" no longer—husband and child beside her—satisfied—and looking with them afar over the great oceans to the home whither she would lead them, where freedom, and peace, and the right to labor awaited them. I hear her as she tells them of that mighty, outstretched land, of the great work which the Lord Almighty worketh there, of the measureless forests, the magnificent plains and rivers, of its mountains and its cataracts, its orange groves, and cotton fields, its North-woods, its harbors, bays, and inland seas—of her America! It is not a tale of ruined castles, and moss-grown cathedrals—it is not of a monumental, storied land she speaks, but of freedom, and that brotherhood which it was her hope to yet see recognized there as something besides a beautiful French dream. And then, looking still, and more and more intently, into the crystal's depths, I beheld the concluding act—the finale of the tragedy—the closing of the record of that Heart.

"And there was a rush, and there was a roar, and there they all hung, grappling with Death!"

The depths were opened to receive them, and they went down together—not "alone;" and then I saw lying upon the beach, amid the glistening sands, one little Angelo that had come up to earth to tell the story of that great Heart's fate. Him they have laid in a pleasant place about which flowers may blossom, and birds may sing; so while the waves of the ocean dash along the beach, and chant the requiem eternally above her head, she hath left her memorial of womanhood, love, and genius, on the earth!

My tears have dissolved the crystal; but the key, I shall treasure that forever. And it is an unending joy to think I have slept in this haunted chamber, and dreamed here; that I have thought here of the living and the dead; and, especially, that I was troubled here, this gloomy, doleful day, by the trouble of the woman who lost her key.

THE FALLEN.

BY DANIEL C. LOGUE.

Her lips were sweeter than the wine
From Rhenish vineyards pressed;
Her brow was fairer than the snow
That drapes the lily's breast.

Oh, she was lovely! not a shade
Of earth was on her brow;
She was a very angel then—
Alas, what is she now!

The dance, the revel, and the song,
The wine-cup and the hour,
All tell the fearful, deadly blight
Of passion's high-wrought power.

* * * * *

Heaven's *curse* on him who thus could blast
An angel with his breath;
Who compassed every wile to lead
The sinless down to death.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION.

BY C. C. G.

Would that an angel pen were mine, that I might trace
The thoughts that through my saddened bosom swiftly chase;
My very heart seems bursting with its weight of grief,
And all bewildered seeks, but finds not wished relief.

This world, so full of joy till now, seems drear and sad:
The fresh green trees, the bright-robed flowers, the sunshine glad,
The music of the birds, and childhood's merry voice,
This day have lost their power to make my heart rejoice.

Oh, sad it is, to feel this black and gloomy cloud
Around the pent-up spirit winding like a shroud,
And hiding from the soul's most longing, eager sight
Whate'er there may be in its path that's warm and bright.

Who has not borne this dreadful incubus of woe,
And strived to solve the reason why it must be so?
And vainly strived, for tears will have their natural vent,
And friendship's words are useless, howe'er kindly meant.

Now cease thy grief, my troubled soul, no longer mourn,
Within thy heaving breast let higher thoughts be borne;
Cast all thy varied cares on Him who cares for thee,
And his kind hand from all thy griefs will set thee free.

That heavenly Friend above most willingly now hears,
And sure, thy God will better prove than all thy fears:
Oh, raise to him thy humble, earnest prayer for faith,
And he will hear, and grant, and save thy soul from death.

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THE SISTERS.

A "TABLEAU VIVANT."

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

READER, here is a parlor, and some folding-doors, and a large gilt picture-frame; and there, behind, they play at Tableaux, and you and I are lookers on. What shall we see when the bell tinkles, and the doors slide back? Ah! Miss Laura C. and her sweet sister Annie—a pretty and a truthful picture too.

Laura C. was the spoiled child of fortune, art, and fashion; but, like all pets, there was something really interesting and loveable about her. If you observed only Laura's exterior, you felt that nature had been lavish of her gifts and graces. Her blooming and beautiful countenance, with its quick, intelligent eyes; her graceful and swan-like motions, and the rich mellow tones of her bird-like voice; her gay good-humor and ready wit, which sparkled out in a thousand pleasing and unexpected sallies, or in apt and witty repartee, threw a sort of enchantment over the beholder who for the first time was subject to the irresistible spell which such combined fascinations of mind and manner are capable of producing. Laura was the bright particular star of that brilliant galaxy of beauty and fashion which she graced; or rather, she was the sun and centre of a brilliant circle of satellites which revolved about her, drawn by the simple force of her own attractiveness. But these lesser lights neither envied nor paled in her presence, for there was an indescribable something about Laura which caused others instinctively to feel that she was *made* to shine; that it was no *borrowed* splendor, reflected from rank and riches and adventitious accomplishments, but a sort of halo which invested the character itself, and made it seem *rayonnant* with beauty and loveliness. *Such* to the superficial, who only *observe*, but do not *study* character, was Laura C.

Gallants were happy when allowed to bask in the warm sunshine of her smiles, and her dear five hundred female friends, who knew her only through the medium of calls, and cards, and compliments, wondered and admired. When she dressed, or danced, or sang, or talked, a thousand curious and longing eyes gazed to catch the secret of that subtle art of fascination, which made the beholder fancy that a thousand young loves and graces lay nestling in the light folds of her gay drapery, informing every movement, and inspiring the soft, sweet cadence of her rich and tuneful voice. But Laura had her faults, and a sober truth-telling friend (and such a friend had Laura in her elder sister Annie) would have said they were many and serious. But Laura was not a vain or haughty beauty. She had no airs, no pretensions, save such as her distinguished social position would justify. In short, she was a perfect specimen of what the usual routine of polite and fashionable education can do, and *all* it can do, toward the development of womanly character and virtues, when it has good material to work upon, with no essential flaw or blemish, or natural impediment to the great work of shaping, smoothing, painting, and polishing, which a young girl's nature must undergo before she can become a complete belle, made to order in the school of modern fashion. But Laura had faults, *serious* faults. Dark threads shot among the brilliant hues of the warp and woof which were woven into the very texture of her soul. He character was like those beautiful and finished embroideries which will bear to be examined only on *one* side. It is true she usually had wisdom and womanly tact enough to keep the right side out; but friends who stepped behind the curtain could see all the cross stitches and ill-assorted colors, which looked so fair and regular *outside*. Faults Laura had, but they were like spots on the sun, which the astronomer only with his glasses can see. In the full blaze of her beauty and her winning amiabilities, they were obscured and forgotten. Laura was selfish and egotistical to a degree that even her thorough good-breeding could not always conceal. Her egotism was, however, rather *felt* than either *spoken* or *acted;* for Laura would have lost her empire, and the enchantress' wand would have fallen powerless from her hand, had her thousand spell-bound admirers for one moment been able to penetrate the flimsy veil which social etiquette and natural sense of propriety had thrown over the monstrous egotism which reigned supreme within. Laura's pride and egotism betrayed itself where she least suspected it, in a forced condescension of manner, which always seemed to remind her *inferiors* of her own superiority of character and position. In society, among her equals, there was usually that confident putting forth of *herself* which marks "security to please;" but sometimes, on the contrary, when piqued, a careless hauteur, which seemed to say, "I am not afraid to offend you, and I *will*." But the studied self-retention, the feigned servility, and affected adulation of Laura's manner when in the society of her *superiors*, might have seemed to one unskilled in

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reading that book of deepest mysteries, the human heart, but the natural reserve which the presence of rank or age or wisdom irresistibly imposes on the young, the inexperienced, and the modest. But Laura, though somewhat deficient in the learning of books and schools, had learned in the great school of the world secrets which the text-books of the school-room do not divulge; and well she knew that no compliment is at once *so* delicate, and yet so gratefully flattering, as that quiet deference of manner which seems to say, "I have penetration to discern your claims to my high regard, and I yield it heartily."

Laura was modest and without undue pretension in society, not because modesty was an instinct of her nature, or a *blush* the true index of the workings of the inner life of thought and feeling in her secret soul, but because her nice sense of what is beautiful and *fitting* told her that modesty was an added grace to female loveliness. Laura had read the fable of the Flowers, and well she knew that Flora had judged rightly, and truly enhanced the beauty of her favorite moss-rose by half veiling it in *green*. "*I am the admired of all admirers*"—*the observed of all observers*—was a thought which thrilled Laura's heart with pleasure, mantled her cheek with the flush of conecious loveliness, and gave her that constant flow of animal spirits which at times increased to an almost morbid exhilaration, so that her gaiety sometimes bordered on *levity*, though her native good sense usually reined it in so tightly that it always stopped short of *folly*. When Laura contemplated herself in the mirror of her own mind, the *I* she saw reflected there seemed greater, nobler, and more beautiful than any THOU. In short, Laura had imbibed that egregiously foolish notion, so common to good-looking girls, in their teens, that nothing on earth is so irresistibly enchanting and bewitching as a beautiful young lady just let loose from school, who can dress, and look, and act, and dance, and sing "*divinely*." Poor Laura! Experience, that stern old schoolmaster, whose frown has scared folly from so many young hearts, must teach thee his hard and humiliating lessons before thou canst see and understand the vanity of these mere outside shows and seemings.

Laura's character wanted depth and strength and spiritual beauty. She lived wholly in the outward world of enjoyment, action, and endeavor. The inner life of soul, its high sentiment and deep feeling, were wanting to the completeness of her nature. But Laura was *happy* as the vain, the giddy, and the pleasure-loving usually are in their heyday, when *thought* sleeps, while as yet the deeper wants of the *heart* have never yet made themselves *felt*, or breathed a sigh after higher or holier happiness than that arising from gratified social ambition or self-love; who have never yet felt the rude shock of the world's harsh contact, waking them from the fond day-dreams of inexperienced youth. But Laura had a sister who loved her, not only with the instinct of natural affection and the fond admiration which such beauty and accomplishments would naturally inspire, but with the fulness of a noble and earnest nature, in perfect self-abnegation, pouring out the rich treasure of its love without stint, or the cold, calculating measurement of self-interested pride.

Indeed, so earnest and self-forgetful was Annie in her almost worshipful love and admiration of her sister, that we cannot better image Laura in the "tableau vivant" we wish to present of these two sisters, than by using Annie's serene and wise, yet gentle and loving nature, as a foil, a shaded back-ground, on which to project the dazzling points of the brilliant and beautiful Laura. Like twin-cherries to the eye, ripe and plump and ruddy, these sisters grew upon the parent stem; but how unlike at *heart*—as different in character as a cherry and a sloe! Born under the same family roof-tree, cradled in the same maternal arms, dandled on the same lap of love, subject to the same hereditary and home influences, how could these sisters be so different, so morally and mentally unlike!

The *faces* of both were beautiful, and the costume of each equally elegant, tasteful, and appropriate; yet so entirely different in *style*, that the most careless observer would have recognized the soul-difference, which robed the one beautiful and queenly figure in the elaborate fold, and flounce, and frill, decked with gorgeous ribbons, and flashing with costly gems; and the other less queenly and commanding, but as gracefully symmetric, in the plain silk or muslin robe, the severely simple style of which is somewhat relieved by a single well-selected ribbon, or a few elegant ornaments, or, in their absence, by a fragrant new-blown flower.

Laura's pretty face shared the praise of prettiness with the tasteful knots of flowers and ribbon which made her head-dress, and the delicately meshed and costly lace of the veil which shaded its subdued loveliness. Her favorite style of dress, so elaborately fashionable, would inevitably have given her an air altogether TOILETTISH, but for the perfect elegance and taste which she

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somehow always managed to unite with the most servile obedience to the edicts of that most absurd and fickle goddess, Fashion. *This*, as all ladies know, is a rare art—the art of *looking well in every thing*—the art which converts the unnatural and hideous deformities of fashion into the wavy bends and twists which form the lines of beauty and of grace. Every thing fitted Laura, and she fitted everything; and had she worn the steeple head-dress so much in vogue under the good Queen Anne, she would not then have seemed an inch too tall, and the polished shafts of Addisonian satire would have fallen pointless at her feet. And so too, when she chose to wear the flat-crowned cap of Mary Queen of Scots, she did not look an inch too short. Indeed, had Fashion, in a foolish freak, put *horns* on Laura's fair and polished forehead, she would have worn them gracefully as the lordly stag his antlers. Laura was really "*perfection's pink*," the very glass of fashion; and when full dressed, and in fine spirits, might have sat in a play at "Tableaux Vivants" as the ideal personation of the blended charms of nature and of art. But Annie's character was not more essentially different from her sister's than her manners and her modes of dress. There was in her toilette a *plainness* approaching almost to *severity;* not because her noble nature had the least taint of affected prudery, but because her simple, quiet, intellectual beauty, unconscious of itself, and either unobserved or overlooked by the gross eyes which only see the outside and the visible, made no impression when presented to the world side by side with the brilliancy and *rayonnance* of Laura's, which caught and fastened every eye, and gathered to its proud triumphal self the buzz of busy admiration in every social circle where the sisters moved. Annie had therefore conceived the foolish and unfounded notion that she was most decidedly *plain*, and that this plainness, if tricked out in all the pretty fripperies which were so becoming to her gay and handsome sister, would be downright homeliness by the contrast; and hence the philosophic reason (for Annie never did any thing without a reason) for the studied simplicity of her dress and manner, if that may with propriety be called *studied* which is but the natural outward expression of an inward sentiment or an instinctive feeling. This was the explanation of what Laura was pleased to call the "Quakerish coquetry of her sweet, sober sister."

But it was in conversation, which is the *soul's dress*—the drapery of thought—that the contrariety of mind and character between the sisters was most strikingly apparent. Laura was the readiest, most fluent, and most frequent talker. She was *always* brilliant, frequently sensible, but never profound. She read all the current news, the popular floating literature of the day; knew the past history, the present whereabouts, and the artistic or other merits and demerits of all the social, operatic, or theatrical *figurantes* of the present time; and then she tricked out this constantly accumulating fund of drawing-room and boudoir intelligence in such elegant and piquant phrase, and uttered it all in such rich, full, and melodious intonations of voice, suiting sound to sense, and accompanying her utterance with a natural gesticulation so graceful, animated, and free, that *few* listeners, indeed *none* but knowing old bachelor cynics, could withstand the fascinations of Laura's elegant and sprightly talk. Indeed without meaning any disrespect to the honored ghost of that most sensible of all transcendental talkers, the immortal Coleridge, we dare say that had "Laura's Parlor-Talk" been published side by side in parallel newspaper columns with the Anglicized German mysticisms which make up that world-renowned "Table-Talk," Laura's brilliant and impromptu "*jeu d'esprit*" would have carried off the palm, and secured ninety and nine of the hundred readers. O philosopher, "*sic transit gloria mundi!*"

While Laura always made herself seen and heard as the centre of every brilliant conversational circle, which she inspired as its animating soul, Annie was usually silent, thoughtful, and reserved in indiscriminate company, and rarely ventured to embark on the common current of ordinary discourse, though she thought far too modestly, almost too meanly of herself and her capabilities, to believe it was because that stream was too shallow to buoy up and carry forward on its sluggish current that rich freightage of original thought, that wealth of intelligence, that depth and enthusiastic earnestness of feeling which she exhibited, when her proper self-hood did unconsciously betray itself in earnest, confiding, and soul-speaking conversation with her chosen friends. But yet there was nothing cold, indifferent, or repulsive in Annie's listening face or the self-imposed silence of her manner in mixed society. On the contrary, in every word and action, even in the silent speaking of her eye when she reposed, there was something which spontaneously waked thought and feeling in other minds. Even on that hackneyed subject of remark, the weather, those who knew Annie listened, and waited in pleased expectancy, won-

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dering what she would say about it; for all things, even the dregs of common life, when run through the searching crucible of her own original and penetrative mind, came out new and bright, and shining with a lustre you had never seen them take before in contact with any common mind.

There was a subtle magic in Annie's modes of thought, a cunning, intellectual alchemy, a mental conjuration, which could bring at will all bright, and beautiful, and queer imaginings with which to clothe our common thoughts, our life of every day, so that in such gorgeous robings of the fancy we no longer recognize them as our arm-in-arm companions in the dry and dusty walks of daily life. Annie usually *talked* little; but she *thought* and *reflected* much, and her face habitually wore an expression of quiet and sedate thoughtfulness; but when she spoke or smiled, there was a sudden beaming of the eye and a sweet dimpling of the cheek, as though the secret soul had mirrored on that face, and pictured in that radiant eye, its latent goodness, purity, and truth. Her laugh was *low*, but clear and hearty, the true echo of a heart which bounded out in joyousness when the right chords were touched.

Laura laughed as all the gay, and glad, and mirthful do, and then her laugh was *real* as her joy; but then she often laughed too when her heart ached and throbbed with surging passions, whose tumultuous swell had never stirred the purer and more placid depths of Annie's gentle soul. Laura laughed the gayest of the gay, and sported her keenest wit, when her heart sank like lead at the advent of some rival belle, whose counter glories threatened to eclipse the brightness of her own. But *then* her laugh was forced and hollow, and bespoke a heart excited and but ill at ease. Laura had no sanctuary of quiet thought within herself, to which she could retreat and be at rest. See wanted repose of *manner* as well as repose of *mind*. Her gayety was too habitually high-toned to be *real*, to be the true sunshine of a happy heart. It was the unnatural stimulus which excessive praise and adulation administered to a mind diseased, yet all unconscious that its hot and rapid pulse-beat was a sign of fever in the brain. Laura had never suffered any external misfortune, or, in other words, had never had any "*trouble*," as the world calls it, and so the world thought Laura happy. Why should it not? The *public*, though it has a thousand eyes, cannot look on and see the play of selfish passions in a human soul. How could it know that the constant exhilaration of Laura's animal spirits in society was but the bubbly and frothy effervescence rising up from the ferment of gratified vanity, and social pride, and self-esteem?

But Annie's pure and noble nature was like a deep and tranquil lake, which mirrors on its face the glories of the heavens above and all that is most beautiful and bright around it on the earth; and such a lake sleeps not more softly beneath the shadows of the guardian Alps, which screen it from the earth's rude blasts, than Annie's soul reposed in tranquil confidence, and hope, and trust in God, beneath the overshadowings of her guardian angel's wing. Her face was rarely flushed by that eager and lively play of thought and surface-feeling which always gave a tinge to Laura's; and a stranger might perhaps have marked its placidness and deep repose as indicative of a cold, indifferent, and passionless constitution of the mind; but to those who *knew* Annie she seemed always to commune with her own quiet thoughts and beautiful fancies, and those who *loved* her felt in her presence that sort of mingled delight and awe with which the grandeur and solemn hush of a sanctuary inspires the worshipper. There was something peculiarly attractive and pleasant in the intonations of Annie's voice, particularly when she was either deeply moved or interested in what she uttered. There was a sort of pleading sadness in its tones, as though it said, "Adieu to Hope," yet wished its stay. But Annie knew not that her *heart* spoke out most truly in those low, subdued, and saddened tones. Careless observers thought her downcast eye and softened voice bespoke but maiden modesty, and *she*, too, thought that she was happy. A secret sorrow lay concealed and festering at her heart's core, yet she knew it not, and never told her love. Never was there a more truthful, transparent, and ingenuous heart than Annie's, or one more naturally incapable of mean concealments. To Laura, in the frank confidingness of sisterly friendship, she spoke without reserve all that concerned their daily life and intercourse with others, and much also that belonged to the interior workings of her own secret thoughts. Indeed, so far as the wide difference in the nature and temperament of the sisters would allow, they had all things common; but this was a secret that Annie had never told to Laura, because she had not yet even uttered it to *herself*. Nay, Annie would have died of shame and self-loathing could she for one moment have admitted to her self-consciousness the conviction, "*I love, but I am not beloved.*" But so it was. She did love

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hopelessly, but as innocently and unconsciously as a sinless babe who looks into its mother's face, and loves, and draws its breath of life from the sweet answering smile of love which it sees imaged there.

A nature noble as her own had yearned to say, "*I love,*" and yet, hedged in by circumstance, compelled by time and place, and violent coercion of itself, to crush the rising instinct of the heart which sought to love its like, the lover made no sign, uttered no word, and never, even by the gentle pressure of the hand he shook in greeting after long absence, gave token to the loving heart that he was *hers*. The hard, unfeeling contact of an upper and a nether millstone could not speak less of tenderness and mutual sympathy than that last meeting of their hands and eyes, when he had said so formally, and with such a stately bow, "Adieu." And Laura laughed and bowed again, and shook her pretty curls, and when he shut the gate she bowed again, and waved her handkerchief at the passing vehicle in which he rode away *for ever!* but Annie turned, and with a quickened step she sought the silence of a dark and unfrequented room, to *weep* and wonder why her heart was swelling so with hope, and doubt, and fear. Annie's temperament was constitutionally inclined to melancholy, but *now* a deeper shade than that of sentimental sadness, which all thoughtful and meditative young faces wear, became habitual to her. Laura did not notice this, or, if she did, she did not *mark* it; for she herself could sometimes be as sad as night only for very wantonness, or just to teaze a lover, or to coax mamma; but Annie's brooding melancholy had a deeper meaning, though she knew it not. Yet Annie had too wise and strong a self-control to bear the outward sign of suffering on her brow. She wore a placid mien:

> "She did crush back the breaking heart,
> And o'er her crumbling self the ivy twine,
> Bear up her woes to God in fervent prayer,
> But not to human ear their weight impart."

Annie rose above the weakness of self-surrender to sorrow. She resolutely banished from her thoughts, even in her day-dreams and secret reveries, every wayward fancy which could make her feel that the good providence of God had left her any thing to hope for or desire to complete her earthly happiness. When she stood in the midst of the congregation of the people, and as a worshipper reverently and devoutly uttered, "God be merciful to us, miserable sinners," she felt that the listless dejection of her mind, and her folly in suffering her rational faculties to be paralyzed by sentimental and self-inflicted suffering, was indeed *sin;* and with the purity of a holy vestal, who for one moment had forgotten to guard the sacred fire which glowed upon the altar, while she looked out from the windows of the consecrated temple on the passing pageants of the outward world below, she said, in tones tremulous with the depth and fervor of her contrition, while tears fell thick and fast upon the open page from which she read, "But thou, O Lord! have mercy upon us, miserable offenders."

Laura observed the rain of silent tears which fell upon her kneeling sister's book, and then looked up in strange surprise into her face, as though she would have penetrated to the secret well and fount of feeling whence they sprang. But all was *calm;* and Laura thought that Annie smiled a sweet and heavenly smile even through her tears, and she too tried to *pray,* if prayer that might be called which was but a few faint and struggling reaches of the soul towards God and heaven, while ever present to her secret soul were thoughts like these: the graceful attitude, the rustle of her damask dress, the golden clasp upon her book, the bracelet on her wrist, the drapery which half concealed and half revealed her graceful form; and then, farther from home and self, the kneeling multitude, the white-robed priest, the long-drawn aisle, the fretted vault, the dim religious light; and first, and last, and midmost, was *this* thought towering above all: What do observers think? Do I appear in church as well as Annie? Does my face look as earnest and devout? Do my tones sound as sweet and worshipful in the response as hers?

Poor silly Laura! The Good Master pities thee; and let the self-righteous Pharisee who hath never had a worldly, wandering thought in prayer throw the first stone, which shall kill out of thee that womanish weakness which always makes thee wish, even in God's house and at thy prayers, to look the prettiest sinner kneeling there.

Annie not only tried to forget and be happy, but she *was* happy and grateful, too, to the Giver of so much earthly good as she enjoyed. To that fulness of the heart's worldly content which arises from easy and affluent circumstances, and agreeable family and social relations, Annie added that higher happiness which comes from a nobly endowed nature, wholesomely controlled and disciplined, and that more interior and soul-felt joy which springs up in a heart consecrated as a living temple to the love of God and goodness. Religion was literally to Annie, as the word imports, a tie which bound her to God;

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and so much was it the fixed habit of her mind to realize the constant presence of God, and the Divine cognizance of human actions, that every thing she *did*, or *thought*, or *said*, seemed to *her*, however trivial or indifferent it might appear to others, to have a *right* and a *wrong*, a *good* and a *bad;* and therefore she walked softly, and communed wisely with her own heart, and in the silence and secresy of self-inspection approved or condemned as she saw her character and conduct rising or sinking in that eternal balance of right and wrong, on the beam of which God has written, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." But this exact and searching self-scrutiny was but the practical, outward, and ethical part of Annie's religion. She was conscious of a tenderer and more filial tie which bound her to God and goodness, and the calm and holy delight of spiritual communion. She looked in the face of Jesus, she felt the beauty of holiness; she longed to be entirely *His*, to conform her whole life and being to the moral image of Him who is "chief among ten thousand, and the *One* altogether lovely." Her contemplative and imaginative mind was filled with awe and wonder in view of the solemnities of Life, the awfulness of Death, and the unimaginable mysteries of Eternity; and, penetrated and filled as her mind habitually was by such thoughts, it was impossible, loving Laura truly and deeply as she did, that she should not sometimes try to share with her such thoughts and forecastings, and to commune with her in those feelings which warmed and vitalized her own inquiring and longing spirit. Annie's eye had caught a glimpse of that true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and, following the clue she had obtained, she searched to find and walk in that "path which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And think you not she found it? If not, what mean such words of prayerful intercession as these which Jesus uttered: "I pray for them. I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me, for they are Thine;" and this promise also: "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and the Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

Annie often sought, as we have said, to have communion of thought and feeling with Laura on those subjects which constantly struggled for expression in her own heart; but when their conversations took an unexpected turn, and personal religion and the sacred law of duty became the topics of discourse, Laura would blush and remain awkwardly silent. She loved such sisterly communings. She was even delighted, in the retirement and privacy of their own apartment, to talk over the scenes, events, and characters with which their daily life, in the world of gayety and fashion, made them familiar. Annie's observant and active mind, so much better informed and disciplined than her own, would suggest ideas so accurate, shrewd, and philosophic, that such conversations became to Laura a delightful intellectual pastime; besides, she loved poetry and fiction as passionately as Annie, though not for the divine breathings which inspire such utterances, but because she seemed to realize in these splendid creations of genius her own gorgeous ideal of social life and pleasure. Her own life, crowded as it was with incidents and pleasurable excitements, seemed to her quite a tame and every-day thing when compared with the *tragic* interest by which Bulwer's imagination has contrived to throw a sort of witchery over the imaginary *figurantes* of his mimic worlds of life and action. In Byron, Burns, and Moore, she saw her own ideal of romantic love—what she desired it should be in the history of her own heart and life. Hence such poetry interested her, and the more when she listened to Annie's piquant criticisms. Such conversations she relished, because they both entertained and instructed her. At such times, she felt the superiority of Annie's *mind*, and was charmed into admiration. She was even *proud* of her sister, and less envious than though Annie had been her rival in objects which lay nearer to her heart than books. But when these *tête-à-têtes* took a more serious turn, and the higher workings of Annie's mind revealed themselves in their wrestlings to comprehend the great truths and mysteries of man's spiritual and moral being, and to apply them to the moulding and development of her nature, Laura shrunk abashed and disconcerted. The tactics of the drawing-room, which she understood so well, and which never failed to extricate her from little social embarrassments, seemed utterly to fail her here. This sudden revelation of higher truths than any on the familiar pages of the "Childe Harold" and "Lalla Rookh" startled and alarmed her. When Annie observed this, her natural reserve and modesty made her shrink from a full and free expression of her own interior spiritual life, or the application of a moral probe to Laura's. Annie's piety was indeed that of the hidden man of the heart. Her religious life was so entirely free from any tinge of the thousand forms of Pharisaic *outwardism*, that as Laura saw no broad phylactery, no tithings of the cummin, no servile cup-and-platter washings, she honestly thought that Annie was no *better* than herself,

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only more quiet, and sedate, and intellectual. Stranger as she was to a devout or prayerful thought in her own heart, how could she know that when she stood dressing before her mirror, with perfect unreserve, or twisting her beautiful curls around her delicate fingers, Annie lay upon the bed in almost worshipful admiration and love, thinking that God's most glorious and mysterious work—a beautiful human body—was indeed a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost; and then her soul would breathe itself forth in prayer for Laura, till in the inspiration of such communings she forgot even her prayer and Laura and the curls, and sunk into that sweet, delicious reverie wherein we dream of heaven, and God, and happy saints, and feel as blest as though our guardian angel took us in his arms, and leaned our head upon his breast, and fanned us with his wing, and softly whispered to our soul: "Be restful; be at peace. I love and guard thee. Thou art God's, and He is *thine;* and He is *here*, and *here* is heaven."

Opening her eyes one day from such a prayerful reverie, which Laura thought had been a *nap*, she observed that Laura still stood before the glass with toilette, all complete, save one stray curl wanting that elegant and nice adjustment which was to give the grace of perfect finish to her face; and Laura, with inimitable grace, was coaxing and coquetting with that wayward lock, and when she conquered it, she smiled with sweet complacence at the image of her pretty self, while Annie said:—

"Laura, my dear, I wish you would not always wear those curls."

"And pray, why not?" said Laura. "Are they not becoming?"

"Oh yes," said Annie, "*very;* but still I wish you would not wear them."

Laura turned suddenly away from her mirror, and looked in strange surprise at Annie; for well she knew her sister could not *envy*, and so unlike was she to Laura, that the jealousy of rivalry had never for a moment marred the sweet confiding intercourse of these two maiden sisters. Annie was embarrassed by this inquiring look, because she could not tell Laura the reasons for advising such a wanton piece of Vandalism as combing out *such* curls had seemed to Laura, who, with earnest emphasis, said:—

"Do, sister, tell the reason *why* you wish I would not wear my curls."

But Annie only rose and threw her arms around her, and with a warm caress she kissed her sister's cheek and lips as any mother would a pretty babe's, whose very breath she loved, and said:—

"I love you, Laura, and you know I would not give you pain. I was wrong about the curls."

When Annie left the room, in a moment's thought, and by a single act of self-remembrance, the whole of the *truth* flashed up in Laura's mind, and flushed her cheek and neck with crimson red, and filled her soul with loathing and self-shame. She saw herself just then, not with her *own* eyes in the looking-glass where she had so long studied her outward image, but with the soul's eyes in the clearer mirror of Annie's nobler heart and purer mind. She recalled the occurrences of the previous evening, at a party in the house of a friend. She remembered the sad and half-regretful look with which Annie's eye met hers, while her gay laugh was sounding out, the gayest of the gay, from the centre of a brilliant group which she had drawn about her, like courtiers round their queen. She remembered, too, *another* face which she had watched in that gay circle, whose manly beauty seemed subdued and chastened by a nobler manliness of soul. Those meaning eyes, she felt, looked not admiringly on her; but with an eager, curious, penetrative, almost solemn scrutiny, as though they read the secrets of her soul, and found her proud, and vain, and silly. She remembered, too, how, though her soul was faint and sickening under that searching gaze, with a painful sense of wanting worth and moral loveliness, she proudly tossed her head, and waved her curls, and laughed so gay, as though she did despise the homage which she could not win; and after, as she glided by him in the dance, she thought he whispered to his friend, "*A glorious form and face, but wanting that sweet woman-soul that I could love.*" What a bitter moment of self-recollectedness was that to Laura! Rarely before in all her life had she so suffered. It was with the sharpness and poignancy of a sudden pang that the conviction flashed down deep into her secretest self-consciousness that she did really want womanly worth and beauty, and that soul-loveliness which enhances every personal charm.

Laura wept, oh! what bitter tears of wounded self-love and mortified pride; and for one dreadful moment, and for the first time in all her life, was the image of that sweet sister presented before her by some evil demon as an object of jealous envy and dislike. But even *then* and *there* that Blessed Spirit which Annie had supplicated in her prayer descended, and hovered brooding over that sea of vexed and stormy passions, till

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its surging waves were laid to rest; and soon, in hushed and tearless silence, kneeling by her bed, Laura listened, and heard that Spirit speak within, although she thought it was her own soul which communed with itself, and said, "I will arise and go to my Father, for I have sinned." And Laura wept again; but now her tears were *sweet* and soothing like an earnest prayer. She rose and dressed her hair again; and while she smoothed with comb and brush and hand the spoiled and tangled ringlets of her wavy hair, she shuddered at the touch, as though in every glossy, shining coil a serpent lay concealed with deadly sting. The bell rang as she finished, and when she met her sister at the table, Annie looked up in pleased surprise to see that Laura's hair was plainly shaded on her brow, and fastened up in graceful braids and bandeau "à la Grecque;" and she was pained, too, because she thought she saw in Laura's altered face the trace of tears and heart-ache. But Laura smiled so sweetly, and looked with beaming eyes so full of love in Annie's face as she sat down, that Annie thought she must be wrong, and that the new, sedate, and altered look of Laura's face must simply be the change which barbers make when they cut off redundant locks, and that the graceful droop and wave of Laura's usual wilderness of curl would change it back again. And Laura's *mother*, too, observed the change, and looked admiringly, and said: "Laura, my dear, why do you not oftener dress your hair as you have done to-day? I like it *better*. You are too fond of curls. It is true they are becoming; but then, I assure you, there is more of *style* in that plain braid. Do sometimes wear it so." And Laura blushed, a thing which her mother marked as still more strange than her unwonted head-dress.

Now, "*la bonne mère*" had been a stylish woman and a beauty in her day; and now that she lived her youth over again in her children, nothing gratified her maternal pride so much as a certain air of elegant "bon ton" in the dress and manners of her daughters.

Laura always gratified this natural vanity, and was a child after the mother's own heart, and not unlike what that fond mother herself had been in the "beau monde" at Laura's age; but now she had grown *wiser*, and love of pleasure had subsided into love of family and home. She was *now* motherly and domestic, and superintended every thing herself, so that her household had that air of elegance and perfect finish in all its appointments which is seen only in those homes where the eye of the mistress follows the hand of the hired domestic drudge. The mother loved and idolized those beautiful daughters; and, with all the comfort and splendor of her elegant home, she felt that they were its chief ornament—its light, and life, and joy. Laura was the favorite, the bright particular star; and Annie, too, she loved most fondly, but not with that intense, self-glorifying love which was so proud and happy when it gazed on her own counterpart in Laura. She was also proud of Annie, too, sometimes, though in a way so *different* that she scarcely knew the reason why. The wealth of Annie's mind she could not understand, because she had no answering measure in her own. She was satisfied, when vainly endeavoring to comprehend what seemed to her the puzzling idiosyncrasies of Annie's nature, to say, that she was like her dear lamented father, and he was "*so uncommon*." Yes! world-wise mother, Annie was uncommon; for God's own hand itself had built that brainy citadel of thought, and in its sinuous labyrinthine twists had hid a human soul kindred to seraph angels; and yet the busiest gossip of a country neighborhood had never dared to tarnish her fair womanly fame by that most murderous epithet, *eccentric*. Perhaps Annie owed this happy and enviable exemption from the terrible penalty which a gifted woman always pays for the exercise of uncommon capabilities of mind, to her strong good sense and timid shrinkingness of disposition, which made her dread any kind of notoriety, even though it were an honorable and envied distinction.

Annie had an acute, penetrative, and philosophic mind, and there was no end to its curious and subtle questionings. Hence she was impelled to read and study much, and a less orderly and methodic mind would have bewildered and lost itself in the great mass of miscellaneous knowledge which she daily acquired by general reading. She was a correct *reasoner* too, and possessed in perfection that rarest combination of intellectual gifts, a strong logical faculty, with a remarkable power and brilliancy of imagination. Nor was the heart wanting in that depth and tenderness of *feeling* which is the highest charm of woman. On the contrary, the delicacy of her sensibilities, and the exquisiteness of her moral affections, recoiled with fearful force at times upon her delicate physical organization. Her sensitive nature was like the harp of Æolus, so delicately tuned that every passing zephyr woke its slumbering harmonies, so sweet the listener held his breath to hear. But the remarkable creativeness of Annie's fancy never seemed so wide awake as when she slept. While Reason

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woke and held the bridled Pegasus, its wings were kept in check; but no sooner did Annie slumber than the strange wild horse ran riot, and played such tricks and shaped such wondrous fantasies of thought, that when Annie woke she was really awed by the mysteries of her own intellectual being; and this feeling was not altogether untinged by a slight shade of superstition, for she often said involuntarily to herself, "I have had a dream which was not *all* a dream. It hath some fearful portent." But this weakness was only momentary; for Laura had only to say, when she got tired, and yawned over her embroidery frame, "Sis, do tell me what you dreamed last night," to make her feel that it *was all* a dream, and then she would humorously relate her trippings into Fairy Land. Indeed, Laura had well nigh worn out and exhausted her power of being excited by fiction and romance, because she resorted so constantly to these artificial stimulants of feeling, that even Bulwer's *last* fell from her listless hand when she asked Annie to tell her dreams; and her cloyed fancy sought something still more exciting to feed upon than those commonplaces of sentiment, spiced up with love, and hate, and murder, which make "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," and the "Child of Night," so palatable to the ordinary mass of hungry romance-readers. But Laura was both gourmand and epicure in her readings. She craved large quantities; yet nothing but the selectest and most aromatic savors could gratify her already satiated taste. Annie's dreams were her Apician morsels, for they were manufactured entire out of the beautiful and brilliant imagery of her own mind. They were not the ravelled and tangled tissues of such stuff as earth and daily life are made of, and had in them none of the odds and ends, and shreds and patches of our common life, which tame and unimaginative minds weave into such grotesque and motley combinations when they dream. The outgoings of her thought in sleep were sky-tinctured with hues of such unearthly radiance as are woven in the rainbow, or gloriously outspread on sunset skies, as hints and heaven-sent intimations of the veiled glories of the brighter world which lies beyond.

Could the intellectual philosopher, who makes *mind* an object of scientific study and analysis, have stood apart and watched the ordinary *goings on* of the wonderful intellectual machinery of Annie's mind, he would have been transported with delight; or, stepping *nearer*, could he have looked into the shaded camera of her secret soul, and watched the images which came and went, and went and came, he would have burnt his idle metaphysics in despair, and owned that the *why*, the *whence*, the *wherefore*, and the laws of such strange fancies were beyond his finding.

But such recitals of Annie's dreams as Laura craved were few and far between, because Annie perceived the folly of a serious relation of such vagaries as visited her in sleep; and besides, this dreaming propensity was a peculiarity which she knew resulted from unhealthy mental excitements; and, remembering that the fancy grows by what it feeds on, she had resolved never to give objectivity to these airy nothings, by shaping them into words. But Annie really loved her sister Laura, and was willing to do even a silly thing to dispel the dreadful ennui which oppressed a mind like Laura's, during the insufferable tediousness of those hours which dragged their slow length along, during the intervals which separated the three great epochs of Laura's day, which were—the morning walk and call with the French modiste, the dressing for dinner and company at three o'clock and the more elaborate toilette for the brilliant ball or soirée in the evening. What so much superfluous time between was made for, unless it was to discipline us into the passive virtue of patient waitingness, was beyond Laura's comprehension; for all the common and admirable uses of this life which suggest themselves to active and earnest minds were out of the question to such an easy, luxurious, and dilettante disposition as Laura habitually indulged. When Laura played with Cupid's bow and dart, she was a natural expert, and could transfix the hearts of half a dozen lovers by a random shot; but to kill old Time, that tedious maudlin graybeard that he is, or shoot young "Folly as he flies," was quite beyond Miss Laura's skill in archery.

But, dear reader, do you ask, Why all this picture-drawing and fancy-painting? Are you disappointed that we have conjured up before your mind's eye two characters "whereby there hangs no story?" Ay; not so fast; there *is* a story, but we do not tell it.

A breathless silence is imposed on all who play at "Tableaux." 'Twas but a tableau that we promised, and we have tried to give the picture naturalness, and truth, and life. They came and sat, Laura and her sweet sister, for their mind's portrait. Now they are vanished; but have they not left in the minds of lookers-on the images and types of character which we see realized every day, not in the world of Fiction with its puppet-shows, but in Life's great solemn drama, where we daily act our individual parts with honor or with shame?

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We tell no story, because story-telling is neither our object nor our forte: but think you two such beings ever *were*, or ever *could* be, with an individuality so marked, with virtues, faults, and follies so obvious in each, yet so unlike withal; think you they could have lived in this world, enjoyed its joys, suffered its sorrows and its sins, without leaving behind them in the record of their earthly lives a story—a story full of such interest and deep pathos that, as you run your eager eye along its pages to the volume's close, till the death-curtain drops, and there you read "*To be continued*," you start up surprised, and, gazing with strained eye into that dark Futurity, seek to know the issue in the great Hereafter of such lives, such doings, and such thinkings HERE!

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor *all* of death to die."

The lives of Annie and her sister Laura tell you *why*.

MY DIADEM.

BY J. F.

Oh! who would seek the meteor crown
Which fame bestows on men?
Give me the wreath of fadeless bloom,
The Christian's diadem.

The proud and scornful now may boast
Of all their honors gained:
But oh! the joys and blessings lost,
As are their souls arraigned!

A fadeless chaplet is the prize
That Jesus gives his own;
Graced thus, we, near the seat of love,
Shall bask before his throne.

The coronal the graces weave,
Faith, Hope, and Charity,
A peace and comfort surely leave,
And rest in worlds on high.

May the fair scenes beyond the skies
Fill all my inmost soul;
True pleasures free and full arise,
And ever onward roll.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

In this age of innovation and of real progress, it is important to consider in what respects the condition of any class in the community may be improved. This consideration, in reference to those who wield a mighty influence over the germs of the future republic, is a matter of vital importance. It has been well remarked that the "child is the father of the man;" and if true, momentous consequences must result from the kind of training such a "*father*" may receive from its natural guardian, the mother. *As are our mothers, so will be our children*, at least in a considerable degree. Whatever tends to improve the condition of woman, or, in other words, to secure to her her "rights," must necessarily result favorably in the formation of national character.

The condition of woman has long constituted an index to the true state of society. She has been enslaved, the mere chattel of man, subject to his caprices, and she has been almost, or quite adored, the ruler instead of the ruled, all depending on the degree of advancement in civilization at these respective periods. It should also be remarked that Christianity has rescued woman from much of her degradation, and restored her to her legitimate companionship with man, made her a co-laborer with him in renovating the world, instead of his menial. Wherever its blessed influences are felt, chains are broken, bands sundered, and the "oppressed go free." She has abundant reason to bless the light of truth, that has beamed on a world of sin and wretchedness. Though adapted to the condition of all grades of society, it comes to her as a *peculiar* blessing—"glad tidings" indeed. It is therefore not surprising that we are *shocked* when she ridicules inspired truth, as some fallen ones may, and impiously defies the Omnipotent.

Woman seeks her appropriate sphere. It is indeed true that some *pseudo* reformers magnify her wrongs, and loudly clamor for a redress of imaginary grievances, but such can never merit the dignified name of *woman*. They are decidedly *masculine*, and seek a sphere of action in accordance with their peculiar characteristics. A *woman* never pants for the sanguine field of battle; no aspiration in her bosom responds to the clangor of the war trump, or the phrensy-inspiring roll of the drum. She seeks not the forum, with its tumult, its contentions, and its vitiating tendencies. The halls of legislation present no charms to such; she can obey the "law of love," but does not wish to enact the laws of the State. Nor can she be persuaded to leave her appropriate heaven-constituted sphere, even by those who claim to belong to the same sex, but who have almost lost their identity.

But woman has a far more important mission, a far more elevated position and more sacred duties, than those connected with these boisterous avocations of man. She is most beloved and respected when she is in her own sphere of action. It is there that her virtues shine; it is there that her loveliness is most apparent, com-

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manding the admiration of her constituted protector and friend. It is by her kind offices, where she can most efficiently labor, that the asperities of man's rougher nature are made less prominent, and his moroseness softened. She is here as an angel of mercy, subduing rising passions, quelling outbursts of excitement, when man grapples with his fellow-man in the contests of public life, cheering him in the hour of adversity, with her more hopeful traits of character. It is here that her moral superiority is felt, and when exerted in all its native strength, it becomes potent indeed.

Equality in physical and intellectual powers is not requisite to establish woman's claim to an elevated position in society. Many of the most important offices, especially those dependent on man's social nature, do not require profundity of thought, or unusual mental power. The most intellectual are not necessarily the most useful members of society, however desirable mental culture may be in the abstract. The development of *all* of the powers of man, both physical and mental, will be most in accordance with the original design of our creation. Woman, therefore, to respond to the natural impulses of her soul, and to exert the greatest possible influence for good, need not devote her entire energies to *mere* intellectual development. Intellectual strength, though desirable, is inferior to moral power. That individual who softens the heart of man, who wins affection, who allures from the paths of vice to those of virtue, who scatters broadcast holy offerings of love, kindness and sympathy, does more for the renovation of fallen man, than the mightiest geniuses of any age. To live in the memory of the grateful, is a higher honor than to shine on the page of classic lore.

Woman is designed to perform her labor in comparative quiet, more in the domestic circle than in the arena of public strife. For such offices she is designed by her Creator, as her physical and mental organism would indicate. In the family circle, as directress of domestic relations, and as the *moulder* of plastic minds committed to her charge, her influence is almost omnipotent. None besides her can effect so much in the formation of future character; none can so effectutlly modify national character. Her labors are scarcely observable, yet the future destiny of many is often controlled by apparently unimportant instrumentalities. In this circle, and still beyond it, her influence is felt. At the couch of the dying, where suffering humanity groans beneath the burden of woes, she proffers the balm of consolation, soothes the troubled bosom, and often lights up the "valley of the shadow of death," by pointing a fellow-mortal to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Say not, therefore, that woman is degraded while fulfilling her destiny in a more limited circle, rather than mingling in public strife. Say not that she is oppressed when she is more potent for good than the "lords of creation." Urge her not to destroy her influence, to palsy her arm, and descend from her elevated position, by assuming the offices of man.

WATCHED BY AN ANGEL.

BY U. L. STOUGHTON B.

WATCHED by an angel, he walketh the street;
Never had shining one mission so sweet!
Smiling and hoping, or shadowed by care;
Buying and selling, or kneeling in prayer;
Winning another to worship his name,
Still is she loving him ever the same.

Over his pillow, when daylight is done,
Bendeth in love-guard the glorified one;
Pinions as pure as the new-fallen snow
Tenderly droop o'er the sleeper below.
Bright as the east, when the day-gold is poured,
Shineth the face that has looked on the Lord.

Struggling still on toward the better land's bliss,
Stopping to reach for the rainbows of this,
Out with the early morn under the skies,
Planting the rose where his dead lily lies,
Musing apart when the day groweth dim,
Still is there watching an angel by him!

THE DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

A LOOK AT MY LIBRARY.

YE publishers! enemies of a man's peace, tempters of the poor mental inebriate! when will ye cease issuing your prospectuses, projects, and schemes, your advertisements, extracts, reviews, and recommendations? Is there no law to prevent you from inflicting torture upon such as myself? Our paternal government have prudently imposed the stamp and advertisement duty, but nothing will check your culture of "the tree of knowledge," as you call it. I would have you all pressed, bound, lettered as CAPITAL criminals, and literally translated to some Juan Fernandez, where it should baffle your ingenuity to drink champagne out of human skulls.

Most cordially do I hate you all, ye Blacks, and Blackies, and Browns; ye Hamiltons, Halls, and Hunters; ye Johnsons and Jacksons; ye Murrays and Nisbets; ye Gilberts and Groom-

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bridges; ye Snows, and Simpkins, and Shaws! O that some "Constable" would put you all into "Ward," until a literary "Oliver" taught you "Virtue," and brought you out of press, a greatly improved edition illustrated by "Painter!" And yet truth compels me to acknowledge that I hate you only in the "abstract!" for when, by purchase, gift, or borrowing, I lay hands on a volume bearing your ugly names, I regard them with a degree of affection, fitted to melt even your stony hearts into sympathy with the privations of poor parsons!

And what would the "pressgang" do without us? Are we not the teachers of the adult population? Do we not in a thousand instances create, and in ten thousand foster, the taste for reading, without which these worthy gentlemen would go to the workhouse? Do we not help to refine the feelings and elevate the conceptions of the multitude? Is not every fresh order from the country for a relay of books, a clear argument for the value of the pulpit? Is not our judgment on this or that new publication, in numberless cases, the final test of its value or worthlessness? The Book, heaven's volume, God's wonderful library, out of which we feed our people, and from which we ply them with arguments for the acquisition of light and understanding, is the power that moves the press, and inspires the author, and enriches the publisher. Withdraw *that* book, its teaching and its teachers, and the gentlemen in question may emigrate.

But when I look at my library, I hope they won't just yet! Alas, it is soon looked over, for it is small—too small for my wants, and by far too small for my wishes. It is sad to see a man with a large appetite, without the means of satisfying its cravings. I would have my study surrounded with the intellectual memorials of the mighty dead. I would fain sing with the poets, and scale the topless heavens with the astronomers, and fathom the dread mysteries of creation with the philosophers, and tread with shoeless foot upon the holy continents of revelation with the divines of past generations. I would have a splendid selection of friends to dwell continually within these walls, and enjoy, like the Honorable Emanuel Swedenborg, familiar intercourse with the world of departed spirits. I would have at my table daily the intellectual giants, the moral masters, the mental gods of humanity. Sir Joshua Reynolds' literary parties should be as nothing compared to mine. I would —but I *look* at my library, and lo! Tantalus on the rock, or Pharaoh's lean cattle, or Shacabac's feast, or 'a hungry man dreaming and behold he eateh, but he awaketh, and his soul is empty,' will serve to explain my feelings. Books! books! but hold, I have one book which teaches me to be content with such things as I have, and instructs me to let patience have her perfect work. Doubtless, it is well that there are but few books on my shelves to divide my love with this one.

What a wonderful thing is the generation of books, or rather the history of intellectual productiveness! Would that some one competent to the work would write that history! what marvels would it not unfold! After its perusal, many a man would exclaim with Dominie Sampson, 'Prodigious!' It would reveal a mental heroism at which the dull world would stand amazed. It would show the throbbings of the inner heart of many whose names are now covered with laurels by the hands of a grateful posterity; the struggles of the mind against stern difficulties; the indomitable resolution not to be overcome by them; the settled determination to conquer or to die; the soul travailing to be delivered of immortal thoughts; working in the stillness of midnight, to give shape and form to its starry conceptions, whilst the poor body, ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed, was also denied necessary sleep; the immortal spirit exciting the brain with an ardor bordering on delirium; the temples aching with feverish heat; and the whole man so entranced by the action of the mental powers, as to resemble an inspired prophet receiving "visions of God." It would show the poet, whose brilliant outpourings are translated into every living language, repeatedly in want of a crust of bread; and the philosopher whose sublime discoveries have corrected the science of a world, and poured uncounted treasures into the lap of commerce, forcing his way through opposition which would have crushed a nation of ordinary men; and the divine, whose contributions to theology have been hailed by the schools of the prophets—whose deep researches into the mines of inspired truth, have brought to the surface unthought of glories—and whose clear expositions of the redeeming doctrine have been owned by the regenerating Spirit in the conversion of thousands of immortal souls—commencing life amidst storms and darkness, disease and poverty, and struggling on through youth and manhood amidst difficulties unknown to a shopkeeper's clerk, until premature age, the result of anxiety and toil, hastened his mellowed spirit home to the palace of his adored Master, when the prayer he had often uttered on earth, received its wondrous answer: "I beseech thee, show me thy glory!"

Little know the gay and the opulent, as they

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read the delicious thoughts that "breathe and burn" in the elegant volume, and on the illuminated page, the crushing process by which these mental odors were evoked! The flowers that give them out may have been trodden under the feet of a bloated worldling, or torn by the ruthless hand of some wealthy idiot! It *has* been so, it *is* so still. It is easy to say that literary men are always complaining. But I think they have never complained enough. Their modesty is an injury to themselves, and to the world. A man of courage and perseverance liberates the bread that feeds the body from needless fetters, and he receives and deserves a nation's thanks. But, though I take little part in politics, I record here my settled conviction, in the sight of Him who sees all things, that to retain the smallest particle of taxation on *anything* connected with the food of the mind, is at once fearfully impolitic and morally wrong! Books taxed, and Bread-stuffs free in *England* in 1850! Incredible!

ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD.

[Gen. v. 22.]

BY MARY A. COLLIER.

He walked with God! a glorious presence hovered
Around the peaceful paths he daily trod;—
With solemn and mysterious glory covered,
For him was life's serenely joyful road.
The pure and living flame that in him burned
Gleamed soft and bright where'er his steps he turned.

He walked with God! There fell such fair revealing
Of power divine from the broad, arching sky,—
Sunlight at morn o'er purple waters stealing,
Or lovelier still with night's fair orb on high,—
That his deep soul with conscious rapture swelled,
As the Creator's footsteps he beheld!

He walked with God! not solemn mountains hoary,
Nor smiling plain, nor all of outward view,
Could fully shadow forth the hidden glory,
The mystery of God forever new—
Fairer than noontide's gush of summer light,
Sublimer than old ocean in his sight.

He walked with God! the trusting soul and loving
Seeks not to scan of Heaven the hidden things;—
But ever in that glory living, moving,
With inward melody and gladness sings:
Begirt with love, a presence sweet and mild,
E'en the deep faith of the confiding child.

He walked with God! among his fellow-mortals,
An untold joy—a heavenly peace was there;
He dwelt so near to Heaven's golden portals,
He heard each day the harpings of that choir:
He lived from earth's vain strivings far apart,
And God his temple made in that meek heart.

The Lord the godly man hath chosen ever,
And set apart the humble for his own,—
Nor life, nor death, nor aught hath power to sever
The chosen of the Father from his throne:—
For now, in a serener sphere above,
The Patriarch dwells with God in spotless love!

THE SPIRIT'S TOKEN.

A LEGEND OF A FALLING STAR.

The Angel of Death was brooding over a human Home. On the outer world was poured the dazzling effulgence of a cloudless moon, yet to those on whom rested the solemn overshadowing of his Presence, it seemed but the sombre light of evening. The Angel's brow was stern—for long had he awaited the bidding of the Holy One—his Conqueror—to fulfil his mission. The shades of twilight have thrice gathered around the earth, and still this swift-winged messenger of Heaven stays his flight. Yet he closes not his eye in slumber, for the inhabitants of the upper world need no sleep. Roving in anxious search over the abodes of men, the keen vision of the spirit-watcher discerns that in other homes he has missions to accomplish. From one, he must bear away the tender infant, ere its soul has known the taint of sin and sorrow, to a Land where

> "The only air the blessed breathe
> Is purity and peace."

In another, the strong man must yield himself—a powerless victim—into his relentless grasp, and, laden with guilt and shame, he must descend from the noonday of an unhallowed life, to the midnight of a dishonored death. In still another—and the Angel *smiled* as his eye rested upon *this*—an aged Christian calmly and patiently awaits his coming, that she may "enter into rest." But again he turns his glance within the home that is darkened by his Presence, and the setting sun pauses in his going down, to look upon an *Angel's Tear*. . . . . .

Beside the dying couch of her child, sits a mother. On her noble brow are traces of deep sorrow, while her stately form is bowed beneath its weight of woe. Her dark eyes are dimmed, and their long lashes are laden with the gushing tears that burst from her burdened heart. In the quietness of the hour, when no sound breaks the stillness save the labored breathing of the sleeping girl, the Past has been speaking in solemn tones to the weary watcher of life's parting hours. It has spoken of a human soul—a priceless jewel—entrusted to that mother's care. The casket in which it reposed was beautiful, and en-

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riched with the treasures of mind and intellect. Oh! what a gem was this, with which to deck a Saviour's crown! Often had the mother vowed that such should be its glorious destiny, and that, "unspotted from the world," she would present her Gift to the Divine Bestower, whenever He should see fit to recall it. But alas! for the frailty of human nature, which is content to cherish the casket, while the jewel lies trodden in the dust of neglect. Dazzled by the fair beauty of the one, the mother ceases to remember the priceless value of the other. Tears of fond indulgence, and careless ease—misused talents, and wasted time, are spent—and now, leaving to these added guilt and remorse, the child returns to her early home to *die*. Dimmed and defiled, by its contact with an evil world, is the gem—worn and faded is the casket. But the hour has come—the Giver claims His gift—and the sufferer awakes from a fitful slumber, only to sleep that "sleep that knows no waking." Her mother gently raises her on the couch, and sitting there, in the grim shadow of death they strive, by the solemn twilight, to penetrate the realities of the future. Its shadowy vistas open before their earnest gaze, and they feel that to *one* at least will its mysteries be soon revealed. They look forth on the calm night, whose veil is bright with countless stars, and their troubled hearts are stilled to quietness. Beyond that veil they discern the eye of a Saviour's love, watching over them in this hour of agony. Again their prayers ascend, as they have so oft ascended, for pardon to the All-Merciful, and with eyes fixed on "things above," they plead the atoning blood of a crucified Redeemer. Earnestly has their strong cry of penitence gone up to Heaven, and now the accusing voice of conscience is hushed, and, in its stead, is heard in louder, sweeter, tones a voice from above saying: "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art mine. Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." Thus, in that awful hour, in the presence of the dread Angel of Death, they repose with peaceful trust on the everlasting arm of Infinite Love.

* * * * * * *

But the stern Angel spreads his sable wings, and prepares to take his flight. Still deeper grows the twilight gloom that is resting on the human home. The dying pulse is fainter—the wasted cheek is paler—and a frail bark nears the eternal shore. One fleeting hour, and the stricken mother shall be childless. And now as she bends over the sufferer, so soon to become a dweller of the other world, she yearns for some token that her child shall indeed have reached "the better Land." "Strait is the gate" of "the city of our God." Will one so laden with sin find an entrance there? The "dark river" is deep and fearful, can she stem its torrent, and tread safely the other side? The anthems of Heaven reach not *now* the mother's mortal ear, can she discern if *one* more golden harp is swept with its melody—may she catch the ringing music of the golden pavement, as *another* crown is cast before the Throne? The "innumerable company" of the redeemed are *ever* hidden from her view, and can she mark if *one* other form is added to that shining host, "clad in white robes, and with palms in their hands?" Her beloved one is going to "the Land that is very far off,"—oh! might she but follow the trackless flight of the immortal spirit! Again her eye, which for a moment has sought to scrutinize the *Invisible*, rests on the form which the Angel of Death has already folded in his chill embrace. The faltering lips of the dying girl murmur faintly: "Peace"—"Jesus"—"glory!" and the words are echoed in Heaven, by the song and harp of

"A ransomed soul" . . . . . .

Borne in the strong arms of the "dark-winged Angel," the young spirit rises upward from earth. Swiftly she passes the blue veil that has bounded her mortal vision, and enters upon the realms of space. She pauses not in her flight as myriads of bright worlds are unfolded to her view, but, wrapped in intense wonder and awe, the redeemed spirit "mounts as on eagle's wings," to the very throne of its GOD. Already has her ear caught the melody of Heaven, and as its glories open before her, a "*fulness of joy*" thrills her being. Forth from the pearly gates come bands of "ministering spirits," who welcome her, with louder strains of rapture, to their eternal home. Placing in her hand a golden harp, and on her brow a crown of pure gold, they bear her to the Saviour's feet. There, plucking from it *one* sparkling gem, she casts her radiant diadem low before the Redeemer's Throne, and sweeping the chords of her golden harp, she strikes the first note of that *new song*, which shall echo "day and night," along the courts of Heaven, throughout all Eternity. . . . . .

Once more the mother looked forth upon the night, and as the pale, calm moon came stealing up the sky, a star—as 'twere a gem plucked from a seraph's crown—*fell from Heaven*.

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Editorial Miscellany.

The New Year.—The tide of Time knows but one direction—that is, onward, and ever onward. It has but one expectation—that is, that the past will never be repeated, that retrieve comes only from well-doing in the future. It has but one destiny—the affording to mortals one grand probationary scene for the fitting of the soul for a future changeless state, and for witnessing the closing up of all terrestrial schemes and human expectations. There has been no waiting for the unaccomplished plans hopefully entered upon, or the unpreparedness of souls that reluctantly approached the opening gate of futurity. The preceding twelve months have passed almost like a dream, and the many beautiful pictures that floated in the imagination have suddenly vanished, like the bow of promise that momentarily spans the heavens. Where are we now, and what the foundation on which we rest our hopes of prospective good? what have we done for ourselves, for our fellows, for our God? What love do we cherish for the most ennobling objects, for the most glorious Being in the universe? What are our repentings for past obliquity and purposes of future holy endeavors? Are we wiser for our experience, and more decisive in desires for leading a better and devouter life?

As we enter a new year, it becomes us to pause and reflect; to be contrite, and to aim to be more dutiful. What revolutions have been witnessed during the past year relating to individuals, to communities, to states and empires! What wonderful providences to astound and bewilder the mind of mortals! We have passed safely along the shores of time, and joyfully hail the sunny morning of the New Year. May a kind Hand keep us to its close, and enable us to improve from the frequent admonitions that a merciful God gives to keep us from the paths of sin and death.

To this Magazine we will aim to profit as well as please our numerous readers, and hope to walk along the flowery paths of literature, science, and religion, to the close of another year, with our present friends and patrons, and many new friends whom we hope to know by their coming into the same circle of magazine literature. Perfection is not held forth as practicable, but well-doing is hoped for. We commend to a literary public articles of great merit that appear monthly in the columns of the Christian Parlor Magazine, and we hope the matter and the embellishments will secure us a large and liberal patronage, and strengthen in the unusual prosperity which we are now permitted to enjoy.

Our Wood-Cut represents the front of the Castle from a by-path leading to Dutchet, perhaps the best view that could be taken of the hoary pile. It is seen through an opening in the forest, the twisted limbs of venerable oaks serving as a kind of framework to the pleasant picture. These oaks are the pride of Englishmen, who look upon them with almost the same feelings of awe and superstition that they were gazed upon by the ancient Britons, when they were worshipped by the Druids.

Immense sums have been expended in beautifying and enlarging Windsor Castle since the time of George the Third; his profligate and heartless son, George the Fourth, who, although he was called the first gentleman in Europe, was, unquestionably, one of the greatest rascals of his time, squandered enormous sums in enlarging the Castle, and employed one of the most incompetent architects of his time, Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, to superintend the work. The Castle has grown in size, but not in beauty, for after all it is but a relic of past barbarism. Since Queen Victoria succeeded to the crown, large sums have been expended for furniture and pictures, but no important additions have been made to the Castle itself. The Park and grounds have been greatly beautified, and among the trees is a young Oak with a brass plate, upon which is engraved "Queen Victoria's Oak." It was probably planted by her. Prince Albert enjoys the sinecure offices of Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle, for which he receives £1120 sterling per annum; and that of Ranger of Windsor House Park, for which he receives £500 per annum. There is an officer of the Queen's household at Windsor, called the Hereditary Grand Falconer, who receives £1200 a year, a larger salary than the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court receives, yet there is not a falcon or a hawk kept at Windsor, and the Queen never goes a-hawking. But it is the policy of the British Government to preserve all the old usages of the Kingdom, as well as all the old buildings of the Crown, or such a costly and unnecessary assemblage of towers, and keeps, and dungeons, and halls, as make up the grand

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total of Windsor Castle, would long since have been left, like many of the Castles of the old Barons, to fall into decay; to be peopled with owls and bats, and overrun with ivy.

Our Steel Plate.—The Normans were egregious barbarians, with their chivalry, their jousts and tournaments, their iron garments, their huge two-handed swords, their maces or tomahawks and their grinded spears. We know that not one in a hundred of them could write, and that even reading was an accomplishment almost as rare. Their tournaments, in which they so much delighted and on which they so prided themselves, were but savage exhibitions, appealing to and exciting only the coarser elements of the intellectual being. They were as low and brutal as the bull-fights of Spain or the dog-fights of England; for in them, as in these, the combatants were stimulated by murderous propensities, and the beholders found their enjoyment in the sight of wounds, bloodshed and death. Yes, the tournament was an inhuman, blood-stained scene, despite the brilliancy of its concomitants—the sheen of armor, the "largesse," cries of heralds and the presence of smiling beauty—the shock of steeds, the waving of pennons and the splintering of lances.

It has been ingeniously suggested and plausibly argued that national diet has much to do in the formation of national character. There is proof of the theory in the combativeness of our Norman ancestors, both men and women. Their food was mainly beef, bacon and venison—their drink heady wine and strong ale. Of tea and coffee they were ignorant; the flagon and black-jack were the drinking vessels of their breakfast-tables, and of urn, teapot, sugar-bowl and cups and saucers they had no knowledge. Of course, with the juice of grape and barley for their drink, they had strong, coarse viands for their eating; and we read in the old chronicles how delicate damsels, dames of rank and even princesses were wont to discuss yards of beef, more or less, at their morning meal. Of the lighter and more refined preparations of flour—muffins, waffles, rice-cakes, buckwheat cakes, tea-cakes, short-cakes, Johnny-cakes, wafers and the rest—of all these they had none, at least for their breakfasts. Eating bacon and beef and drinking ale just after getting up, how could they be otherwise than enjoying admirers of the rough, rude, limb-breaking, blood-shedding tournament?

We invite the fair reader to think of these things while looking at the picture—"The Victor in the Tournament." The best foot is pu forward there; we see only the gallant and successful champion, spruce as though he had just come out of a bandbox instead of a fight—a very tall lady giving him the prize—her lovely attendants, a squire or two and a pair of lads blurting out the champion's praises by sound of trumpet. The dust and disorder of the melée, the wounded or slain competitor and all the savage accompaniments of the scene are judiciously kept in the background—that is, out of sight. Nevertheless we pray that they may not be forgotten; or the ale, the black-jacks and the yards of beef.

The Christian's Heaven.—There are three heavens mentioned in the Scriptures. First, the air in which the birds fly; hence we read of the "fowls of heaven," "the winds of heaven," "the dew of heaven," and "the rain of heaven." Second, the sky, or firmament above the air; that bespangled dome of heaven, which is so broad, beautiful and perfect, that it matters not on what part of the great world we stand, we are always right under its centre. The third is the place of Jehovah's immediate residence. It was to this Paul was caught up. 2. Cor. xii. 2. It is of this the sacred writers so frequently spoke; there Christ sits on the right hand of God; there the great choir of the Universe hymn the praise of the Eternal; there the "thrones, dominions, principalities and powers," are amenable and do homage; there the redeemed of the Lord, with their crowns of gold, white robes and palms of victory, sing praises "unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Rev. i. 5. There are the mansions of the just made perfect, and all the appendages of their glorified state.

But this is no Mohammedan or fool's paradise, nor epicure's dining-room; but a prepared place for a prepared people: nothing sinful or impure can enter. Rev. xxi. 27. Without a change of heart, sanctification through the blood of Christ, and justification through his imputed righteousness, we stand excluded from heaven by moral unfitness.

Heaven is the home of the Christian, and when in his right mind, he thinks upon it with delight, and desires at the appointed time to finish his journey in the wilderness, and to enter into his rest. Phil. i. 21, 23. The reason why he is so content here below, is because the eye of his faith is so dim, that he descries but little beyond the present state of things. But sometimes, under the pressure of afflictions and trials,

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THE VICTOR IN THE TOURNAMENT.

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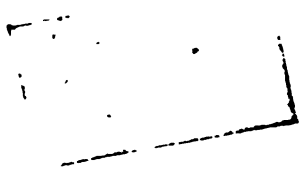

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he desires home. At other times he ascends half way to Pisgah's top; then he thinks it a blessed place. But when he climbs

——"where Moses stood,
And views the landscape o'er,"

flesh and sense can no more control the desires of his soul and confine him to earth.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PRAYER.—The Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, an Episcopal clergyman, gives the following truthful testimony in favor of extemporaneous prayer:

"Wherever in England I met with faithful, pious brethren, I found them men of prayer. The prayers on all these occasions were uniformly extemporaneous." And he adds: "How destructive to the influence of true piety among us, and to the actual increase of the power of the Gospel, would be the success of their endeavors, who would shut from us the use of extemporaneous prayer! The converted soul must pray; and although our Liturgy, for the purposes of strictly public worship—for which it is designed—is unrivalled, and all that we want, it does not and cannot answer the purpose of many other occasions, when we need prayers most special and adapted. The attempt to make it the only vehicle of united prayer is the inevitable result of a formal spirit, and the parent of this spirit in others."

"The converted must pray." Dr. Tyng speaks from actual experience when he says this; but he only speaks what every converted soul knows to be true. And of what use can forms of prayer be to such? An unconverted soul needs no prayer-book when he goes through with his devotions, for there are no holy aspirations in his heart to cause him to breathe forth a spontaneous prayer. But the "converted soul" communes with his Maker, recounts his blessings, and pours out his wants and woes into the ear of him who heareth prayer, as the circumstances of the case may require. Such a soul would never dream of going to a book to look for a form of prayer adapted to his case. True prayer must rise spontaneously from the heart.

WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN.—To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last, the only son or daughter, the beauty or wit of the household, is too commonly set apart—Joseph-like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought to be spared, as far as possible, all just causes of irritation; and never to be punished for wrong doing by taunts, cuffs, or ridicule.

To be corrected for accidental faults with as much severity as though they were done intentionally.

The child who does ill when he meant to do well merits pity, not upbraiding. The disappointment of the young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was brought about by carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is hurtful.

Parents who give a child to understand that he is a burden to them, need not be surprised, should they one day be given to understand that they are burdensome to him.

GUERNEY THE ARTIST.—In every galaxy of artists, there is a prominent man who makes a mark higher than his compeers. Guerney, we think, is such an artist. Though many others are excellent, and give a good picture, this gentleman gives a superior one, as any one will acknowledge by a careful scrutiny of the collection to be seen in his gallery. The groups of fashionables that call for a likeness, and the immense press of business at his two establishments, testify the merits and success of the man. For clearness of vision, for distinctness of expression, for beauty of finish, he can hardly be equalled, in this or any other country. If I wanted as good a likeness as I could possibly obtain, for myself or of a friend, I should go to this superior artist, 384 Broadway, with the most confident expectations. Such a privilege of being correctly daguerreotyped for a friend, or for our family circles, should be seasonably improved ere Time's great changes make it too late for us to leave behind so precious a memorial for those who engrave our names deep on the tablets of their memory.

GREAT LAND ROUTE TO BOSTON.—This rapid push to Boston which many prefer to the Sound route, and which some consider safer, is now very popular and largely patronized by the travelling community. Mr. Lovis, of Boston, and the agents at this end of the route, are doing all that can be done to facilitate the interests of the travelling public, to make the position of the traveller comfortable, safe, and prosperous. A trip to Boston over this road convinces one of the exactitude of everything connected with this wonderful thoroughfare, from one great metropolis to another.

CITY OF HARTFORD.—This noble boat, one of the best upon the Sound, runs regularly between New York and Hartford, receiving a large share of patronage, as we might expect from the splendor of the saloons, the richness and luxury of the tables, and the kindness and gentlemanly conduct of the captain and officers.

The traveller will find in this a pleasant pastime in passing from this city to the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, and will only wish that the trip might be repeated.

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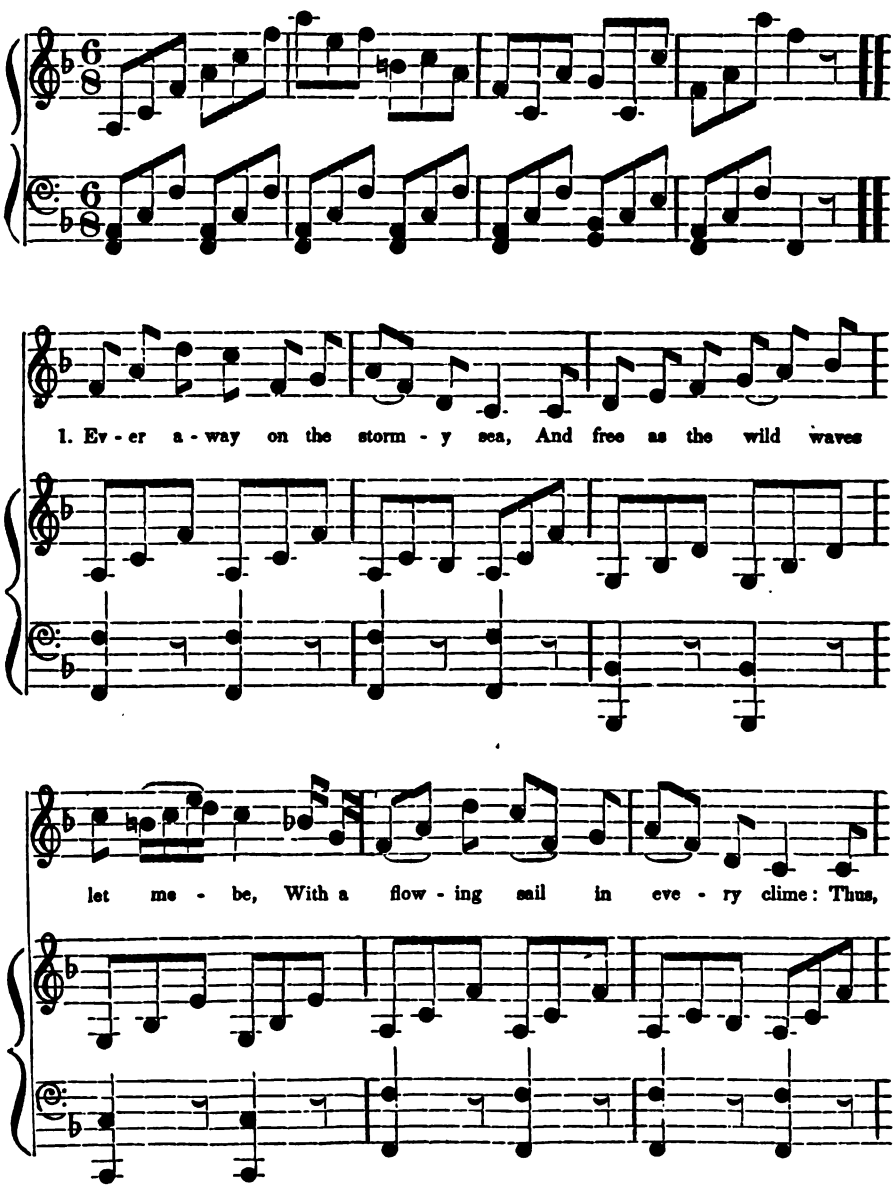
EVER AWAY ON THE STORMY SEA.

MUSIC BY MISS ANN SLOMAN. POETRY BY J. BRADSHAW WALKER.

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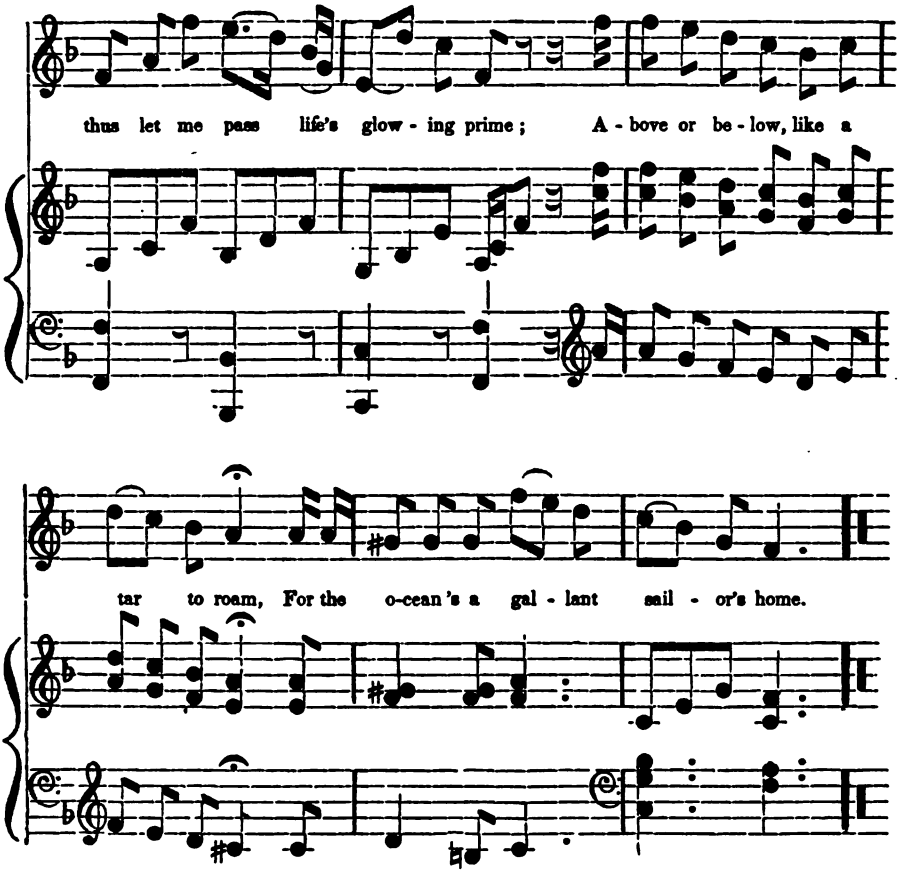
SECOND VERSE.

Where the brave can only find delight,
Gliding away through the stormy night;
When dolphins play in the moonbeams clear,
Or morning wakes from an eastern tear;
Still lightly we sweep o'er the snow-white foam,
For the ocean's a gallant sailor's home.

THIRD VERSE.

Where the loud winds solemn concert hold,
O'er waves that are dyed like liquid gold;
I love to sail with a dauntless crew,
Come war or peace, to my country true;
Above or below, like a tar to roam,
For the ocean's a gallant seaman's home.

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Book Notices.

THE MORNING WATCHES AND NIGHT WATCHES. Just issued by the Carters, 285 Broadway.

This neat volume will doubtless prove a great auxiliary in promoting the devotions of the Christian disciple. It truly shows forth God's loving-kindness *in the morning*, and his faithfulness *every night*. It has something of the style, and much of the spiritual life of the famous Baxter, whose searching and devout thoughts have greatly stirred and long will stir the Christian's heart. It has thirty-one chapters or divisions, with a choice caption, polished with an apt quotation from the Treasury of Truth. Such works bring us back to the golden age of pure religious literature.

THE FADED HOPE, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, issued by the Carters, is a sweet and touching remembrancer of a beloved and most affectionate son of the author. It is written in Mrs. Sigourney's inimitable style, and exhibits a mother's gentle sorrow and tender sensibility interwoven with some of the richest strains of poetic excellence. It must be a glorious solace to every Christian mother who has been bereaved of a darling child. It comes with a strikingly neat and soul-speaking likeness of Andrew M., the angel son now in a better land.

"To share the joys of heaven so soon,
With spirits blest on high."

LECTURES ON THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, AND ON THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN BUNYAN. Published by Carters.

In their delivery the lectures created a great sensation among the orthodox churches of this city. They were pronounced able, practical, and in a high degree useful. The demand for the work, though great, has been no more than its intrinsic excellence warrants. Dr. Cheever is a master as a delineator of the great historic facts and acts of the times when Bunyan labored, suffered, and wrote the immortal Pilgrim's Progress. He brings to the light of Christian observation and research many historic reminiscences of those times.

These lectures will ever be valuable as unfolding that practical body of divinity which is contained in the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. They will be valuable as explaining the true character of man, the trials of the Christian, and the struggles and exercises of faith.

THE GENUINENESS, AUTHENTICITY AND INSPIRATION of the Word of God. By the Editor of Bagster's Comprehensive Bible. R. Carter & Bros.

This is a prefatory introduction to Bagster's celebrated Comprehensive Bible—a succinct and popular defence of the genuineness, authenticity and inspiration of the Bible. Its compact learning, logical force and order, and fairness and candor of spirit, have long been noticed, and its re-publication in this form supplies a more popular and impressive treatise on these subjects, than perhaps can be elsewhere obtained. It is written with singular clearness and force of style, and deals with its subjects with a masterly breadth. It digests and puts new life into all the learning on the subject. We know not to what similar work we could so readily commend the Bible reader, for all that he needs to enlighten and confirm his own faith, and to meet the sophistries of skepticism. It is neatly and cheaply published, and its circulation at the present time would be apt to meet a decided want.

The Messrs. Carter have also published a few neat juveniles, which unite attractive style with valuable matter—Little Lessons for Little Learners and Mama's Bible Stories—illustrated and properly adorned.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT. By Caroline Chesebro'. Published by J. S. Redfield, 110 Nassau street, New York.

This is a choice effusion of this kind of literature from a well-stored, even-balanced, and highly gifted mind. The style is truly enchanting. The minute descriptions of persons, places and transpirations are exquisitely fine and natural; the moral tone of the tale is lofty, and the whole scene of this social drama is graphically delineated and shaded as by a master-genius. Miss Chesebro' is one of our first female authors, and in this, her recent effort, will convince the world, that among American women there is talent that fears no rival, that bows to no superior. Her other works, the "Dream-land by Daylight," and "Iza, a Pilgrimage," are much admired; but this last work is, we think, calculated to do her name greater honor, and more unmistakably perpetuate her fame.

VIEWS OF THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD. By J. Brocklesby, A.M. Published by Pratt, Woodford & Co., 4 Cortlandt street, New York.

This book is illustrated with numerous engravings, and designed for general reading, or for classes, by a man of science, by a Christian gentleman. To those who have had the command of accurate and powerful instruments, the field of microscopic research has ever been one of delightful labor. New and surprising discoveries will reward diligence and zeal in this department of science. This work is wonderfully adapted to interest the young, and to profit every class. It should be in every school library in the land, and used in all our seminaries of learning, and wherever the youth of our country are thirsting for knowledge. We have noticed with pleasure the great variety of useful school-books issued by this long-established and enterprising firm.

THE FAMILY AND SCHOOL MONITOR is a very choice little educational catechism, by James Henry. Published by G. Savage, 22 John street. We commend it with great pleasure to families and teachers of youth, as a practical and almost indispensable little work for youth.

POETICAL WORKS of James Montgomery. Collected by himself. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

Montgomery's place in the temple of the muses is so well defined, that criticism and eulogy are both out of place. His admirers have been increasing since the day of his first appearance, and no thunderbolts of Edinburgh Reviews, nor cynic sneers of literary dandies, have been able to diminish them. If the fire of poesy be but genial and pleasant, rather than brilliant, it is nevertheless of the true Promethean quality; while the ingenuous piety, the freedom from affectation, the apt and sagacious choice of subjects, are almost worthy of Cowper himself. Montgomery is an eminent instance of how large and durable a part of true poetry, goodness forms; and if his volume had existed in Dr. Johnson's time, that famous dictum against religious poetry would never have been uttered. These kindly, genial, genuine poems are well adapted to foster a true taste, and to minister to the mind's purest enjoyments and aspirations. Success to them evermore.

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KATHAY—A Cruise in the China Seas. By W. Hastings Macaulay. G. P. Putnam.

This is a series of sketchy letters written by the author while on a lazy sort of cruise about the world. His description of the Chinese cities where the ship touched, the aspects of their streets and approaches, effects of climate, domestic habits, &c., are lively and interesting. Putnam has put them on type and paper that would almost give attraction to a very dull writer's effusions.

"HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS."—A beautifully illustrated volume, published by Putnam, containing portraits, fac-similes, and views of the dwellings of Audubon, Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, Dana, Prescott, Sedgwick, Cooper, Everett, Emerson, Simms, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Webster, Kennedy and Lowell. 8vo, pp. 366. There are upwards of fifty illustrations, in steel and wood.

REV. DR. PALMER'S Address on the Education of Women, and Mr. Alfred B. Street's Poem, both delivered at the late anniversary of the "Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute," are published in a handsome pamphlet. pp. 31 and 8.

THE HISTORY OF ROMULUS. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. Harper & Bros.

This is one of the series of Histories in little, by Jacob Abbott, which have charmed both old and young readers. The subject is one of the most interesting in the whole range of History. The author begins with the story of Cadmus, who is said to have introduced the art of writing into Greece, gives a sketch of the Trojan war, and goes on to describe the birth of Romulus and Remus, the founding of Rome and the career of its founder. It will of course be added to every collection.

SELECT BRITISH ELOQUENCE; Embracing the Best Speeches Entire of the most Eminent Orators of Great Britain for the last two Centuries; with Sketches of their Lives, an Estimate of their Genius, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., Professor in Yale College. Harper & Bros.

The author of this compilation has done a great service to literature, which will be universally acknowledged by cultivated people. In this single volume of 947 pages, are included the choicest specimens of British Eloquence, which will continue to be regarded as the best models of oratory in all time. To the student, the professional man, or the lover of eloquence, it will be most acceptable. We can do no better than copy a portion of the author's preface:

"The speeches selected are those which, by the general suffrage of the English public, are regarded as the masterpieces of their respective authors. They are in almost every instance *entire;* because the object is to have each of them studied as a complete system of thought. Detached passages of extraordinary force and beauty may be useful as exercises in elocution; but, if dwelt upon exclusively as models of style, they are sure to vitiate the taste. It is like taking all one's nutriment from highly seasoned food and stimulating drinks.

"As to the orators chosen, Chatham, Burke, Fox, and Pitt stand, by universal consent, at the head of our eloquence, and to these Erskine may be added as the greatest of our forensic orators. Every thing, however imperfect, from a man like Chatham is of interest to the student in oratory, and therefore *all* his speeches are here inserted, including eight never before published in this country. All of Burke's speeches which he prepared for the press have also found a place, except on Economical Reform, which, relating to mere matters of English finance, has less interest for an American. In room of this, the reader will find the most striking passages in his works on the French Revolution, so that this volume contains nearly everything which most persons can have any desire to study in the pages of Mr. Burke. Six of Fox's great speeches are next given, and three of Pitt's, with copious extracts from the early efforts of the latter; together with nine of Erskine's ablest arguments, being those on which his reputation mainly rests.

GEMS FROM FABLE-LAND: A Collection of Fables illustrated by Facts. By WM. OLAND BOURNE. New-York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau street. 1853. 12mo, pp. 336.

We are well aware that many gems of thought sparkling and highly profitable in the old fables, have had too little notice and application. In this volume we have "Fables illustrated by Facts," in such a manner as greatly enrich the minds and improve the hearts of children. The beauty of truthfulness, the excellency of virtue and morality are exhibited so as to attract and secure approbation. The work is useful above other books for youth, as it is neither above nor below their capacity, as in all its unfoldings it is replete with practical instruction. We commend it to all parents and committees of school libraries as a superior book for the young.

WAVERLEY.—We have, of Lippincott, Grambo & Co.'s "Abbottsford edition of the Waverley Novels," the Pirate, and Ivanhoe. 12mo, stitched, pp. 572 and 635. Price 50 cents each.

MUSIC.

GOULD & BERRY, dealers in Pianos and Music extensively, are constantly publishing new, rich music, which is greatly sought after by the amateurs. The Seminary Class Book, designed for Female Seminaries, High Schools and Private Institutions, is edited by E. L. White, a good compiler. For sale by Gould & Berry, 297 Broadway. Also the Metropolitan Polka, by F. I. Cook. The Theme de Martha, by Henri Cramer. The Old Oaken Schottish, by Fred Ticker; and, by the same author, Six Fantasies, Bouquet de Mélodies, beautiful exercises for the Piano Forte, and an amusing song "JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO," by R. B. Sanford.

The Fireman's Death, music by A. Sedgwick, is unmistakably good, and will be greatly approved by amateurs. The Young Couple Polka, music by Charles Coote, is a nice polka, truly.

FIRTH & POND rank high among publishers of music, and dealers in Pianos and all kinds of musical instruments. "Thou art near me again," words and music by the author of "Thou art gone from my gaze," a very good piece. Also Ella Dee, music by A. S. Pfister, words by Julia M. Harris.

HALL & SONS are continually bringing out fresh and inspiriting songs for the music-loving public. Among those recently issued are "I Forgive Thee," by S. Glover; "The Right of Loving Thee," by S. Rooke; "Mary of the Glen," by Prof. G. F. Root; "Why are the Scenes we loved in our Childhood," music by John Daniel. Also an Ethiopian melody by E. P. Christy, named "I'll throw myself away." The first is rather plaintive, but very sweet and pathetic; the second is touchingly soothing to the sorrowful; the fourth is altogether excellent, and all are worth having and trying.

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ADVERTISING SHEET OF THE C. P. MAGAZINE.

Advertisements of a proper character can be inserted on this sheet per rates designated in table. These two leaves have no connection with the thirty-six pages of monthly reading, and will be excluded in binding.

Space Occupied.	One Month.	Two Months	Three Months	Six Months.	One Year.
One square of 12 lines.	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 4 00	$ 7 00	$12 00
Two squares of 24 " .	3 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	20 00
Three " of 36 " .	4 00	7 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
One fourth of a page..	5 00	8 00	12 00	20 00	32 00
One half of a page....	10 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
One whole page.....	20 00	30 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

OUR ANNUAL.—One of the choicest and most valuable ANNUALS in the market can be had at our office. It is beautifully embellished with a large number of plates from the first artists, and printed and bound in a style that will adorn any parlor table. There is an unusually large amount of matter (384 pages), from the pens of the most talented authors in our country, and will be sold at THREE DOLLARS, at 116 Nassau street. Among the writers are, Mrs. E. D. W. McKee, Mrs. Georgiana May Sykes, Mrs. E. A. Comstock, Miss Caroline Cheesebro', Meta Lander, the Misses Carey, Margaret Junkin, Rev. Albert Barnes, Rev. E. H. Nevin, Rev. E. Lawrence, and others of great interest.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, PITTSFIELD, MASS., REV. AND MRS. W. H. TYLER, PRINCIPALS.—Catalogues of this excellent Institute may be had at this office.

MARBLE YARDS.—We seldom see rarer specimens of Marble from Italy than Mr. Joseph Lippitt can show from his Vermont Quarry. We have seen beautiful pieces of Statuary, Monuments and Mantels from this American Marble, and it is confidently affirmed that no Quarry of Marble in any country can furnish that which will as well endure this climate when used as Gravestones or Monuments. Mr. Lippitt may be seen at his office, corner of Greenwich and Clarkson sts., where he will take pleasure in showing his elegant specimens.

HOUSEKEEPERS and all others in want of Bedding, Bedsteads, &c, would do well to call at M. WILLARD'S old established Warerooms, No. 160 Chatham st., corner of Mulberry st., where may be found the largest assortment of articles in his line ever offered to the public.

FURNITURE.

THE PATENT PREMIUM SOFA BED,

That received the highest premium awarded by the American Institute, is a handsome, easy, Spring Sofa, and a wide Bed; securing to the purchaser a good Sofa and a good *Spare Bed*, at a price which make them an article of economy as well as luxury.

Also, private families, hotels, and steamboats furnished with all varieties of Furniture, Beds and Mattresses, at the shortest notice, on the most favorable terms.

Dealers, and those engaged in Southern, Western, and California trade, can be supplied with Cabinet Furniture, Chairs, Beds and Mattresses, in any quantity, at low prices.

PHELPS & KINGMAN,

118 and 120 Chatham-Street,
And 438 Pearl-Street, N. Y.

JAMES, BEEBE & CO.,

IRON FOUNDERS,

Corner of Reade and Centre Streets, and 314 BROADWAY,

ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH, AT SHORT NOTICE, ALL KINDS OF

Warming and Ventilating Apparatus

FOR DWELLINGS, CHURCHES, SEMINARIES, HOSPITALS, PRISONS, HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS, &c.

Particular attention is called to the principle of Warming Buildings by their new WATER FURNACE; abundant proof of the superiority of this mode being furnished by those already in use in this city.

J, B. & Co. also manufacture, and keep on hand, an extensive variety of

Iron Furniture, Vases, Fountains, Dogs, Chairs, Settees, and Ornamental Work,

For Gardens, Lawns, and Public Grounds.

BEEBE'S COOKING RANGES, the most complete Cooking Apparatus in use, of all sizes. for Families or for Hotels, with a complete assortment of Cooking Utensils, constantly on hand.

HOLIDAY NOTICE.

GEORGE W. TUTTLE

Invites all who intend purchasing Fancy or Useful Articles for the Gift Season to make an early visit to his splendid and extensive Emporium,

345 Broadway, New York.

Strangers especially will be well repaid by a visit to this "Famous Curiosity Shop of all Nations," where may be found, in immense variety of style and prices, the combined Fancy Wares and Novelties of the world. It would require a volume to enumerate one-half of the articles here collected; suffice it to say, that the public, young and old, rich and poor, gay and sedate, may here find anything and everything that heart can desire, at prices unusually low. The price marked in plain figures on every article, from which there can be no abatement.

Parents will here find the largest and finest variety of TOYS ever offered in this country. Also, the Patent Elastic HIGHLAND SWING, a most delightful article for the exercise and amusement of Ladies, Invalids and Children. Ladies and Gentlemen are particularly invited to visit this splendid establishment, whether wishing to purchase or not. Visitors always welcome.

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HASTINGS.

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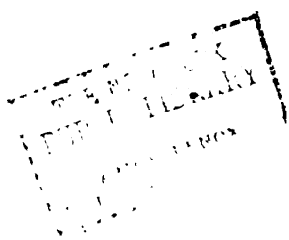

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

EARLY BLOOM, AND EARLY BLIGHT.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

"Graves are for the old—
It may happen
That we die before our time."
E. B. Browning.

The summer sun as it sank slowly down the golden steeps of the western sky, threw its smile of serene beauty over a fair and peaceful-looking home that lay softly environed in the lap of purple hills. The landscape breathed of nothing but peace,—peace such as the poet might have meant when he spoke of "the central calm at the heart of all agitation." The few fleecy clouds that brightened the sky with their amber tints, hung perfectly motionless: the leaves of the trees drooped languidly, as though not a breeze were at play among them: the distant river, whose molten silver was just faintly visible across the intervening meadows, was too far off for its flow to be heard. Amidst the cool pastures, a flock of sheep were browsing in a quietness undisturbed even by the bleating of a lamb. The long, slanting shadows fell about the old mansion of "Hazelwood" with the same slumberous stillness. A strange Sabbath aspect seemed to pervade the usually gay and cheerful habitation. The old house-dog lay upon the verandah with his head upon his paws, as moveless as all around him; and except that the hall door was open, and here and there a hurrying domestic might be seen passing noiselessly about the premises, it might have been supposed that the family were absent.

The calm, alas! belonged only to the landscape—only to Nature, who still smiles on gladly and brightly, even while the bosoms of her children are heaving with sobs, and their very hearts are breaking. How dim is the revelation *she* would make to us! How defective,—how at variance with our changing moods of sorrow and of joy, is her imperfect sympathy!

Within the lower rooms might have been seen pale and anxious faces, and eyes that bore traces of bitter weeping. Death had not yet darkened those doors; but it was only necessary to ascend the staircase, and yielding to all the surrounding influences, to seek with unechoing footfall the shaded chamber above, to find his shadow visibly cast across the wan figure that lay panting breathlessly there.

Lily N—— was an orphan girl of so fair and delicate a type of beauty, even in her babyhood, that she was indebted to it for the name she bore. "*My little lily,*"—her mother had playfully and proudly called the fairy-like child, while as yet no name had been decided upon for her; and when before her baptism, that mother had been suddenly snatched away, the widowed father had, at the administration of that sacred rite, retained the designation so tenderly bestowed. A most fitting one was it for her; for she was indeed one of the most guileless and pure-hearted of God's creatures. Not that we harbor for a moment the idea so dear to poets, of "sinless childhood;" or of an innate purity that only receives assoilment by its necessary contact with earthliness. No one who

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reads the Bible, and professes to believe it, can have any sympathy with the theory of some philosophers, and even theologians, who represent the mind of the infant as a spotless scroll, ready to receive whatever lines may be traced upon it, but without any more decided bias towards evil than towards good. We claim nothing of this kind for our Lily. She was pure-hearted because God's grace had made her so. The loneliness and sorrow of her early childhood, had induced a thoughtfulness that had finally ripened into the most subdued and holy Christian feeling.

She had, in consequence, gone through the somewhat trying ordeal of an education at a fashionable city school, and had come back unscathed, —"unspotted from the world," to the aunt who had been her second mother, and to Hazelwood that had been to her the most beloved of homes.

And yet she had not come to them again altogether such as she had gone away. The bird-like freedom and lightness of girlhood, had deepened into something more mature and chastened. She had always been the darling of the household, and in her little sphere, she sparkled,

> "Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky."

But her happiness, at least as far as earth was concerned, had something more substantial to fasten upon now,—something that made the deep violet of her lifted eyes moist no longer as they heretofore had often been, with a weary sense of loneliness; but brimming like their sister violets of the garden, with the morning dewiness of joy.

Lily was one day returning, in company with some of her school companions, from a walk along the crowded thoroughfare of the city, when she felt herself detained by a little lame girl who pulled her sleeve, and in a voice touching from its shrinking plaintiveness, begged her to buy a bunch of flowers which she presented. As she looked upon the pale face of the little pleader, an answering sympathy started a sudden tear in her own eye, and she searched her pockets in order to make the purchase, but they were empty. Just then a rude boy jostled between her and the little lame flower girl, and maliciously aiming a blow at the extended nosegay, sent it tossing out into the thronged street.

The crowd had swept between Lily and her companions, who had passed on with their governess, unconscious that they were leaving her behind, and she herself was too interested to notice it. A glow of indignation sprang to her cheek at the cruelty of the action; and forgetful of everything but the desire to rescue the flowers for the poor, distressed little girl, she rushed into the midst of the carriages at the imminent risk of being crushed. As she stooped to recover the nosegay from beneath the very horses' feet, she slipped in her eagerness, and fell. The dexterous driver reined up instantly: a gentleman who had been a spectator of the whole scene from the carriage window, sprang out, and seizing Lily in his arms, lifted her into the carriage under the impression that she had been seriously injured. The young girl,—for she was then only about sixteen,—was more frightened at finding herself so suddenly thrust into such a strange position, than she had been by her fall, for there was a lady in the carriage, evidently the gentleman's sister, and the two plied her with inquiries as to where she was hurt with the utmost eagerness. She satisfied them at once as to the cause of their anxiety; but the gentleman's eyes were riveted with a kind of strange fascination upon Lily's beautiful face—which, it seemed to him, only

> "The trail of golden hair,
> Kept from fading off to air,"

so etherial was its loveliness. Before he had set her down at Madame S——'s door, he knew what her name was, who were her relatives, and where was her home.

This incident had occurred a year and a half before the period of which we write; and the acquaintance thus singularly begun, had strengthened into the deepest, closest feeling that ever knits one human heart to another. The forest paths about Hazelwood were invested with a peculiar interest to each of them, for there, with lingering footsteps, they had the oftenest wandered together.

But the most absorbing love wherewith the sometimes too adoring creature consecrates his idol,—the most faultless and statuesque beauty which the sculptor might strive in vain to equal, —gentleness and goodness, angel-like in the tenderness of their unseen but felt ministrations, —all, all are powerless to ward off the shafts of disease and death.

> "Youth and the opening rose
> May look like things too glorious for decay,
> And smile at it."

But the smile avails not: it does not beguile the Destroyer into a change of purpose, or win him to choose a less "shining mark." If it had been so, our fair Lily would not have now been drooping—withered in her morning sweetness and freshness, beneath the burning touch of

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sickness; for she it was who lay so pale and still beneath that white covering,—as pale and still almost, as if Death had already forever sealed those lips in silence.

No wonder that all sights and sounds of merriment, or even cheerfulness, had that day died away about Hazelwood. No wonder that the tranquility that breathed from the serene sky and the far fading hill-tops, and the intermediate stretch of sloping pasture-lands, should seem a mockery, a tantalizing unreality to those who watched within the dying chamber, or glided with stifled sobs up and down the stairs, or looked with anxious longings from the half-closed shutters.

Would *he* but come! Yet the time-piece on the parlor mantle kept ticking away the precious hours, and still he came not. Those who watched and waited for him, hardly now knew which most to pray for,—his coming or his staying. When the rapid progress of the violent and sudden disease which no efforts of the physicians availed to check, made it evident to them and to all, that there was scarcely a shred of hope left, a letter had been despatched to summon the beloved one, towards whom Lily's heart yearned with a most painful intensity,—the only yearning, she said, that made it hard for her to die. Yet even amidst her longing, there was placid submission written on her marble forehead, and the light of an overcoming faith was shining through the clouds that half darkened the "heaven of her eye." It was manifest that earthly love, absorbing as it had been in the buoyant hours of health, was being swallowed up and lost in the contemplation of that infinitely diviner love of the "Victim-Christ" through whose sufferings unto death her soul had been purified.

Yet it was but human that she should desire to look once more into those eyes that had never since their first glance rested on her with any other than an excess of tenderness. She was not permitted to sigh for their presence long; for delirium, which was only a Father's kindly veiling of her spirit to the disappointment, soon succeeded, and she was unconsciously borne through the dark "valley of the shadow," to the gates of the Celestial City.

The sun sank never more serenely behind the western hills;—the twittering of the birds, as they settled themselves among the hazel-boughs, sounded out merrily and clearly as usual;—the tinkle of the distant sheep-bell came sweet as ever through the twilight air. But ah! what a contrast was all this to the sorrow that no longer shrank from betraying itself by outward manifestations. There was no further need to tread softly now,—no further need to suppress the tear, or choke down the sob, or speak in subdued whispers. Lily slept too well for such things to disturb her rest! The winds may sway and the rains may drench, the flower stalk from which one sudden gust has torn away the fragrant petals, as they will: the utmost has already been done, and they can harm no more.

Not till the slight and delicate form which had so often bounded up that stairway with elastic grace, had been carried heavily down,—not till those who bore her with such slow and strange care, had deposited their burden in the centre of the parlor which had so often rung with the pathos of her warbling voice,—not till she was laid there, straight and cold, with the white folds of the drapery that covered her, laid back from her pure brow, and fair lilies placed between the waxen hands that rested so stirlessly on the unheaving bosom,—not till then,—did *he* come who had been so longed for by the lovely sleeper. And what a coming! The wakeful and weeping household heard no sound, no moans, no groaning, through the long hours of that weary night, in the room where the broken lily lay watched and tended by a grief too sacred for any human eye to look upon: for only those who are

> "Incredulous of despair,
> Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
> Beat upward to God's throne in loud acclaim
> Of shrieking and reproach."

With the first streaks of light that shot up the pearly morning sky, the watcher beside the beautiful dead was gone. He could not be induced to stay and see her committed to her kindred dust. The ghastly face grew ghastlier at the faint intimation of such a wish. His endurance had already been tested to the utmost of its capacity:—*that* would have been beyond it;—*that* would have been a refinement of torture, from which the racked spirit shrank back appalled. Such a sight was not for him; for there were other eyes that *could* bear to see the pile of yellow clay, and look down into the narrow house, though it would be through blinding tears;—and there were kind hands that could more firmly and steadily than his, fit the turf greenly and smoothly over the swelling mound!

Autumn passed away,—scattering as she went shreds of her russet mantle over the new-made grave in the little enclosed family burial-place at Hazelwood. The winter snows wrapped it about, and hid it from view; spring birds sang

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and spring leaves cast their checkered shadows above it. Summer came to wither the "lilies of the valley" that covered it, and with the Summer came, too, the pale and patient mourner, to gaze upon the spot beneath which lay his Lily, who had bloomed like these fragrant bells, and had perished, like them, only to blossom again with immortal beauty in an unfading Spring-time!

MEMENTOES.

BY 'IRVIN.'

"But ye—ye have changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features pass'd—
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile—but your smile hath a dimness yet!
Ah! what have ye looked on since last me met!"

MRS. HEMANS.

I THOUGHT the gilding had worn off the chain
That bound me to gone years,—yet when again
I traced link after link back to the last
Which memory's hand had fastened to the past—
I felt strange gladness thro' my bosom thrill,
To find it wore its native gilding still!
Tho' ruder links were added to the chain
As it reached manhood—tho' the dimming stain
Of earth's corroding cares had swept away
Brightness and bliss from many an after day—
Memory had kept these sacred from the rust
Of cankering time, and dull oblivion's dust.

I trod the haunts of happy boyhood o'er—
Ah! scenes of pleasure ye return no more!
Gone—gone forever! naught but fancy's wing,
To help me thread life's streamlet to its spring.
I strayed where I had strayed in childhood's hours,
A reveler midst nature's sweets and flowers,
Joying in an existence new and fair—
Blest in the consciousness of being where
Was all to make life lovely. Oh! the sky
Can wear no color freshening to the eye
As in those days the heavens above me wore,
When my glad, buoyant spirit longed to soar
And dally with the fringe that hung upon
The crimson curtains of the setting sun!
The meadow-streams have lost the softened flow
That used to charm my senses long ago:
Thro' Nature's sanctuaries now I tread—
And thro' its aisles the starlight seems to shed
A less unclouded lustre—dimmer rays
Than played upon my brow in earlier days!
Ah! whence this change! my spirit must reply—
The star, the winding rivulet, the sky,
Wears not an altered feature:—stars remain,
Till He who lit them, quenches them again;
The murmuring water holds its babbling way,
Till He who bade it flow, shall bid it stay:
Man's heart alone such strange mutation proves,
Yet deems *he* stands, while all about him moves!

The stream was lapsing by me—the blue stream
Dear to my early being; it doth seem
A silver thread by memory's hand inwrought
Into the tissue of my morning years—
Ah! *now* she shows dark threads with sadness fraught,
And dims the web she weaveth with her tears!
There stood the dear, familiar mansion,—where
The deepening foliage softened down the glare
Of the hot noon, and thro' the dwelling made
A kindly, twilight gentleness of shade:
The music mid the branches rustled on,
But *she* whose hand had reared those trees—was gone!

I stood where those I loved, had knelt in prayer
Around that cherish'd hearthstone: vainly there
My questioning eye sought for the earnest brow—
Ah! other faces filled that *sanctum* now:
And happy voices spoke in cheerful tone,
That grated on my heart, for *they* were gone,
Who once had welcomed me,—and the glad look
That told of peacefulness, I scarce could brook.
Their hearts *had* well-nigh burst, but time had brought
Its healing balm to soothe their anguish'd thought.

It was not strange I could not bear the smile,
When grief was burying in my breast the while
A fresh-barbed arrow! They had passed away,
And I had scarce believed it till the day
I found their places empty.

Sombre gloom
Reigned with deep silence thro' the lonely room
I sought to weep in: burning tears were shed
Over the long-lost and the recent dead;
For there, my father breathed his parting breath—
And there my sister slept the sleep of death!

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MERIMEE.

BY REV. —— HOYT.

ON the evening of the 24th of August, 1572, a company of light horsemen entered Paris by the gate Saint Antoine. Their boots and uniform, all covered with dust, announced that they had been making a long ride. The last hours of the expiring day threw their light upon the sunburnt faces of these soldiers; one might read there that vague anxiety which is felt at the approach of an event not yet understood, but suspected to be of a melancholy nature.

The troop directed its way slowly towards a large space without houses, that extended nearly to the old palais des Tournelles. There the captain gave orders to halt, then sent a dozen men, commanded by his cornet, to reconnoitre, and himself posted at the entrance of the neighboring streets some sentinels, whom he required to light their matches as in presence of the enemy. After having taken this extraordinary precaution, he returned to the front of his company.

"Sergeant!" said he, in a tone more harsh and imperious than was usual.

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An old horseman, whose chapeau was adorned with a plume of gold, and who wore an embroidered scarf, approached respectfully his chief.

"Our horsemen are all provided with matches?"

"Yes, captain."

"Are the powder-flasks filled? Is there a sufficient quantity of balls?"

"Yes, captain."

"Well." He rode slowly along in front of his little troop. The sergeant followed at the distance of a horse's length. He had discovered the humor of his captain, and he hesitated to accost him. At length he took courage.

"Captain, may I permit the horsemen to give their beasts something to eat? You know they have not eaten since morning."

"No."

"A handfull of oats? That would be very soon done."

"Let not a horse be unbridled."

"If we should have work for them to-night—as it is said—perhaps—"

The officer made a gesture of impatience.

"Return to your post," said he drily, and he continued walking.

* * * *

"Hold! here are some horsemen coming to us at full gallop; without doubt an order is brought us."

"There are but two, I should think; and the captain and the cornet go to meet them."

Two horsemen were rapidly approaching the company of light-horse. One of them superbly dressed, and wearing a chapeau covered with plumes, and a green scarf, was mounted on a war-horse. His companion was a big, short man, compactly built, dressed in a black robe, and carrying a large wooden crucifix.

"There is going to be fighting, sure," said the sergeant; "here is a chaplain they have sent to confess the wounded."

"It is not very agreeable to fight without having dined," murmured Merlin in a low voice.

The two horsemen slackened the speed of their horses, so that in joining the captain they could stop them without effort.

"I kiss the hands of M. de Mergy," said the man with the green scarf. "Does he recognize his servant, Thomas de Maurevel?"

The captain was still ignorant of the new crime of Maurevel; he knew him only as the assassin of the brave Mouy. He replied very drily:

"I do not know Mr. Maurevel. I suppose you come to inform us why we are here."

"The business, sir, is to save our good king and our holy religion from the peril which threatens them."

"What peril?" George asked in a contemptuous tone.

"The Huguenots have conspired against his majesty; but their criminal plots have been discovered in time, thank God, and all good Christians are to combine to-night to exterminate them during their sleep."

"As the Midianites were exterminated by the valiant Gideon," said the man in the black robe.

"What do I hear?" cried Mergy, shuddering with horror.

"The citizens are armed," continued Maurevel; "the French guards and three thousand Swiss are in the city. We have near sixty thousand men with us; at eleven o'clock the signal will be given and the movement commenced."

"Miserable cut-throat! what infamous imposture art thou vending? The king orders no assassinations; and more, he pays them."

But, while saying this, George called to mind the strange conversation he had had some days before with the king.

"No raving, captain; if the king's service did not demand all my thoughts, I would reply to your insults. Listen: I come, on the part of his majesty, to require you to accompany me with your troop. We are charged with the street Saint Antoine and the neighboring quarter. I bring you an exact list of the persons that we have to dispatch. The reverend father Malebouche is going to exhort your men, and to distribute among them some white crosses, such as all the Catholics wear, that the faithful may not be mistaken in the darkness for heretics."

"And I am to lend my hands to massacre people asleep!"

"Are you a Catholic? and do you recognize Charles IX. for your king? Do you know the signature of Marshal Retz, to whom you owe obedience?" and he handed him a paper which he had in his girdle.

Mergy made a horseman approach, and by the light of a torch of straw kindled with the match of an arquebuse, he read an order in proper form, enjoining on captain Mergy, in the king's name to lend assistance to the city guard, and to obey M. Maurevel, for a service which the latter would explain to him. To this order was joined a list of names, with this title: *List of heretics who are to be put to death in the quarter Saint Antoine.* The light of the torch which was burning in the hand of the horseman, showed to all the troop the profound emotion which

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this order, yet unknown to them, caused in their chief.

"My horsemen will never consent to do the work of assassins," said George, throwing the paper into the face of Maurevel.

"Brave sirs," cried Maurevel, raising his voice and addressing the light horsemen, "the Huguenots wish to assassinate the king and the Catholics; it is necessary to anticipate them; we are going to kill them all to-night while they sleep; and the king grants you the pillage of their houses!"

A cry of ferocious joy rose from all the ranks, "Long live the king! Death to the Huguenots!"

"Silence in the ranks!" cried the captain, with a thundering voice. "I alone have the right to command these horsemen. Comrades, what this wretch says cannot be true; and, had the king ordered it, never would my light horsemen consent to kill defenceless people."

The soldiers were silent.

"Long live the king! Death to the Huguenots!" cried at once Maurevel and his companion; and the cavaliers repeated the next instant, "Long live the king!"

"Well, captain, will you obey?" said Maurevel.

"I am no longer captain," cried George; and he snatched off his gorget and scarf, the ensigns of his dignity.

"Seize that traitor!" cried Maurevel, drawing his sword; "kill that rebel who disobeys his king!"

But not a soldier dared lift a hand against his chief. George made the sword leap from the hands of Maurevel; but instead of piercing him with his own, he contented himself with striking him in the face with the pommel so violently that it caused him to fall from his horse.

"Cowards, adieu!" said he to his troop; "I thought I had soldiers, but I see that I have only assassins." Then turning towards his cornet, "Alphonse, if you wish to be captain, here is a fine opportunity. Put yourself at the head of these brigands."

At these words he struck both spurs into his horse and rode off on a gallop, directing his course towards the interior of the town. The cornet advanced a few steps as if to follow him, but soon slackened the pace of his horse, put him on a walk, then at last stopped, wheeled about, and returned to his company, judging, without doubt, that the counsel of his captain was none the less good to follow for being given in a moment of anger.

Maurevel, still a little stunned by the blow which he had received, remounted his horse, swearing, and the monk, lifting his crucifix, exhorted the soldiers to show no mercy to a single Huguenot, but to wash out the heresy in the waves of its own blood.

The soldiers had experienced a momentary check from the reproaches of their captain, but no longer embarrassed by his presence, and stimulated by the prospect of plunder, they brandished their sabres above their heads, and swore to execute whatever Maurevel should command them.

* * * *

After having quitted his company, Captain George ran to his house, hoping to find there his brother; but he had already left without having told the domestics that he should be absent all night. George had readily concluded that he was at the house of the countess, and he had hurried thither in search of him. But the massacre had already commenced. The tumult, the crowd of assassins, and the chains stretched across the streets, stopped him at every step. He was compelled to pass near the Louvre, and it was there that the fanaticism displayed all its fury. A great number of Protestants inhabited this quarter, now invaded by the Catholic citizens and the soldiers of the guard, with fire and steel in hand. "There," to use the energetic expression of a contemporary writer, "*the blood was running on all sides to the river*, and one could not cross the streets without encountering the risk at every moment of being crushed by the dead bodies which were thrown down from the windows."

By an infernal stretch of forethought, most of the boats which were ordinarily moored along the Louvre had been conveyed to the other side of the river; so that many fugitives, who ran to the bank of the Seine, hoping there to embark and shelter themselves from the blows of their enemies, found they had only to choose between the waves and the halberts of the soldiers who pursued them. Yet at one of the windows of his palace, it is said, was seen Charles IX., armed with a long arquebuse, and shooting down as game the poor passers-by.

The captain striding over the dead bodies, and bespattering himself with blood, pursued his way, in danger at every step of falling a victim to the mistake of some one engaged in the massacre. He had observed that the soldiers and the armed citizens all wore a white scarf on the arm and a white cross on the hat. He might easily have taken this mark of recognition, but the horror with which the assassins inspired

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him extended even to the badges by which they distinguished each other.

On the bank of the river near the prison, he heard his name called. He turned his head and saw a man armed to the teeth, but who appeared to make no use of his arms, wearing besides the white cross on his hat, and rolling a piece of paper between his fingers, with the air of one wholly at his ease. It was Beville. He was looking coolly at the corpses and the living men that were being thrown into the Seine, above the Pont au Meunier.

"What the d—l are you doing here, George? Is it a miracle, or is it grace which gives you this beautiful zeal—for you seem to be going to the Huguenot-hunt?"

"And you—what are you doing in the midst of these wretches?"

"I? Zounds! I look on; it is a spectacle. And do you know the good turn I have made? You are acquainted with old Michael Cornabon, the Huguenot usurer, who has wrung so much out of me?"

"You have killed him, wretch?"

"I? Fie! I take no part in religious matters. So far from killing him, I have hid him in my cellar, and he has given me a receipt for all that I owe him; so I have done a good action, and am recompensed. True, that he might more easily sign the receipt, I put a pistol to his head; but the d—l take me if I would have killed him. . . . . Hold! see that woman caught by her skirts on one of the timbers of the bridge! She will fall. . . . . No, she will not fall! Deuce! this is curious, and deserves a nearer view!"

George left him; saying, as he struck his hand on his head, "There is one of the most honest gentlemen that I know to-day in this city."

He entered the street Saint Josse, which was deserted and without a light; without doubt none of the reformed lived in it. Yet there was heard distinctly the tumult that proceeded from the neighboring streets. Suddenly the white walls are illuminated by the red light of torches. He hears piercing cries, and sees a woman half naked, her hair streaming, carrying a child in her arms. She flew with a swiftness supernatural. Two men were pursuing her, animating each other with savage cries, like hunters in pursuit of fallow-deer. The woman was going to throw herself into an open alley, when one of her pursuers fired at her with an arquebuse. The bullet hit her in the back, and felled her. She sprang up immediately, made a step toward George, and fell again upon her knees. Then, making a last effort, she lifted up her child toward the captain, as if she confided it to his generosity. She expired without uttering a word.

"One more of those heretic bitches down!" cried the man who had fired the arquebuse. "I shall not rest till I have dispatched a dozen of them."

"Wretch!" cried the captain; and, clapping a pistol to his head, he fired at him.

The head of the villian struck the opposite wall.

He opened his eyes in a frightful manner; and turning stiffly on his heels, like a plank unsupported, he fell dead to the earth.

"How! kill a Catholic," cried the companion of the dead, who held a torch in one hand and a bloody sword in the other. "Who then are you? By the mass! but you are one of the king's light horsemen. There is a mistake, my officer."

The captain took from his girdle his second pistol and cocked it. This movement, and the light noise of the spring were perfectly understood. The murderer threw down his torch, and took to flight at the top of his speed. George did not deign to fire at him. He stooped, examined the woman stretched upon the earth, and discovered that she was dead. The ball had pierced her through and through. Her child, its arms around her neck, was crying piteously. It was covered with blood, but, as by a miracle, it had not been wounded. The captain had some difficulty to tear it away from its mother, to whom it clung with all its might. He then wrapped it up in his mantle; and, rendered prudent by the rencontre which he had just had, he picked up the hat of the dead man, took from it the white cross, and put it on his own. Thus he proceeded without been stopped to the house of the Countess.

* * * * *

The day, instead of bringing an end to the massacres, seemed rather to increase and systemize them. Every Catholic, under pain of being accused of heresy, took the white cross and armed himself, or denounced the Huguenots that still survived. Yet the king, shut up in his palace, was inaccessible to all but the chiefs of the murderers. The populace, attracted by the hope of plunder, had united with the city guard and the soldiers; and the preachers in the churches exhorted to redoubled cruelties. "Let us crush at once," they said, "all the heads of the hydra, and put an end forever to the civil wars." And in order to persuade the people, thirsting for blood and miracles, that Heaven approved their

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fury, and that it desired to encourage them by a brilliant miracle—"Go to the cemetery of the Innocents," cried they; "go, and see that hawthorn which has just blossomed, as if restored to youth and vigor by being watered with heretic blood!"

Numerous processions of murderers in arms went in great pomp to adore the holy thorn, and came out from the cemetery fired with new zeal to discover and put to death those whom Heaven so manifestly condemned. A saying of Catherine was in all mouths; they repeated it to each other while cutting the throats of women and children:—"*To-day, it is humanity to be cruel, cruelty to be humane.*"

Strange thing! Among all those Protestants there were few who had not been in war, and assisted in bloody battles, where they had attempted, often with success, to counterbalance by their courage the advantage of numbers; and yet, during this carnage, two only opposed any resistance to their assassins, and of these two men, one only had been a warrior. Perhaps the habit of fighting in companies and in a regular manner had deprived them of that invividual energy which could excite each Protestant to defend himself in his house as in a fortress. Old warriors were seen, like devoted victims, to offer their throats to wretches who but yesterday would have trembled before them. They took their resignation for courage, and preferred the glory of martyrs to that of soldiers.

When the first thirst of blood was appeased, the most clement of the murderers were seen to offer life to their victims as the price of their abjuration. A very small number of Calvanists profited by this offer, and consented to redeem themselves from death, and even from torture, by a falsehood perhaps excusable. Women and children repeated their creed in the midst of swords drawn over their heads, and died without uttering a complaint.

After two days, the king tried to stop the carnage; but when the rein has been given to the passions of the multitude, it is no longer possible to restrain them. Not only the poignards ceased not to strike, but the monarch himself, accused of an impious compassion, was obliged to revoke his words of clemency, and to add to his severity, which yet formed one of the principal traits of his character.

During the first days that followed the Saint Bartholomew, Mergy was visited regularly in his retreat by his brother, who at each time communicated to him new details of the horrible scenes which he witnessed.

"Ah, when shall I be able to leave this country of murder and crime!" George would exclaim. "I shall prefer to live in the midst of savage beasts, rather than live among the French."

"Come with me to Rochelle," said Mergy; "I hope the murderers have not yet possession of that. Come and die with me, and cause thine apostasy to be forgotten in defending this last bulwark of our religion."

AGNES.

BY S. W. BROOKS.

A brow so pure and lovely,
And such clear angel eyes
As bend upon our dreaming,
And woo us to the skies.

And lips that Love hath chiseled
In beauty's rarest mould,
And hair to catch the sunbeams
And braid them into gold!

A face of mortal beauty—
To win our human love,
Yet radiant with the glory
That falleth from above!

And gently touched by sorrow,
As if in other years
The inner light had woven
A rainbow of her tears.

Farewell—our life-paths widen,
And lead us far apart;
Yet surely, God hath sealed thee
Among the pure in heart!

And in that home of gladness,
Where parting's low refrain
Breaks not the immortal anthem,
Our souls shall meet again.

THE CONTRAST.

BY FANNY FULTON.

Kind reader, will you go with me to yonder noble mansion, whose broad granite front rears itself majestically above those which surround it. All in and about the house is perfect quiet, and even the street is fenced across so that no carriage may pass the house, for one dearly beloved by all who knew her is *dying* there. *His* relentless hand spares not youth or beauty for *Death* comes to *all*. One little week ago the only daughter of the owner of the mansion celebrated her seventeenth birth-day with gay fes-

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tivity, and the whole house resounded with the mirth of the assembled guests. Brightest and gayest among them all shone the beautiful one in whose honor they were gathered. I said she was beautiful,—she was. In all the symmetry of form and feature, and grace of motion, she was so. I need not describe her, as she flitted gaily from one room to another, giving here a merry word and there a cheerful smile, and entrancing all by her sweet voice when she sang. 'Tis enough to say that she was happy, and her fond parents gazed with delight upon the idol of their hearts, and were flattered by the admiration she excited. But their dream was short; they soon awoke to a fearful reality. The day after the party she retired to her room complaining of a severe headache, and the next she was raving in the delirium of fever. O how anxiously did her fond parents bend over her couch, using every means in their power to save her. Did I say *all?* No, there was *one* source to which they looked not for help. They *did not* "cast their burthen on the Lord," and forgot that He who *gave* had a right to *take away* their only daughter, their beloved Ella. For five long days and nights they watched for some look or token of recognition, but she knew them not. On the sixth, however, her reason suddenly returned, and she inquired for her mother, who had just left the room. She came immediately, and as she entered the room the physician drew one side.

"Mother, why do you look so sad, and why is the doctor standing here, and all so quiet?"

"You have been very ill, my dear, and you must not talk now, but try to sleep."

"But, mother, I'm not *very* sick, am I? Shan't I get well again?"

"We hope so, Ella; but you *must* go to sleep now, and not talk any more."

She slept, but 'twas the troubled sleep of illness. She seemed to sink rapidly, and the doctor told her father there was no hope for her. *No hope,*—it rung in his ears like a death knell.

"Have you done all human power *can* do?"

"I have, and I fear she must die."

"You must tell her, then, for *I* cannot."

As they re-entered the sick-room, she looked up.

"I'm not *very* sick, am I, doctor?" she asked earnestly.

"We think you *are*, Ella," was the calm reply.

"But I shall get well again soon, shan't I?"

He hesitated a moment, and then said, "should you fear to die, Ella?"

"To die—O no, I cannot die—you must not let me die; I *dare not* die."

"We have done all we can for you, Ella, and we find you can never be any better."

"No, no, I cannot die—I am not fit to die—what shall I do? Oh! mother save me, save me—do *not* let me die," she said wildly, and twined her arms around her mother's neck as if *she* could shield her. The doctor, who was a *Christian*, tried to point her to the Saviour, but she would not listen. She continued wildly begging them not to let her die, till death ended her sufferings. Oh! what a fearful death to die.

Let us turn, dear reader, from the mansion of luxury, though of sorrow, to yonder cottage. The scrupulous neatness of all *around* the house betokens tidiness within. An aged female, quietly engaged in knitting and reading at the same time, and a young lady, apparently not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, lying on a rude couch at the other side of the room, are the only occupants at present. Mark you the flushed cheek, the eye sparkling with almost unearthly brightness, and hollow racking cough, which tell but *too* plainly of the working of the fell destroyer, Consumption. Alas! 'tis ever so. Death has marked her for his own. But listen. "Those are sweet words, mother dear, and how true! *I* wish *every* one knew how *gentle* yet how *firm* is the supporting arm of Jesus. What should I do without *His* strength and grace." Her mother had been reading the beautiful hymn beginning,

> "There is an hour of peaceful rest
> To mourning wanderers given,"

and its sweet words comfort her as she passes down towards the dark valley whence none ever return. Yet though she passes through that valley she fears no evil, for the Saviour, in whom she trusts, is her guide and support. A severe fit of coughing succeeds the effort to speak, and as her mother hands her a glass of water, the gentle "thank you," and the sweet smile accompanying it, are an ample reward. But she is soon to pass away from earth, and her place will be vacant.

"Mother, will you raise me a little, so that I may see the sun set once more? I do not think I shall ever see it shine again."

"Why, my child, do you feel worse?"

"I feel weaker, and have all day, and I shall not see another day; but I am not afraid to die, for my Saviour is with me, and He will support me. I place all my hopes upon Him, and His

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strength is sufficient for me. If I do not see George again, tell him that to the vows he has taken upon him he must be faithful, to endeavor to glorify God on earth, and to meet me in heaven at last. And, mother, 'twill not be long before you will come to be with me, and till you come I will hover near and watch over you, and be your 'guardian angel,' mother. I am going *home*, and I shall see my father there, and sister Ellen; and oh! my Saviour will be there, blessed Jesus. He's coming *now* mother. The sun is sinking and I must go. Good bye, mother, good —" The word died upon her lips, and a sweet smile lighted up her features as her pure spirit winged its way to God who gave it.

Gentle reader, "so live, that when *thy* summons comes," thou wilt be prepared to go in peace, nothing fearing, but trusting in the mercy of that Saviour who died to redeem mankind.

THE DYING FLOWER.

"I think flowers die to soothe us. It seems fitting that their tints should wax pale, and their petals shrink and fall, leaving me half reconciled to a lot so universal, and giving me the promise of again watching every budding indication of their annual return."

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Yes pass away,
In strange and "unexplained decay,"
Sweet flower!—that I may learn from thee,
The lesson of my destiny.

I breathe no sigh
While gazing on thy closing eye;
Thy life hath known no storm or blight—
A cloudless day, without a night.

Thou hadst thy birth
Upon a guarded spot of earth,
When 'twas a gentle maiden's care
To shield thee from the chilling air.

Thy starry glow,
White as the pure, untrodden snow,
Rewards the care which daily spread
Such tender watch above thy head.

Thine be *her* lot—
To live in some sweet, sunny spot,
By warm affection's hand caressed—
The cherished flower of one fond breast!

And when at last,
Life's tranquil pilgrimage is past,
As passively may she resign
Her breath, as thou hast yielded thine.

Thy bloom is gone,—
Yet still thy fragrance lingers on;
So may dear memories ever wave
Above the sod that marks her grave!

PHYSICAL FEEBLENESS

NOT THE GLORY OF WOMAN.

BY A. A. H.

Have you ever seen a bird, whose plumage vied with the hues of the rainbow, soaring towards heaven on its strong free pinions, clearing the blue expanse like a swift arrow from the bow, or heard his joyous song warbled triumphantly forth, as he mounted aloft? Would you have been better pleased to see the beautiful colors faded, the strong wing broken, and the poor bird fluttering near the ground, sending forth weak, piteous notes of distress? Would you like to see the brilliantly appareled butterfly but just able to drag his weary frame from flower to flower? Or could you view the nimble rovers who gambol among the untold treasures in the depths of old ocean's vast store-house, penetrate his hidden caverns, or dart through his glistening waves, would your pleasure be increased by seeing their agile, graceful forms, become enfeebled, until exertion should be agony, and death but the happy termination of a life of weariness and pain? Would a like change add to the charms of the bright-eyed gazelle, or cause the poet to celebrate in sweeter verse his fleetness and beauty?

Look upon that lonely tree. It sprang into existence in the deep shadow of surrounding trees, and hurriedly sent up its little head through the wilderness of leaves and branches, to catch the genial rays of the sun, until its tall, slender trunk, equaled in height its compeers of the forest. But they have fallen by the axe of the woodman, and it now stands alone, leafless, save a sparing crown of verdure, as if in mockery, on its brow, its scanty roots unable to resist the strength of the fierce whirlwind, before whose power it is destined soon to fall. Think you the eye rests with as much pleasure on its skeleton-like form, as on the tree which has battled with the elements from the first opening bud, until it has become the emblem of strength and stability; whose far spreading roots send up abundant supplies of nourishment to the lofty branches, clothing them in their bright summer robe, and giving to the whole tree an unrivaled symmetry and grace?

Would the queen of flowers, the beautiful rose, be more beautiful, were its leaves and petals pale and puny, and its stalk so slender that the slightest zephyr would send its buds and blossoms in ruin to the ground?

Is woman more interesting, more loveable, when weakness and languor look through the

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eye, speak in the voice, and manifest themselves in every motion? Does it add to the charms of a lovely female, to possess such a delicate nervous organization, that she screams if a poor spider innocently spin down before her, or is thrown into hysterics if a harmless toad chance to hop along her path? Is the pale cheek, the feeble gait, an ornament to our sex? No; let the morning mist be light and fleeting, the ocean foam transient as beautiful: let the gorgeous hues of a glorious sunset fade away even while you admire them, but let woman, the possessor of an immortal mind, have a frame that shall be its meet abode. Let her not be forever fettered by weakness and infirmities as she strives to press on in the upward path, but with a sound mind in a sound body, let her accomplish the high purposes for which she was created, and be indeed an ornament and a blessing to the world.

THE MOTHER.

BY U. L. S. B.

THEY shoes of red morocco
Lie upon my chamber floor;
Gentle eyes of sweetest sapphire
Gaily peep within the door.

Oh! how often, careless-hearted,
Leaned I by this window-frame,
Half a score of summers younger,
Wearing still my father's name.

Trembling branches dimly curtain
Now, as then, my window-scene;
And I hear a dryad trilling
Far within the depths of green.

Blossoms lie, like gleams of moonlight,
On the tops of chestnut trees;
To the red lips of the clover
Go the bandit humblebees.

Here the soft wind came to kiss me,
In the balmy blossom time;
Here I prayed with tears of anguish,
Here I wrote my dreams of rhyme.

Here, one autumn, came my lover,
Like an angel to my view;
Now a fairy shape beside me
Wears his blessed eyes of blue.

Curls of blonde about her forehead,
One small pearl-tooth in her mouth;
Sweeter she than buds of roses
Opening in the spicy South.

Lo! I bring, that Thou may'st touch her,
This young child Thou gavest me;
Saviour Lord, thy hand of blessing
Lay upon her tenderly!

GRANDFATHER BURTON'S THANKSGIVING.

BY A LADY.

ON a cold, blustering night, in the latter part of November, the traveler passing through a New-England town, might have noticed the bright, cheerful aspect of some red-curtained windows in one of the oldest, yet most substantial-looking houses in the place. The house stood at a short distance from the village, in the midst of a large farm, which, some few weeks earlier in the season, would have attracted attention, from the neat and thrifty aspect of its orchards and corn-fields, its smoothly-mowed meadow-land, and its well-made and well-kept fences. Venerable trees, which the taste of some long-buried ancestor must have rescued from the axe of the pioneer, then shaded the house; now their long branches drooped under the weight of the frozen snow, which encased every tiny bough and forgotten leaf. At times the full moon looked forth from the angry clouds, which hurriedly closed their ranks against her, and for a moment the glistening icicles shone like diamonds in her rays: then the dark shadow and the bleak wind again ruled the night, and the mournful trees creaked sadly against the house.

Within the dwelling all was peace. The large, old-fashioned room, from whose windows the reddened light fell upon the snow-covered garden, showed no trace of the cold and darkness without. Two candles, in shining silver candlesticks, shed their light upon the simple but antique furniture of the room. The home-spun carpet of red and green stripes, which time had tried in vain to fade, the straight-backed chairs, the tall and well-stocked book-case, the desk of dark mahogany, the gilt-framed looking-glass, and the old "clock that ticked behind the door"—all seemed to have belonged there from time immemorial.

The wide chimney-piece no longer yawned its capacious mouth as when it could consume a half cord of wood in a single day. A more moderate and not less cheerful "Franklin" stood on the hearth—in summer ornamented with the feathery asparagus, now its polished sides were reflecting the blaze of some hickory sticks, which crackled and glowed, and filled the room with a genial warmth that furnaces and steam-pipes try in vain to imitate. In a large arm-chair beside the fire sat a venerable man. He had been reading from the Holy Book to his wife, who sat on the other side of the fire-place quietly knitting. His spectacles were pushed back upon his broad forehead,

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which was ornamented by a few soft white locks spared by time. His brown eyes rested lovingly upon the good wife, who for forty years had made his home happy.

She seemed to be thinking deeply, and a shade of sadness crossed her face—a face in which was plainly written the records of a useful and a peaceful life. At last she said, with a half sigh, "Poor Annie! it cannot be a very happy Thanksgiving to her; how sad she looks."

"Sad enough, poor child; and she will be very desolate, if her feeble boy follows his father to the grave. He looks as if he could not live long. She had a cold day for her journey. I wonder she did not wait until to-morrow."

"She was afraid it might storm, and she told me, with her sad smile, so unlike the merry Annie who left us six years ago come Thursday, that she could not miss *this* Thanksgiving at home. I fear it will be too much for her, Jane's wedding will recall her own so vividly to her mind; and remember joyful anniversaries of the day, even the last, when Mr. Howard was here; and though his pale face and dreadful cough made us all sad, she was hoping that he would live, and longing for the spring to revive him."

"And when spring came he was in heaven," said Mr. Burton. "Annie ought not to be comfortless, when she can look back upon such a death-bed. As he calmly drew his last breath, my heart said, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' His victory over the last enemy was glorious. I envied him the entrance into heaven, and felt almost as if I could look in through the wide open gates, and see him welcomed home. Ah! it is a blessed thing to die so."

There was a brief pause—then the mother's heart reverting to her widowed child, she said, "I am glad Annie came to-day, for now she will meet her brothers and sisters as they arrive, in stead of coming suddenly upon the whole happy group. I hope they will all come, as they have promised; it will be a day of Thanksgiving indeed to us, if we may see our good and affectionate children once more about our board. But I hardly dare expect Frank. Jane has studied all the ship news for weeks, but she has found no news of his vessel."

"I have a feeling that he will come," said the father in a grave tone; "I want to see them all together once again before I go hence."

"Do not speak so, John," said his wife in a quick, grieved accent; "you are a hale and healthy man yet. I hope you will live to bury your old wife."

"I hope not, Sarah; you know I am ten years older than you; I ought to go home first. I thank God that I can leave you with such good children."

Just at this moment the door opened, and Jane, their youngest daughter, entered. Her cheeks glowed with health, her eyes were bright with habitual good humor, and now after a long walk in the cold wind, she stood before her parents a beautiful contrast—blooming youth and placid old age.

"Jane, my darling," said Mrs. Burton, for with some term of endearment she always addressed this petted child, "are you not very late?"

"Not very, dearest mother; but we did walk round to the parsonage to tell Mr. Gray that Annie had come, and—and Charles had a message for him, you know."

"Very true," said her mother, smiling at Jane's heightened color; and then she sadly added, "I do not love to think that my last, precious child, goes to another home so soon."

"Oh! but mother dear," said Jane, falling upon her knees, and taking both her mother's hands in her own in her earnestness, "I am not going away; I shall be so near you will see me every day. You will not have a chance to miss me, I promise you."

"I trust not, my daughter; and I am so confident that you have chosen wisely, that I cannot wish it otherwise, though we shall be lonely sometimes in the long evenings. But good night now, my darling, we must be up betimes."

The next day was bright and cold, but the frost could not delay the expected travelers, who arrived at various hours through the day. George, the second son, an eminent lawyer in a neighboring city, first appeared. His wife, a lovely woman, had long before taken a daughter's place in the affections of the old people. Their two boys, Fred and Harry, noble, manly little fellows, of ten and twelve, were wild with delight, at reaching dear grandpapa's. Little Mary, their gentle blue-eyed sister, followed the noisy boys, led by her aunt Sophia, a tall beautiful woman, who lived in a more distant city, and had joined her brother's family, for their annual visit to the homestead. Her husband was detained by public business, but promised to follow her, if possible.

John, the eldest child, his father's namesake, and like him an upright, whole-souled, intelligent farmer, came late in the day. His large double sleigh seemed to be filled with children, but after these were extricated from the robes the unwonted cold had made necessary, their mother was able to make herself seen and heard, as she followed the noisy party to the house. This last group of grand-children being more fre-

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quent visitants at the old homestead than their city cousins, rushed into the house with glad and noisy greetings, and the dear old grandpapa, always the first to welcome these boisterous guests, was soon surrounded, and nearly overwhelmed by the joyous troop. But the elder ones had to resign their places, when mamma and baby appeared. The old man rose to greet his daughter-in-law, and taking the precious little one from her arms, looked into the innocent face of the still sleeping babe with an expression of almost reverent tenderness.

Grandmamma was soon discovered, and next assailed. Questions without number rained upon her, too rapidly to be answered except by smiles and nods. "Have you a famous big turkey this year?" "Did you make a hundred pies?" "Shall we have a plum pudding?" "And may we play blindman's buff in the evening?" "And where will you find room for us all?" and such like demands, eminently adapted to the time and place.

The children soon renewed their acquaintance, and in a short time were playing together in the old garret, where their fathers and mothers had played long years before, and making the rafters re-echo to their shouts.

Meanwhile, the brothers and sisters, after their long separation, were sitting quietly together, talking over old times, and making many enquiries as to the doings of later years. Several anniversaries like the one approaching had passed, since there had been in this household such an entire reunion as was now anticipated. *Each* of the families had been at the old place at some of these occasions of rejoicing, but *all* had not met since Annie's wedding, six years before. There was no allusion now made to this fact; there were no eager, curious questions proposed to the gentle pale-faced sister, who, in her deep mourning dress, little resembled the brilliant Annie of that well-remembered day. There was a more gentle tenderness in their manner towards her, a softening of their voices as they addressed her, which alone marked the contrast. It did seem strange that upon her head alone, of all that large family, the chastened rod of bereavement should have fallen. She had been the gayest, the fairest of all; the pet and pride of the whole house. All had marvelled at her becoming the choice of a minister of peculiarly grave and silent manners, and had wondered still more that she had returned his love. But they had been very happy together, though sorrows came upon them in rapid succession. Their oldest child was a sickly boy, and two babies had been taken from them almost as soon as given.

Ere their mother had fully recovered from the severe illness consequent upon the loss of the second child, a new and more terrible sorrow threatened, alas! too soon, to fall like a thunderbolt upon her. The hacking cough, the fever-flush, the increasing feebleness of step and motion, told her too plainly that her husband must follow their little ones. A few short months and all was over. Her dying husband had committed his broken-hearted parents to her care; he was the last prop of their declining years. She promised to be to them a daughter, and she had kept her word.

The evening wore happily away; the children were sent early to bed, that they might be refreshed for the important duties of the morrow. There was plenty of fun in disposing of them all for the night. Such an inroad of guests would have dismayed any less experienced and well-provided housekeeper than Grandmamma Burton. Such piles of comforters and snowy blankets, and such feather-beds of her own making, and sheets woven and bleached by her own hands. There were apartments enough for the second generation, all in the nicest order ready for their reception; with cribs and cradles for the younger members of the third—while the older children had, in the broad upper hall and in some big closets opening therefrom, such "shake-downs" as left them nothing to wish. There was to be heard for awhile, shouts of laughter and various jokes passing from one to another of these *impromptu* dormitories, but finally these died away, and all was silent above stairs.

Later in the evening a quick step resounded in the hall, the door opened, and Frank the sea-captain, so bronzed and weather-beaten as hardly to be recognized as one of them, appeared. But his mother was not for one moment in doubt as to the identity of her boy, and the greetings which followed her glad welcome were warm and loud. The venerable father grasped his son's hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "Thank God for this." Frank's story engrossed the rest of the evening. He had just returned from a three years' voyage, and had received but few of the letters sent in pursuit of him, consequently there was much to be told, and many questions to be asked and answered. At last he rose, said he had a call to make at one of the neighbors, and with unwonted hesitancy asked permission to invite a friend to the dinner next day. "If you mean sweet Emma Burns, by all means," said the father. "And," added Mrs. B., "give her my love, and beg her to come. She was to be here in the evening on Jane's account."

"Ah! Jenny, that reminds me," said Frank,

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"your letter reached me in Valparaiso on my return voyage. Quite lucky you wrote, I should never have thought of your being old enough for the knicknackeries women like so well, if you hadn't confessed to being on the way to matrimony. See if this will do to wear on the awful occasion." Saying which, he thrust a little parcel into her hands, and was gone without more adieu.

The long-expected day dawned clear and cloudless. After the morning devotions, which the patriarch led with the grave and simple earnestness his children so well remembered, and a breakfast such as is rarely seen except upon a New-England farmer's table, the party separated to prepare for church and for the subsequent duties of the day. Mr. Burton especially claimed his wife's company when the bell should ring for divine service, overruling all her objections by delegating her duties as housekeeper to Jane. John's wife promised her assistance, and Mr. Burton hoped that all the rest would join in the public thanksgiving. His word was always law in a household over which he ruled with such a loving sway that all delighted to do his bidding, and to anticipate his slightest wish. The arrangements being thus satisfactorily completed, he led the way to his barns, followed by his two elder sons, John and George, to both of whom he wished to show his improvements. These well-filled barns were surveyed with pride and pleasure by both father and sons, and the old man spoke of the success of his husbandry and of his abundant harvests with evident gratitude to "Him who crowneth the year with his goodness." After giving them a history of the various crops lately gathered in, he led them to the southern side of the hill on which they stood, to see his orchard of young fruit trees, which in a few years would more than atone for the ravages time was making in the old orchard. The farm was indeed a noble property, and in fine order. It extended more than a mile on both sides of the road, and embraced every variety of soil and timber-land. For some years Mr. B. had resigned its management, in a great measure, to an able assistant, who had worked under his direction for a long time previously. As he talked with his sons, he frequently mentioned this man as a trustworthy steward, and a good farmer, and expressed a hope that he might continue to live on the farm after his master should have exchanged it for a better inheritance. Then he spoke of Jane, expressed his satisfaction with the choice she had made, describing Charles Taylor as a most excellent son, and an intelligent, thriving man, who would always make his way in the world, and would never want friends. As they returned slowly homewards, his conversation turned upon their mother, and the sons reverently listened, as they had often done before, to his heartfelt tribute to her worth. Now there was an unwonted trembling in his voice, and a moisture in his eyes, as his words seemed to commend her anew to their dutiful love and tenderness.

The sleighs were already at the door. The boys, equipped for church, and duly warned to behave well for dear grandpapa's sake, were making good use of these few last moments of play-time, and were merrily snow-balling each other. Occasionally a ball hit one of the horses, causing a start, and a momentary jingling of the bells, which sound warned grandmamma Burton to trust Jane's discretion on any point she might have forgotten regarding the dinner, and to cut short her farewell cautions to Norah, who, good, honest, clever girl as she was, had only a moderate share of brains, and these were rendered utterly useless by the unheard of responsibility of roasting the turkey in her mistress's absence. Fortunately, Jane and her able coadjutor were at hand to atone for Norah's deficiencies.

The sleighs were filled to their utmost capacity, yet safely landed their precious load at the door of the village church. Dear grandfather Burton felt some pride as well as gratitude when he led his wife up the aisle, followed by their children and grand-children, a goodly number. Many eyes rested with pleasure upon the noble and venerable form of the old man, and all hearts rejoiced with him in his evident happiness. There were not a few among the humble worshipers there assembled, who had reason to love the dear old man, and to bless his name.

The services were appropriate to the day. The good minister, from a full heart, recounted the mercies of God to himself and his people, as well as the blessings they shared with their fellow countrymen, the blessings of peace, plenty, a free government, and greater than all, the right to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience. After a song of praise, in which the whole congregation joined, the services closed with the blessing of their pastor. Mr. Burton lingered to greet the good man as he descended from the pulpit. Grasping his hand he thanked him for his sermon, then earnestly added, "I bless my God daily for sending you to us. 'As you have watered others, may you be yourself watered'—and may the blessing of God dwell upon you, and upon your children after you." Mr. Gray could only reply by a look of thankfulness and a murmured blessing.

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The party soon reached home; the younger portion at least, quite prepared to show their gratitude by consuming a Thanksgiving dinner. Aunt Jane had anticipated such a state of things, and was well provided for the emergency. Certainly, the table, under her superintendence, was inviting to more fastidious appetites than her robust nephews and nieces could claim. It had been set in the wide hall, as none of the other apartments could accommodate the party. At one end, the famous turkey, which must have been conscious of his exalted destiny, and have exerted himself all summer to prepare worthily to fill that very platter, so did he loom up among the lesser dainties. At the opposite extremity, a pair of chickens, worthy companions to the turkey. In the centre, a pasty, of Dame Burton's own manufacture, and quite capacious enough to hold four-and-twenty blackbirds and all their friends and relations. Cold ham and tongue, dishes of steaming potatoes, golden squash, white celery, delicately tipped with green—and various other vegetables, jellies, and sauces, all in their proper places. A side-table was covered with pies of every possible variety, apples, nuts, cheese, &c. Jane said this last display was intended as a warning to the younger guests not to exhaust themselves on the first course. They looked as if they never could be exhausted, and felt themselves fully competent to do all that might be required of them. As Grandfather Burton adhered to the old order of things, "youngest *last*," the juveniles had time to decide upon their plan of attack, and important whispers of what John and Harry, Fred and Mary meant to eat first, what next, and so on, were circulated behind the chairs of their elders, or communicated across the board by aid of pantomime. These expressive gestures were finally quieted for the time, as each received his plate, and set to work in good earnest. Grandmamma Burton looked from one to another, anxious that each and all should be supplied with the best. She soon discovered that Emma Burns was only pretending to eat, and that Charles Taylor was so much occupied helping Jane in the care of the little ones that his dinner was growing cold. On calling his attention to this fact, he assured her that it never happened before, and on this occasion his unwonted benevolence was in fault, and not her very excellent cookery. Grandfather's eyes also turned from one to another of that family group. His loving glances dwelt successively upon the dear children once more met beneath his roof. They rested with varying expression upon the noble brow of the eloquent lawyer, the sweetly-submissive face of the gentle widow, upon the farmer and his notable wife, the dignified Sophia, the blushing Emma, the manly sun-burnt sailor, and the blooming Jane.

Meanwhile the business of the hour went steadily onward. Jane took the most benevolent care of every one but herself. She sometimes gave a whispered admonition to her younger friends, whom she hoped to carry safely through as far as the apples. This unwelcome advice was not often heeded, and she consoled herself by remembering that children certainly were capable of great things in the eating line. Frank noticing his little namesake's plate nearly empty for the third time, remarked that the capacity for storage in an apparently slender craft was often much greater than one would suppose, and as long as the child keeps above board he might be considered safe. Then jokes began to circulate freely about the table, the older ones recounted some of their remembered Thanksgiving feats, Frank described an attempted commemoration of the day on board ship, when they were on short-allowance rations, and hard bread, exceedingly dry and poor, had to represent the various well-remembered dishes suitable for that day of feasting. All laughed at the idea, but Mrs. Burton did not like to think that her Frank could be reduced to such fare, and urged her dainties upon him with renewed earnestness.

Dinner over, and thanks returned by the good grandfather, the party entered the pleasant sitting-room before described. Only George had been called into another room by his father, who, handing him some papers, asked him to look them over and see if all was right. George's hand trembled as he perceived they were the old man's will, the deed of the farm, &c. His practiced eye soon assured him that they were perfect, and properly attested, and returning them to his father he said, "All right, father, but I hope it will be long ere they are of value to any but yourself." "I shall not be sorry to resign my title to this bit of earth," answered his father. "I am growing old—in a few years, if I live, I shall be infirm, and shall need to be taken care of like a child. I have no wish to live to feel myself a burden. Now my work seems done. I am ready to go when the Lord calls, yet 'not my will, but His be done.'"

They joined the party in the parlor, whom they found grouped around the fire, spending the early twilight hour in guessing charades, and telling stories. While grandfather's chair was being drawn into the warmest corner, a shout from the boys announced Mr. Gray, who, entering just after, apologized for coming at so early an hour, as he had to ride several miles to per-

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form the marriage ceremony for another couple, and feared it might be late ere he could return. Would his young friends object to being married an hour earlier than they had intended? Jane did not seem to relish the idea of being hurried in her preparations; but the little folks, who, since dinner, had been counting the hours ere the wedding, expressed their hearty assent, and her mother advised her not to put Mr. Gray to the trouble of coming so far again. So she consented, and followed by her sisters and by Emma, who was to act as bridesmaid, withdrew to make ready for the important ceremony.

Mrs. Burton also, after a whispered confidence from Frank, left the room, and ere long the whole party returned. Jane and Emma in white, and looking equally bashful and blooming. The captain took his stand by his friend in the capacity of groomsman. The service was short and simple, and the good minister, after joining their hands, addressed them in a few words of Christian advice and encouragement, and was moving aside to make room for the eager crowd of congratulating friends, when Frank stepped forward, and taking the hand of the half-reluctant Emma, (who yet did not seem *quite* unwilling) said "My dear sir, if you are not in too much haste, and have no other objection, will you perform the same kind office for me?" He then produced a special license, and before the spectators had recovered from their surprise, Frank and Emma were made one. The glee of the young people could no longer be restrained. "A good joke!" "Capital fun!" "Uncle Frank forever!" were the characteristic comments of the boys. Such kissing and merriment as followed! Only Annie's eyes glistened, and the old father hastily brushed away a tear ere he gave a cordial kiss and an earnest blessing to each fair bride.

The excitement of the wedding banished the thought of "Blindman's buff" for a time, but soon after Mr. Gray's departure little Frank suggested it, and the motion was immediately approved and seconded by the other children. So the noisy group took possession of the old kitchen, famous for such scenes in by-gone days. Norah stationed himself near the fire to guard the eager players from danger, and fun and frolick ruled in her dominions.

At last the little ones were fairly exhausted, tea followed, which proved a nominal meal to the weary devotees of the dinner, and finally they were all more than willing to go to bed. Each claimed and secured a double peace of cake to dream upon. Which cake being fortunately put under their pillows, did not disturb their slumbers, but seemed rather to induce sleep.

Down stairs the grown-up children were listening with affectionate interest to grandfather's story of his long and peaceful life. It was a simple story such as many an old man might tell, but all along the pathway of his heavenward journey there were records of God's goodness and mercy to him and his. Grandfather Burton had had trials, and he had been a hard-working man, but he remembered only his blessings, and his life had been one long Thanksgiving.

"I have been a happy man," he said "and I thank you, my dear children, for never *giving* me cause for sorrow. May you be as richly blessed in your families as I have been in mine. Among my mercies, I must not forget to thank God for the uninterrupted health He has permitted me to enjoy. I have never known a day's sickness. Within a few years I have sometimes had a sharp pain in my heart, sometimes a fearful beating there. My old friend Dr. Wayne has told me that I shall die suddenly. I hope his words will prove true. I would not linger on a bed of sickness; if the choice were given me, I should say 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' And when I am gone, do not mourn for me. I shall have exchanged the coming infirmities of old age for perfect blessedness in the presence of God my Saviour."

Then reverently opening the Book, which had been his guide and his joy through a long life, he read the 23d Psalm, and kneeling, he poured forth, in touching and beautiful language, his petitions and praises. Then he commended each of the dear ones to the care of a covenant-keeping God. He prayed they might be prospered in this life, if it were God's will, but especially he pleaded that they might all have their treasure laid up in heaven, and that all might meet at last to join in the praises of their Redeemer throughout an eternity of bliss.

When they rose from their knees the dear old man took the candle from his wife's hand, and was about leaving them, when Jane claimed her customary good-night kiss, and her older brothers and sisters, feeling like children again, crowded around him for his parting blessing. It was an hour long to be remembered by those who listened to the solemn prayer and shared the blessing of the good man.

In the morning Mrs. Burton rose early to prepare a comfortable breakfast ere the departure of her eldest son. When all was ready, she asked Annie to call her father. He did not respond to the summons, and his good wife decided not to awake him until his usual hour. The party hav-

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ing nearly finished the preparations for their long ride, she went herself to arouse him. She found him apparently still sleeping, a sweet smile as if from a blessed dream resting upon his face, but he answered not to her voice, her touch aroused him not. The cold hand of death had sealed those lips forever.

Grandfather Burton's Thanksgiving begun on earth was perfected in heaven.

LOOK HEAVENWARD.

BY D. C. LOGUE.

Look Heavenward when the night of woe
Is o'er thy path descending;
Look Heavenward, in the future time
Are "brighter days attending."

Our earthly sorrows and our cares,
Are by some wise ordaining,
Then bow to Heaven's afflictive rod,
With meekness, "not complaining."

What seemeth, in our troubled hours,
Afflicting dispensations,
Oft prove in after-times, in truth,
As angel visitations.

Be manly! and when sorrows press,
Use Heavenly resignation;
Then when the brighter moments come,
'Twill be a noble consolation.

Then when the gloomy night of woe
Is o'er thy path descending,
Look Heavenward, in the future time
Are better days attending.

EXCERPTA—NO. II.

THE LONELINESS OF JESUS.

(A WHISPER IN THE EAR OF THE LONELY.)

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

No one sympathizes with you—no one understands you. If you tell your grief, they deride it as sentimental sadness. You are *unloved*. No warm heart responds to yours—no kind bosom opens to your embrace. Alone you suffer. You go out and search for secret places, that you may weep and pray there; but while you would bow down and worship, you rebel and complain, and speak in the ear of God, saying, "*Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?*" Come and see. Come with me to the dark garden of Gethsemane. Hide us here amid its awful shadows, and listen. If God were *not*, creation could not utter a sadder moan than that which comes to us from yonder overarching boughs, shedding their dewy tears in silent sympathy over the "*Lonely*" agonizing there. What a mystery of woe is this! What a paradox!—the *Sinless* suffers, and is God-forsaken; and cries out, in irrepressible anguish of soul, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" But the Sufferer wears a human form; He utters human words; He is our brother; His humanity suffers; He sweats at every pore great drops of blood. His face is marred, and its heavenly radiance dimmed by a cloud deeper and darker than the shadow of any Earth-born sorrow. You say you *cannot* listen longer—you *must* fly to His relief, and offer the balm of our human sympathy to the sufferings of His humanity. Yes, go! But you forget that half the globe's circumference, and eighteen hundred years of history, separate us from that *Sufferer;* and that it is our fancy's eye alone which sees Him *there*. But you ask, Where *were* the loving hearts which should have watched and waited with the LONE ONE in that hour of His extremity? Where was Lazarus, over whose grave Jesus wept—whose voice sounded through its cavernous depths, saying, "Lazarus, come forth"? Where was Mary, who once sat delighted at the Master's feet, and Mary's sister, Martha, whom Jesus loved, that *they* were not there to wipe with soft, kind hand, the death-damps from His brow? Where was the widow of Nain, to whom He had said, "*Weep not*"? Where were the five thousand whom he had fed in the wilderness? Where was she of Samaria, who had said, "Is not *this* the Christ?" Where were the children who had shouted, "Hosannah in the highest"? Where was Joseph of Arimathea, that just man, who begged the body of Christ, and, wrapping it in clean linen, laid it in that sepulchre wherein no man had yet been laid? Why sought *he* not the *living* Christ, to enfold Him in his arms, and rest that throbbing head upon his friendly bosom, in that hour of more than mortal agony? Where was the woman who had touched the hem of His garment and was healed? Where was that blind-born man, whose eyes first opened on the glory of the heavens and the beauty of the earth, under His finger's touch? Above all, where were the *Twelve*, which were with Him in His *life*, and and *should* have been in death? Where was he whose sinking feet had been stayed firm upon the yielding waves of Galilee by Jesus' outstretched hand? Where was he, the "*beloved disciple*," who leaned on Jesus' breast at supper? Why did he not *now* fly to pillow that drooping head on his faithful bosom? Where was she whose cold hand, icy in death, was holden in His moist living touch, while He said, "*Damsel, arise!*" and gave her back to the warm embrace

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of life and those who loved her? Why came *she* not, in the flush and fervor of her young heart's affections, to cheer and comfort, by her wondering and pitying love, the Giver of Life in His dying hour? Frail children of humanity! why thronged ye not about our suffering Saviour? Why were not a thousand beholding eyes brimful with pitying love? Why were not a thousand eager hands outstretched to lift His sacred form from the cold ground? Ah! why did you leave Him *there* till his lone sufferings tempted angels down to minister to Him who was not the Saviour of angels, but of men?

We depart from Gethsemane, and leave Him there with that heaven-sent comforter. But stop: Who are these sleepers at the garden's gate? Asleep on *such* a night! Oh! dull-souled, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets spake concerning Christ—how He ought thus to *suffer*, and to enter into glory—that glory which He had with the Father before the world was. Oh! little knew they that on *that* night the "fullness of the time" which saints and prophets waited for, is come. They discern not "the signs of the times." Their shut-eyes are heavy with earth-mists, and see not the index on Time's dial-plate, pointing to the grand striking-place—the *noon-line* of this world's history. They mark it not, though it chronicles the complex movements of the "*wheels within wheels*," whereby Providence steadily conducts all things on earth to their proper issues. They are deaf to the premonitions of that alarm-sound which on the morrow shook the earth, opened the tombs, and penetrated the ears of the dead, calling them to resurrection. We look on these deep-breathing sleepers with astonishment. In our impatience at their careless stupidity, we would rudely jostle and arouse, that we might rebuke them; because our poor human nature, when it sees men recreant to such high and holy duties, imitates not the divine benignity which says, "*Sleep on now and take your rest.* The spirit indeed is willing; but the flesh is weak."

But why stand we here exulting over these insensible and sluggish disciples of the Divine Master, saying, "I am holier or stronger in temptation than *thou:* for do we not sleep; do we not eat and drink, and buy and sell our merchandize, and count our silver and gold, though the great panorama of life, and death, and eternity, is ever revolving around us. But neither the Present with its duties, nor the visioned Future with its glories, can arrest our earth-bound eyes; neither hear we the voice of a pleading Saviour who stands *without*, knocking at the door of our hearts, saying, "My locks are wet with the dews of the morning." We bow our heads at the name of Jesus, and say, "I believe." We call Him Master, and ourselves his disciples;—but why, then, do we not leave all and follow Him? Why do we call ourselves Christians, and yet complain that we are *lonesome, disappointed, forsaken, forgotten*, when he has said, "Lo! I am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world." Surely, this Divine Presence can fill all solitudes, and this ever-abiding love comfort all sorrows. Though a human soul should be doomed to live alone on an oasis in the midst of a desert of burning sand; or, like Selkirk, on a desolate isle of the ocean; His presence and love are just as surely *there* as in the busy and crowded haunts of men; and why, then, should not every human soul, in the hour of its deepest despondence, rise above itself—above its sorrows and its glooms—and enter into communion and fellowship with Him?—into that true discipleship which makes us realize, and makes us rejoiceful, too, in the realization, that Jesus is indeed our *Human* Brother as well as our Divine Saviour; and that He not only comprehends us as God, but loves and pities us from the very depths of His compassionate heart. We do not sufficiently realize and receive into our heart of hearts, as a living and abiding belief, the fact of the incarnation of God in the humanity of Jesus, which brings God so near to us as a comforter and a friend. Immanuel—"*God with us*"—is a speculative notion, a historic fact,—the great paradox and riddle of the ages, which we read of, and think upon, and speculate about, till we are tired. But not *so* would we see Jesus. We would look at the Babe in the Manger, cradled in the arms of a human mother, and recognize *that* as the incipient act of that great life-drama which reveals God to man as a father and a friend, and stands him out in personal form and presence in the midst of a sinning and sorrowing race, saying, with open heart and outstretched arms, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We would behold, and thrust in our finger with Thomas, and say, "My Lord and my God," and cling fast hold of this *Divine and Human One* with a grasp stronger and more *real* than any merely speculative or historic faith.

That God was made flesh and dwelt among us, that we might not only behold His glory, but also understand by the Divine compassionateness of Jesus towards sinning sufferers what God's love to man is, is indeed a most blessed and comforting truth; though the *how* and the *whence* of His appearing we can only see through a veil of most inscrutable mystery. Blessed Virgin

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Mother! we do not wonder that men love and revere thee to adoration, and cry, "Hail! Holy Mary," in their prayer, for God himself hath singled thee out from the race to make thee Mother Immaculate of the sinless child Jesus, the Saviour of men. What a Divine mystery! I am weary and sick with the vain effort to penetrate and understand it. When shall we know, as we are known? Shall we ever enter into the human heart of Jesus the Saviour as he enters into our hearts and knows us altogether?

Can there be perfect intercommunion of thought and sympathy between the *Finite* and *Infinite?* Can the heart of Jesus, who once tabernacled in flesh, be penetrated by the feeling of the Human? Can the *Human*, when it has dropped its mortal coil, be penetrated by the spirit of the Divine? and be one in thought and sympathy with God, so that the awful majesty and incomprehensibleness of the Divine Nature shall not make us abashed and afraid in our spiritual intercommunion with Him? We will hope and believe this *is* possible, since He condescended to be made flesh and dwell among men, that He will one day raise the fallen race up again to Himself, and by divine influx of His own essential spirit, make them one with Him, blessed forevermore.

But you cannot believe. You say, "Oh! that I *had* faith in Jesus; that he was to me a reality; a something more than a God to be adored, and prayed to, and worshiped—sitting afar off, high up in inconceivable glory and majesty, on the great Throne of the Universe." You desire to draw *near* to Him—to believe in Him and love Him as you would if you could put your hand into His hand, and feel your heart beat in unison with His heart, and look up into His pitying face, and say,

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly."

If you only knew that He knows all you think—that He feels all you feel—that He loves you even in your sins, which He condemns, how happy you would be! What could then ever happen to make you unhappy? What could disturb the joy and repose of your soul, if you did really *know* there was such a Being as Jesus in the universe, and that He cared for you, and loved you, and would always take care of you, and finally bring you into His holy presence, to go no more out forever? How can we receive such Gospels, and believe them? Such news is too good for us to *dare* believe it. Heaven is too high, and God is too holy, to be so brought down to sinful men. We can believe that a beggar was once a king, or that a king was once a beggar. We can believe an *angel* could fall, and become a *demon;* or a demon repent, and rise, and be an angel. But can we believe that God became man, and dwelt among us, so that we could behold His glory, as of the only-begotten Son of God, full of grace and truth? Was it indeed *so* when the astonished centurion exclaimed, "*Truly, this man was the Son of God.*"

Is it indeed so *now* that there ever liveth and sitteth in the heavens at the right hand of God, a Mediator, an Intercessor, a Saviour, even Christ the Lord, whose we are *now*, and with whom we shall be forever, when we have once passed hence through the dark gateway of the grave? Shall our tombs indeed be to our souls the vestibule of heaven; and the dark, damp, lonesome passage-way through the earth which buries us, but the opening into the world of eternal sunshine and unclouded joy? The Bible—the heart's book—tells us so. Hear how it paints the glories and beatitudes of that better world: "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." When shall we wake and find us there?

THE TOMBS.

BY PHŒBE CARRY.

Busy, hopeful, eager mortals,
Where the blessed sunshine falls,
Scarcely glancing on the portals,
Walk beside those dismal walls.

Women bowed with mortal anguish,
Men in dark remorse for sin,
Weep, and groan, and pine, and languish,
In their wretchedness within.

Men in pride and honor living,
Women innocent and fair,
To the guilty be forgiving:
They have woe enough to bear.

Look not on them only seeing
Sinners on the downward way;
Look on them as fellow-beings,
As God's children gone astray.

Pass not bitter condemnation,
If ye cannot know nor tell
All the strength of man's temptation,
His resistance ere he fell.

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And though in a path forbidden
He have walked with sin apart,
Think, oh think of what is hidden
In thy weak and erring heart.

God's own law he may have broken,
Yet his guiding light was dim;
And if all thy sins were spoken,
Thou wert scorned as well as him.

O my sister, O my brother,
We are weak, are tempted, all:
Judge we kindly one another:
They have fallen, we may fall!

LADY JANE GREY.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Lady Jane Grey, who, in some of the historic annals of England, bears the title of Queen, was the daughter of Henry, Marquis of Dorset, and a partaker of royal blood through her mother, Frances Brandon, daughter of the Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII., and Queen Dowager of France, at the time of her marriage with the Duke of Suffolk.

The subject of this sketch was therefore the great-grand-daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. She was born in 1536, and distinguished in infancy and childhood by surpassing beauty. To this attraction she added many accomplishments; such as taste and proficiency in the use of the needle and pin, skill in music, both instrumental and vocal, perfect grace of manners, and elegance in conversation.

Attainments still more profound were hers, and to a critical knowledge of her own language she added the French and Italian, Latin and Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic.

Learned men of the age assert that she wrote in each with facility. These attainments, so far from inspiring self-conceit, were mingled with modesty, and embellished by the charm of a sweet and serene piety.

Domestic education was in those days marked by strictness of discipline; and it is remarkable that her own should particularly have been characterized by sternness and severity. The effect of this on a humble, amiable nature, was to drive her to intellectual pursuits.

Depressed by the coldness and bitter chidings of her parents, she turned, as a refuge, to the lessons and encouragements of her more kind-hearted tutor. Nor did her firmly-balanced mind overlook the ultimate gain of even this harsh treatment, or omit to recount among God's benefits such sharp and severe parents andso gentle a schoolmaster. Doubtless her early and fervent piety thus derived strength. The tender heart, checked in its first unfoldings, and chilled by rigor, where it sought repose, turned to Him who breaketh not the bruised reed, and found consolation. Daily devotion gave her spiritual vigor, and a visible blessing descended on her mental efforts and enjoyments.

A little incident related in the history of the times will illustrate her fondness for study. A gay party having gone out to hunt one delightful summer's day in her father's park, she was found by her tutor, Sir Roger Ascham, seated alone, intently reading the works of Plato, from the original. On expressing his surprise at seeing her thus employed, she replied that she found more true pleasure in such pursuits than in all the splendor and excitement of fashionable amusement.

Her rank and participation in royal blood required her occasional attendance at court. There her grace and accomplishments, united to her singular humility, attracted the admiration of the young Edward VI., who was himself an example of learning and piety.

At the age of sixteen she was married to Lord Guilford Dudley, a son of the Duke of Northumberland. The pomp of their nuptials, which were celebrated during the bloom and verdure of the month of May, gave the last gleam of joy to the palace of the declining king. Consumption had fastened on his vitals a deadly fang, and on the 6th of July following, at the age of sixteen, he ceased to breathe. The religion which had been his guide in health, revealed its sustaining power under the debility of sickness, and at the approach of death.

Knowing his sister Mary, the heir to the crown, was an earnest devotee of the Romish faith, and dreading the conflicts and persecutions that might ensue to the realm, he meditated the appointment of Lady Jane Grey as his successor. This was strongly advocated, perhaps originally prompted, by the solicitations of the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, and one of the last acts of the enfeebled monarch was to authorize a deed of settlement, signed by himself and all the Lords of the Council, declaring Lady Jane Grey the rightful heir of the throne.

Of this transaction, she who was the most immediately interested was entirely ignorant. Her father and the Duke of Northumberland, unexpectedly entering Durham House, where she resided, announced the death of Edward, and her own exaltation. Speechless with astonishment, the color fled from her lips and cheeks, as they

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fell upon their knees and paid homage to their queen. As soon as she could command the power of utterance, she besought them in the most pathetic terms to desist from their designs.

"Shall I trespass on the unbounded rights of Mary and Elizabeth? Shall I, who would not steal a shilling, usurp a crown? Even had I the right, how could I consent to accept what was at first unjustly torn from Catherine of Arragon, and then steeped in the blood of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard? Shall my blood flow like theirs? Must I be made the third victim from whom that fatal thing has been wrested, with the head that wore it? Oh! if you love me let me remain in quietness and humility. I implore you not to force me to that exalted station, so sure to be followed by a fearful fall."

But her arguments and her tearful urgency were alike disregarded. Northumberland, with a tide of strong words, assured her that all was done according to law and the will of the people. Her father, whose slightest look she had been accustomed to obey, laid his commands upon her. Her mother, always so stately and stern, bowed down to beseech her. Her husband, whom she tenderly loved, entreated her to yield to their united wishes. Vanquished by their solicitations, with a reluctant and heavy heart she suffered herself to be borne away to the Tower, more like a victim than like a queen. There she was proclaimed, and arrayed with the insignia of royalty. But the congratulations of the people were faintly expressed. The whole nation felt the illegality of infringing the rights of the daughters of Henry VIII.

On the tenth day after these events the Princess Mary was proclaimed queen, in London. The Duke of Suffolk imparted the intelligence to his daughter with a faltering voice and disturbed countenance. But with perfect sincerity she replied:

"These words are more pleasant to me than those in which you bade me to be a queen. In obeying them I did violence to my nature, and deeply sinned. Gladly now will I make all the reparation in my power for the injustice of which I have been guilty."

Yet the relinquishment of the sceptre was not deemed a sufficient expiation; and her heart was agonized at the calamities to her kindred, of which she had been the unoffending cause. Her father and father-in-law were arrested, and the latter brought to the block. The whole family of the Duke of Northumberland were thrown into prison, and thither she herself, with her husband, were remanded, after having received sentence of death.

This young and beautiful creature, so full of gentleness and sensibility, now exhibited a serene and heroic fortitude. Conscious rectitude and piety, that saw beyond the grave a brighter home, enabled her in this fearful adversity to be the comforter of others. No gloom shaded her countenance, no murmurs escaped her lips. Life and its enjoyments were dear, but the will of God was not only submitted to with resignation, but welcomed with benignity.

Her imprisonment was cheered by acts and offices of devotion. From one of her written prayers, which has been preserved, we extract the closing sentence:

"Gird me, I beseech Thee, with thine armor, that I may stand fast; having on the breastplate of righteousness, and the shoes of the Gospel of Peace. Above all things, may I take the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is thy Holy Word. Praying always, that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will, abide in Thy pleasure, and thus find comfort in all the troubles which shall please Thee to send me, seeing that such troubles are profitable to my soul, and being assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest must be well."

This confidence in God was recompensed by perfect peace. The last night of her life she wrote a farewell letter to her sister, and sent her a Greek Testament as a memorial of parting affection.

"As for my death, good sister, rejoice with me that I shall soon be delivered from this corruptible life, and put on immortality. I pray God to send you His grace, that you may live in His fear, and die in true Christian faith, from which I exhort you never to swerve, either for any hope of life or fear of death."

The following lines were traced with a pin on the walls of her cell:

"Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drain to-day,
To-morrow may be drained by thee.
Harmless all malice, if our God be nigh,
Bootless all joys, if He his help deny;
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of Eternal Day."

The 12th of February, 1554, was the time appointed for the execution of her husband and herself. With the early light of that fatal morning, he sent to request a farewell interview. But she felt that such a meeting would distress them both, and impair the fortitude requisite for the

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awful fate that awaited them, by quickening a love of that life they were too soon to leave. Denying her own desires once more to see him whom she tenderly loved, she returned a dissuasive message.

"Such a meeting would add to our affliction. It would disturb the quiet with which we should arm our souls for the stroke of death. Defer it until a few moments have passed. Then we shall meet where unions are severed no more, if we carry nothing terrestrial with us to hinder that eternal rejoicing."

When the beloved of her soul was led by to the scaffold, she testified strong and involuntary emotion. But suppressing it with surprising self-command, she gave him her farewell from the window, and like one whose treasures were now in heaven, prepared to follow him. In a brief space, his bleeding form, stretched upon a car, and his severed head, wrapped in a linen cloth, were borne by under the same window. She gazed on the fearful spectacle immovably, as one with whom the bitterness of death was past. Then, without any tremulousness of hand, she inscribed on her tablet-book a few lines, which she presented to the Lieutenant of the Tower, as a token of grateful acknowledgment for the kindness he had extended to her during her imprisonment.

This parting memento consisted of a sentence in Greek, implying that though his slain body might seem to convict before men, as the cause of its destruction, his most blessed soul would assert her innocence in the presence of God; one in Latin: That man had destroyed the body, but a merciful God preserved the soul; and another in English: That if her fault had deserved this punishment, her youth was still some palliation, and she committed her spirit to her Creator, and her cause to posterity.

Then with a countenance serenely sweet, she obeyed the summons to the block, still reeking with her husband's blood. She was observed, as she moved gracefully onward, to have her eyes bent upon her prayer-book, and to give no heed to the Romish priests, who, surrounding her, urged and exhorted; for she had early and deeply imbibed the principles of the Protestant faith. Kneeling on the scaffold, she repeated in the most devout manner, and with touching intonations, the 51st Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O God, have mercy upon me, according to thy loving-kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions."

Her tuneful voice gathered strength as she proceeded, and the sad-eyed people listened as to an angel. When she ceased, the grim executioner knelt by her side and besought her forgiveness, which she readily gave. She suffered her woman to remove from her neck whatever might impede the stroke of the axe, and laying her beautiful head, rich with its fair tresses, upon the block, clasped her hands meekly, and raised her eyes to heaven, as her lips uttered for the last time on earth, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

"Lady Jane Grey had," says the historian Fuller, "the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, and the stolidity of middle age; and all at the age of seventeen. She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint; yet for the offences of her parents suffered the death of a malefactor."

STANZAS.

BY MRS. F. P. CANNING.

"For I know that thou wilt bring me to the house appointed for all living."—Job.

Yes—all must tread the road
That leads the weary pilgrim to his rest;
And in that quiet home shall he be blest,
Who walked on earth with God.

Not in the busy throng
Of loiterers in the broad and flowery way,
Grasping the fleeting pleasures of a day,
Lured by the Siren's song:

Nor where in sylvan bowers,
The pampered child of fortune woos repose,
Where sorrows wail, or sound of human woes,
Break not on charmed hours:

Not thus shall man prepare
Himself a home to rest and joy, where rust
Brings not his cherished treasures to the dust,
To mock him in despair.

But in the haunts of sin,
There let the hand of love oft dry the tear;
Teach hearts long steeped in misery's guilt to hear
The voice of God within—

Guide erring souls to Heaven,
When stricken low by Grief's resistless hand,
And to the glories of the better land
Points hearts with anguish riven.

So shall thy narrow tomb
Prove but the portal to the world of light,
Where God himself with his own hand shall write
Our welcome home.

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"FUNERAL OF A VILLAGE PASTOR."

BY W. T. P.

It was Autumn; the loveliest season of the ear; one which always tends to remind the thoughtful of death. The yellow and falling leaves strayed one by one to earth, presenting in their course downward the last memory that their beauty and life was gone. Methinks it is a holier time to leave this earth, when the closing year, the seared leaf, the touch of the Ice King, all bring fresh to us the nearness of the last mortal conflict of man. It was a lovely day, and the warm rays of sunshine gladdened the dying earth, as I approached the house of mourning. Nature's beauties, unstained by the hand of man, were scattered in rich profusion about me, fresh and joyous as when first they were ushered into existence by the power of their Creator, and in the sublimity of the conception my thoughts were drawn nearer to him. Beautiful indeed is it to inhabit a place where the deep solemn stillness which reigns is ever telling that God is there. In such a spot was the dwelling of him who had just departed from this life: On every side forest trees swayed their giant limbs, and I could hear, as it were, the wind moaning within their branches a sad requiem.

There is a loveliness of association in the dying year, and an abode amid its changing beauties, which cannot but cause us to tread lightly this earth, as if it "were only a spot to dig graves upon." Surrounded with such sad thoughts, I still wended my way up the walk that led to that desolate abode, and a thousand pleasing remembrances of him who had gone floated before my mind. Entering the house, I paused a few moments before the coffin to gaze upon all that was left, earthly, of my friend. Even now there flocks before the eye of my spiritual vision, those precious promises in which I knew he was a partaker: I thought of the sublime consolations of that religion which had guided him in his life, and in the prospect of death, had cheered with the hope of immortal joy and blessedness in the presence of his Redeemer, and his prayers and preaching came up freshly to mind as if it were but yesterday he was with us, and the pure exemplification of that noble dignity which pertains to the Christian life, as being "an heir of God and joint heir with Christ" to a heavenly inheritance, made this brief probationary state seem in comparison as nothing, yea, less than nothing. Upon the plats of grass surrounding the house, little groups of villagers were standing, in eager conversation with regar to the loved Pastor who was soon to lie low in the "Bed of Mother Earth;" and now and then I could see a tear steal down the wrinkled face of some old man, whose bent form and white locks told me, too plainly, that his course on earth was almost run. Again I entered the house, and upon my ear came the voice of prayer; it proceeded from a man in the prime of life, and as he waxed fervent, I knew that the eternal world was not far distant. The audience chamber of God was opened, and it wafted in peaceful measures to every burdened soul, repeating the divine consolation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; in my Father's house are many mansions." The prayer ended; multitudes again gathered round the bier, and audible sobs told in the language of the heart, how much he was loved. Then came, in saddest notes, the mournful peal of the parish bell, which had so often sounded on the Sabbath air, to call devout worshippers to hear from his lips the story of a Saviour's love; yes! it was tolling his last requiem. From the house, borne by fellow-laborers in Christ, his body was taken, and the mourning procession followed it to the house of God. It was one of those ancient edifices which bore the impress of other days, even those which tried men's souls, and the rude simplicity of everything prevented the mind from wandering and earthly thoughts: in it was displayed the habiliments of mourning, and their sombre hue awakened still deeper reflections of the irreparable loss the flock of Christ had sustained. I felt that his work would follow him, and though dead, a voice, more potent than the living, was whispering in each heart: "Put not thy trust in man;" "Dust thou art, unto dust shalt thou return;" "Rely upon an everlasting arm." In that pulpit where he had so often invoked the divine blessing, a good man arose, and asked for the guidance of heaven on the solemn services. He opened the "Holy Book," and from the Revelation of John on his solitary Isle, read a portion of the 7th chapter from the 9th verse, commencing, "And I beheld a great multitude, whom no man could number." As he proceeded, each heart caught from the inspiring picture a clearer view of the infinite happiness of the heavenly hosts, who were surrounding the "Great White Throne, arrayed in spotless robes, with palms of victory in their hands." As the gradual brightening of a pure sunlight reveals on the canvas some unseen beauty, which in the darkness escaped our scrutiny, so is it in the glory of that scene of heaven presented before the

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mind by the Apostle. Hear from his lips, in the Living Oracle, the answer of the Elders to whom he addressed the question, "Who are these arrayed in white robes?" "They are those who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Still, to his beatific vision, the scene brightens before the dazzling beauty of heaven, until catching as it were a reflection of the full-orbed glory, he views the thousands of ransomed ones striking anew their harps to heaven's melody, in the anthem of redeeming love. How meagre and unsubstantial did earth appear after the glory of such a vision! and methinks from that spot was an electric chain linking each Christain heart to the Throne of God. He closed the book, when the choir in heavenly music sang that beautiful hymn:

"Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

Then followed the sermon, from these words: "The spirits of just men made perfect." The preacher gave a brief account of the Church, its pastors, and the work of God since its organization, and then recounted the short pilgrimage of him whose remains were to be consigned to the silent grave, striving by the eye of faith to follow him in his transit from the limits of time. He had gone from the society of earth to that of heaven. "Here he saw through a glass darkly, there face to face, with his divine Redeemer," and the question was put to every heart, "how far off is heaven." Individuals may feel from the severing of some tender tie which unites them to an object of earth, the bitterness of human expectation when founded upon mortal dust, and they can be brought nearer to heaven, by the knowledge that such loved ones are there. We conceive of them as clothed in white raiment, having golden harps, worshipping with pure and holy angels, bowing before the Great White Throne, and joining in the ascriptions of praise to Him "who hath bought them with his own precious blood." And then, as the eye of faith expands, they are bathing in that crystal stream which flows beneath the throne, and with the thousands of ransomed ones who have been washed from their sins and made white in the blood of the Lamb, "joining the everlasting anthem." There can be no sadness in such thoughts. Oh, no! They make us "long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better;" they open to our vision those heavenly mansions; they bring that blessed world so near, that we can almost catch the strains of its celestial music; yea, and when we pray, it is like the whispering of angel voices, even of those we have loved, and it floats o'er the ear of the soul in entrancing melody, bringing in the delights of purer and happier worship which the inhabitants of that world enjoy. They are not dead; no! but have just commenced life; a life which brightens into a fuller expansion of glory as the cycles of eternity roll on. This is the effect death has in the family circle; similar is it when God removes a shepherd of souls from his flock. Their hearts, their affections, their aspirations, are drawn nearer to heaven, and they know for him "death is eternal gain." His life is a continued reflection of the virtues of his "great Teacher," and as he is called to mind in all that perfects a Christian character, by the mildness and gentleness of his persuasions; by the earnestness of his entreaties, as he strove to impress upon the heart the Gospel claims, no wonder that the tears fall in showers; for his memory, like a cloud of incense shall long shed a sweet perfume. Happy indeed is the association which lingers around his last earthly hours. His light, dim and uncertain, because encompassed with mortal shadows, betokened the purer beams of that heavenly light, which now fills each avenue of his soul in the New Jerusalem. A feeling of sadness more generally pervades a community with such a man than any other, and it always produces in the thoughtless a deeper sense of the littleness of earth. He has gone to be an angel spirit, there in heaven to watch over his earthly flock. It is a beautiful belief, that the souls of those whom we have loved on earth hover about us here, and know our employments. We speak of heaven, and know that he whom we mourn is a participator in the joys of "just men made perfect." How it thrills through every heart! and the believer in it sees that all which separates him from heaven is a sigh, a groan; the spirit has fled, and he is there. We often hear of the solemnity of death, but in view of such a sudden transition from a mortal to an immortal state, how much more so is this life: it is a solemn season of preparation for our eternal existence. Death is the end of our probationary state: our doom is sealed, and we are either happy in the enjoyment of heaven, or miserable in the abyss of hell. Death, then, may be solemn, but life is dreadfully so, for upon its deeds hang the mysteries of eternity. But I have wandered far away in my meditations, and had almost lost sight of the earthly death of the beloved one.

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My reflections, I trust, reader, have carried your thoughts into the glory of heaven; let us now pursue the last sad scenes which separate from our view all that is left of the village pastor.

The sermon is ended, and once more the choir sing a funeral hymn. Then again, at the tolling of the bell, the mourning procession follow the body to the grave. It was a rural country church yard, beautiful to look upon, studded here and there with its simple slabs, which told the last resting-place of many,—the grave! Here endeth all earthly hopes, and the loved body is covered with corruption; but around this little spot of earth stood a whole church, in deep, heartfelt mourning, and many a strong man, gentle woman, and winning child, were pouring their tears together, and methinks they were recorded in heaven. In a deep monotone, the preacher commenced. "And I heard a voice saying: Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." After the benediction, the villagers in groups retired to their respective homes, though many remained long to gaze upon the coffin in its narrow home. I left the spot, but not with a dread of death; I felt it had no sting, and longed to be forever with God. Oh, what a delight even the grave fills us with, when we contemplate it as the portal by which we may gain "eternal life!" Let me say, in the language of an eminent divine: "I would rather see my Saviour in his unveiled glories, than to hold communion with him in the channel of his ordinances;" and in the prospect of death: "Rise, ye dark and stormy billows, and frighten my poor soul as much as you will, yet in the courage of faith, I dare say even to you, I would not live alway."* Come quickly: I could hail your approach. "Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time," and bring to my weary soul the dawning of those heavenly glories. I love the grave. Yes, "and in God's best time, I would have this corruptible body laid in its narrow limits." Reader, may not such a description be familiar to you? If so, live for heaven, and then "our dear Reedemer," the holy angels, and "spirits of just men made perfect," may be participators in the joys of that world with you, through an endless eternity. Quicken your anticipations of heaven by the thought of death; let not a cloud hang around its portals, but rather picture often a little spot of earth as the only home for your mortal body. Thus living, the dawnings of that brighter day may be felt, and your spirit will long for a clearer vision of your Father's face, in the New Jerusalem.

* Dr. Sprague.

FRANKIE'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY EVANGELINE.

Does my mother dear remember that I'm five years old to-day?
And is her sad heart longing for the darling passed away?
Is she thinking that I now would be so tall, and strong, and fair,
And how her loneliness would flee, if I were with her there?
And do her thoughts turn sadly, then, to that low, narrow bed,
Where, after weeks of suffering, they laid my golden head?
That golden head, that all those weeks was pillowed on her breast—
That *aching* head, which death alone could soothe to quiet rest?
I hope my mother does not think *her boy is sleeping there*—
O no; 'tis like a cast-off dress, that form I used to wear.
My blessed home is far removed from earthly change and blight,
Where pain, and sin, and death are not, but all is joy and light:
And oh, my dearest mother, though I may not come to thee,
The hour is surely drawing nigh when thou shalt come to me.

I have brothers—darling brothers—do they think of Frankie still?
Remembering all our pleasant plays about the brook and hill?
They were ever kind and gentle to their youngest little brother,
And they think to-night they loved him, as they ne'er shall love another.
Oh, would that I could tell them, I'm "not lost, but gone before,"
And that I love them *just the same* as in the days of yore;
And would that I could make them know the glories of my home,
And that I'm only waiting till our Father bids them come,
To roam with me, through pastures green, where living waters glide,
Where death can never come again, to take me from their side.

And my sisters—gentle sisters—are ye thinking of the hours
When I loved to wander by your side, and gather early flowers?
And do you not remember well that quiet Sabbath morn,
When you led me out to Nellie's grave, who died ere I was born?
And how I listened wonderingly, with thoughtful, earnest eyes,
When you told me sister was not there, but dwelling in the skies?
I could not make the thought seem true, that such a thing could be—
But, oh, 'tis clear as sunlight now, that glorious mystery.
For do you know that I have seen that angel-sister's face?
That I am with her, even now, wrapped in a close embrace?
And do you know that oft we leave these blessed heavenly bowers,
And hover round about you, in your sad and lonely hours?
Oh, sisters dear, remember this, when thinking of your dead—
Remember there's a glorious land where tears are never shed;—
No mourners here are sighing o'er a broken household band,
For the loving ones part never more who meet in this bright land;

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Then softly tread, beloved, in the "strait and narrow way,"
Which leadeth through the gate of death, to this eternal day.

But another—there's another—on the stormy ocean wild,
Does he know it is the birth-day of his youngest darling child?
As my father goes his weary way towards the land of gold,
Is his heart still fondly turning to those pleasant days of old,
When the presence of his darling was like sunshine round the door,
And like music sweet, his bounding step upon the cottage floor?
Stilled is that bounding step for aye, and gone that sunshine bright,
Yet, father, *I am nearest thee of all thy loved to-night*—
Not as of old, with clinging arms, and passionate caress,
But, father, *just as near as then*, to comfort and to bless:
Oh, often in thy loneliness, an angel from above,
I come to whisper thee of Heaven, and God's unchanging love—
And often, in the lonely night, when the storm is fierce and wild,
A promise from the Holy Word, borne by thine angel-child,
Brings to thy sad and anxious heart a peace words cannot tell—
The peace of those who trust in Him "who doeth all things well."

Ye miss me, O beloved ones, ye miss me, one and all,
Ye miss me in the early morn, and at the twilight's fall—
But would ye call me back to earth, to suffer and to sin,
To pass through lone uncertain years, to death's dark gate again?
Oh, rather let your sorrowing hearts be raised to Heaven above,
Clinging with living faith to him whose very *name* is Love:
So shall He guard and guide you till your earthly life is o'er,
And a happy, *happy* family, we meet to part no more.

RETROSPECT.

BY A. A. N.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Thus sang the poet, and his truthful words still find a response in the breast of every son and daughter of Adam. So thought Cowper, when he visited the cosy "peasant's nest," which had so long attracted his admiring gaze; and so thinks many a lover of nature, who finds beauties vanishing, and deformities revealing themselves in a scene which he had fondly thought to be a second paradise. So think the deluded mortals who have listened to the syren voice of Pleasure, or the notes of Fame's golden trumpet, and have grasped all that these phantoms have to bestow. Thus would the dissatisfied one who envies the rich man his purple and gold say, could he penetrate the marble walls of his proud mansion, and see the splendid misery which they hide.

Is it not distance which casts such a halo of glory around the poets and philosophers of olden time, that now when their vices or follies have sunk into oblivion, we almost think they must have belonged to some brighter sphere? Is it not this which throws such irresistible fascination about the heroes of antiquity, now that the wailing of the mourner and the groans of the dying are hushed in the lapse of ages?

Is it not this enchantment which makes many a one exclaim, "Would I were a child again?" But even the halcyon days of childhood had their clouds, and the sorrows of a child, insignificant as they may now appear, forgotten though they may now be, were as great a draught upon his little stock of philosophy, as the more serious ills with which manhood is called to battle are upon his matured and disciplined mind.

As we look back to the early morning of our lives, visions of beauty rise up before us, unequalled save by those which Hope paints in the bright future. No glen is to us like the one whose wood-crowned slopes then met our admiring gaze, no stream like the little brook on whose green banks we played, on whose smoothly flowing waters we guided our tiny boat. No flower has the beauty and fragrance of the sweet, modest Arbutus, as we first espied its fairy blossoms beneath the sere leaves of the early spring; none the splendor of the brilliant Cardinal Flower which grew in its stateliness by the little stream.

Oh Memory! I love to walk with thee in the sunshine of the past, but the bright scenes which thou paintest are illusive. Thou restorest only the rose, not the thorn. But I would not dispel the sweet illusion. No! these scenes, painted on the canvas of the heart, are a treasure which wealth could not buy, of which adversity cannot deprive me. I am glad that I have the recollections of a childhood spent among the beautiful things of nature; that my earliest remembrances are of the Violet of spring, the Orchis of summer, and the rich Gentian with which autumn decks her russet robe. I am glad that the fairy Humming-bird, the brilliant Oriole, and the friendly little Yellow-bird were my companions; that I listened to the monotonous drilling of the sedate Woodpecker, and watched the cunning Squirrel as he scampered along, whisking his bushy tail for very glee, when I gathered nuts from the soft moss in the old woods; yet I would not be a child again. The follies of those early years are past; I would not have them return: their pleasures are gone, but they are replaced by others more substantial and enduring; and while I tenderly cherish their memory, and enjoy the taste for simple pleasures which they have given me, I bid them adieu without a sigh.

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RUTH I.: XVI., XVII.

BY MARY.

I'll go with thee, the day of life
Hath many a weary hour;
I'll go and share its troubles rife,
And never fear their power.

The home thou lov'st shall be my home,
In sweet content we'll dwell;
No anxious thought for days to come,
We'll trust our Saviour still.

The flock that claims thy constant care
My earnest prayer shall prove;
Thy burdens too my hand shall share,
Thy God shall prove my love.

And when death's cold and icy hand
The golden chain shall sever,
O may we meet in that blest land
Where we shall part—O, *never*.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. MARIA C. TRACY.

A CLERGYMAN in New England dying, some of his papers came into the possession of the writer's family. Among them was a manuscript, neatly folded and stitched, and on its first fair page was inscribed, in clear and graceful characters, "*How shall we order the child?*"—Judges xiii. 12.

And this was all. The text, and the remaining blank unsullied leaves, told the story of a father's joy, a father's love, a father's solicitude, and—a father's sorrow!

A beautiful babe had gladdened the household of the young clergyman and his gentle wife, and for a few short months shed a halo of light and love around the domestic altar.

With affectionate and Christian solicitude for the welfare of the young immortal committed to his guiding care, and desiring to benefit other parents with the results of his contemplations, the father prepared a manuscript, and selected the passage quoted above as the foundation of a public discourse.

But a change came over the bright prospects of that happy household band. The beloved infant sickened; and, after days and weeks of weary, sleepless, agonizing solicitude, the fond parents beheld but the lifeless casket that had contained a jewel more precious to their hearts

"Than gold, or pearls, or costly diadem."

The *ordering* of the child—the direction of its mental and moral training—was not to be the work of earthly parents, but of heavenly influences. The unfolding of that beauteous bud of promise was to be witnessed, not in the chilling, blighting atmosphere of earth, but in the gardens of Paradise, fanned by celestial breezes, and nourished by heavenly dews. The Good Shepherd, who gave his life for the lambs, gathered this little one in his arms, and enfolded with his cherished flock, of whom, while on earth, he declared—"Of such is the kingdom heaven."

Another little one was ushered into bein yielded its pure spirit ere the setting of the sun that welcomed its birth.

The severing of the chord of tenderness and love which bound the hearts of the parents to their infants was a trial of faith and resignation too great to be borne unfelt in its influence on the physical system. The mother languished a few months, afflicted, but trusting and resigned, then followed her beloved babes to their heavenly home. The father, whom wave after wave had thus bereaved of his earthly all, lingered not long behind, but soon hastened to join those so fondly cherished on earth, in that blessed land

"Where not a wave of trouble rolls
Across his peaceful breast."

The following lines were written, partly on occasion of the death of the wife and mother and partly after his own departure to the spirit land:—

She sleeps in peace.—
At length the weary, wayworn, tempest-tossed,
Afflicted traveller has safely reached
The quiet home—the Father's house—the land
Of light and love:—has gained the peaceful haven
Where the weary rest, the wicked cease
From troubling.

Nor sickness, nor the mortal pang
Of death, shall more her frame convulse;—no more
Shall words of bitter parting with the loved
And cherished ones her tender heart-strings break;—
No more the rude and chilling breath of earth
Her gentle spirit grieve.

Her sorrows now
Are o'er; her tears are wiped away; her days
Of mourning past. The long, dark, gloomy night
Of brooding fears and blighted hopes is gone:
Eternal day upon her peaceful soul
Has brightly dawned: her sun shall ne'er go down,
Her moon shall wane no more!

In quiet rest
Beside her babes lay the young mother down,
Afflicted partner of her days. They'll sleep
Till the last trumpet wake the slumbering dead.—
Nor mourn that she is early gone, and all
Thy soul holds dear is garnered in the skies,—
'Tis better far than still to linger here,
And still to die.

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And though the cloud that casts
Its gloomy shadow o'er thy path seem dark
And terrible, yet lift thy tearful eye,
And see it spanned with brightest rainbow hues
Of promised grace and covenant faithfulness,
To guide and guard thee safely to thy rest!

* * * * * * * * *

And it was even so.
As one his mother comforteth, so he
Was comforted in Zion. Speedily,
Yet gently, did the Angel of the Tomb
Disrobe his weary, grief-worn, tempted soul
Of the frail vestments of mortality,
And bade him join his lost ones in the skies.
And though nor sister, wife, nor mother dear
Bent o'er his couch—for all were with the dead—
Yet to his every wish did Christian love
Administer, his dying pillow smoothed,
And wiped the death-damp from his pallid brow,
While tenderly with words of truth inspired
His spirit was sustained in that dread hour.
To those who thus for Jesus' sake the oil
Of consolation poured into the breast
Of the bereaved and stricken one in death,
It shall be said in the great final day,
"Ye did it unto me."

Tranquil and calm,
Yet joyfully, he looked into the grave,
Nor feared to lie where Christ the Lord had lain,
And where his loved ones slept.

No earthly tie
Was round his heart, no bands were in his death;
None desolate and sorrowful to leave behind,
His treasures were in Heaven. Earth was no more.
'Twas easy thus to die;—and thus he died.
As on its mother's gentle breast the babe
In sleep forgets its griefs—so on the wave,
The lulling wave of Jordan's billowy flood,
In blessed peacefulness he passed away.
'Neath the green sod the husband, wife, and babes
Together lie; and passing travellers read—
"Pleasant in life, divided not in death,
A family in Heaven, saved by grace."

Miscellany.

Our Age.—The age in which we live is marked differently altogether from any period of time anterior to the present. It is unique and peculiar in great variety of aspects in its political, moral, and religious phases. It's peculiar in relation to all those mental phenomena which stir the moral sensibilities and awe the spirit of man, in his meditations upon a future state of being.

It's an *age*, then, of *marvels*; of *imaginative* and *transcendental theories*.

Men are ready to credit the most *marvellous speculations* and *imaginative theories* that can be conjured up in the human brain; receive as true, and almost sacred, the absurd and ridiculous offshoots and extravagant tales the tongue ever uttered or the fancy ever compassed. The Mormon system has been wide-spread, and most wonderfully patronized by those of whom we had hoped better things.

The doctrines of one Miller were strong once in their influence over unstable and excitable minds, and though the keystone of the arch has long since fallen, the smouldering ruins of his temple are still indicative of the lingering expirations of a fanciful and pathetic error.

Mesmerism, with its pageants and train of evils, has undermined almost the faith of some, and we fear that legerdemain and knavery have made lunatics of others. The *spirit-rappings* have come up in circles, class-meetings, and convocations, and are spreading their round of short-lived pleasure.

The leaders, whether purposely or otherwise, operate disadvantageously upon the sympathies of the bereaved, and too easily make dupes or victims. We hear of learned Jurists, on common subjects sane, embracing theories that render them in the eyes of good men ridiculously simple and childish.

The age is marked for its spirit of toleration. Never was there more religious toleration in every part of the heathen world than now. Hardly can there a spot be found where the heralds of the cross cannot preach in the name of Jesus. With prudence the Gospel can be carried in its purity to Roman Catholic countries, and is now being preached in almost every dominion under the Pope. The persecution of Protestants is temporary and local. Religion is soon to be universally enjoyed.

It's *an age of wealth*. The commercial facilities of the world have distributed in a most wonderful manner the population of the globe, and augmented in most extraordinary measure the wealth of the nations, and thus of individuals. The wealth of multitudes is received by millions, and by this means the most magnificent enterprises are undertaken and achieved because there are abundant means for their accomplishment.

It's *an age of wickedness*. Commercial inter-

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course affords facilities for crime. Wealth also occasions the acceleration of the worst named and most wickedly conceived vices. Licentiousness, robbery, intemperance, and murder, follow in the train of temporal prosperity. The passions of men accelerate their ruin.

It's *an age of luxury.* To see the march of luxury in Christian cities is somewhat startling. Hotels are erected on the grandest scale of magnificence and splendor, where the rich and the apes of the wealthy may luxuriate and waste their substance, or squander that of another. Costly houses for merchant princes and others of $100,000, with all the paraphernalia of internal furniture, mirrors, carpets, pictures, and the like, to correspond, are not uncommon. There are balls and fêtes, in which diamonds and emeralds are displayed, costing thousands of dollars, and dresses worn that are spoken of as costing hundreds, and dinner parties where the ladies appear with cloaks embroidered with pearls, &c. The rich must use up their wealth, and the active of the present generation become the millionaire of the next. But wealth there is, and wealth must increase.

It's an age of the diffusive influence of Christianity. It is now being wonderfuly diffused among all people; but never more than at the present day, among the influential; among the giant intellects of the world. Never was Christianity more respected; never had it a stronger foothold among men. Every month brings evidence that the Christian religion is operating profoundly among a class of minds that tried to scoff, and did scoff at the name of the Crucified One.

It is seen that pure religion has power to civilize, to enlighten, and fortify most powerfully, the position of a nation. Thus its influence is more to be desired. But it's *an age of sin.* Never was the Arch Apostate more active and determined in his efforts to lead captive the children of men—to stir up the embers of strife—to make men hate their fellow-men—to create broils, strifes, and tumults—to make men sin with a high hand, and live the most godless lives.

It's an age of benevolence. Never did the disciples of Christ give so freely, so largely, and with such evident tokens of success as at the present, to mitigate human woe—to dry up the fountains of sin—to heal the moral maladies of men—to convert the pagan and the civilized to Christ.

We rejoice in all the testimony of fidelity and truthfulness that exist among the friends of the Saviour, and must urge all Christians to renewed exertions in labors of love for the perishing and the headstrong. The times call for the development of all our talent and the employment of our choicest efforts, in building up the kingdom of Christ, and in demolishing the rampart of Satan's dominion.

The Dying Thief.—We heard an able exposition by Dr. Pennington, the other Sabbath, of the passages relating to the dying thief, brought into juxtaposition from the different Evangelists. In his remarks, he dwelt particularly upon the reality and purity of his faith, evidenced from the boldness of his declaration while in the presence of Scribes and Pharisees, high priests and civil rulers, although awed by the frowning spears and javelins of the Roman cohorts that rattled around him at the cross, where it was hazardous for any one to speak in favor of the new religion of Christ.

This dying criminal, with fearlessness, asserted in that large, excited assemblage, that "this man, Christ Jesus, was in that position unjustly," as much as to say was innocent. Such courage in testifying for Christ, as thus exhibited, was worthy of record, and worthy of universal imitation. In this connection many excellent remarks were made concerning the devastating power of sin, the whole indicating talent and research on the part of the eloquent divine. If this was a fair specimen of his pulpit efforts, he deserves the gratitude of his people, and should have a much larger congregation to fill a church so spacious and so nearly free from incumbrance.

An Opportunity to secure some good Books.—We have concluded to make a very liberal offer to our present subscribers, or any one who may wish to accept the proposal. It is this:

First, to any one who will obtain three new subscribers to the C. P. Magazine and forward the pay at the rates mentioned on the cover, shall have a copy of the *Coronal and Young Sally's Remembrancer*, a small quarto annual of 384 pages, on Butler's beautiful fine paper, with full gilt and nine steel engravings. The typography of the first grade. The writers some of whom made especial effort. This book is one of the best of the kind in market, and will richly repay any little effort of the kind mentioned. Price, three dollars.

For two new subscribers we will give either of the *seven* following works:

1. *Sacred Tableaux.* Remarkable Incidents in the Old and New Testaments, illustrated by forty-six Medallion and five Mezzotint Engrav-

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ings, with letter-press descriptions, by thirty-eight distinguished American writers. Edited by Thomas Wyatt, A. M.; large 12mo, *cloth, gilt back*. Price, $1.75.

It affords to the reader much valuable Biblical instruction, as would be naturally expected from men of eminence, of varied acquirements and merited celebrity. The beautiful steel engraving and medallion plates represent Scripture incidents and scenes of hallowed memory. The work is a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day, and will be appreciated by every lover of the beautiful and the truthful.

2. *The Half Century*, by Dr. E. Davis, of Westfield. The important religious and other events of the last half century, brought together in one volume octavo, 444 pages, with a beautiful introduction from the scholarly and able pen of Dr. M. Hopkins.

3. The Young Woman's Book of Health, by William A. Alcott, Author of the Young Man's Guide, &c., 312 pp., 12mo, *cloth*. Price 84 cents.

An instructive, useful, and timely work for the present generation.

4. The well-known and the world-wide appreciated letters of Dr. Sprague to his daughters, but are more truly letters to the daughters of all parents.

5. Dr. Sprague's letters to young men, which are producing a happy influence wherever they are read.

6. Palmer's Closet Hours. Not after the plan of Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, but admirably calculated to awaken similar trains of thought, and produce equally happy impressions.

7. The Daughters of Zion, by Dr. Burchard, of this city, a very beautiful book for the family circle.

Scripture females are charmingly illustrated by a good delineator of the Scripture worthies. The work is embellished by finely executed steel engravings.

For eighteen new subscribers, a full set of the Works of Benjamin Franklin, edited by Jared Sparks, 10 vols., 8vo, twenty-two steel plates, *cloth*. Price, $20.00.

This is a valuable work for families and for libraries, and is well worth the labor it would cost to obtain it.

For five new subscribers, large quarto Bible, price $5. This edition is on good paper, neatly printed, containing chronological tables, the Psalms of David in metre, and a copious concordance of the Holy Scriptures. The above offers should induce the friends of this periodical, the friends of a sanctified, religious literature, to gather up in different parts a large number of fast friends to the cause. Let friend rival friend in a good work.

Fine Apparel.—Not the extravagant, not the wasteful, but the good and the substantial, we call fine. We all need clothing for the body, and we need that which is economical, and which in the wearing will not disappoint us.

In visiting Munroe's splendid tailoring establishment at 441 Broadway, advertised on another page, we were not a little disappointed at the quantity of beautifully made clothing, and their extensive preparations to fit at once their customers with as neatly a fitting wardrobe as if they were made to order. Tasty and fashionable suits of clothing as are any where exhibited, and in style and finish as perfect, can be found here, or in their other house in New Orleans.

New Haven and New London Railroad.—Any one who has ever passed over this road will pronounce it one of the best in the country. The rails are remarkably smooth and even, the cars are easy and beautifully finished, the conductors polite and courteous, and under the direction of the efficient and gentlemanly superintendent, R. N. Doud, Esq., everything moves on in true Yankee style. The increasing amount of travel on this road is very gratifying to its friends. When the connecting link between New London and Stonington, and other contemplated roads, shall have been completed, it will undoubtedly be the great thoroughfare between New York and Boston, and altogether the best land route to Providence. The rapid passage of boats from New York to New Haven will make a very pleasant and desirable connection with this route, and especially in the summer will it make the finest excursion trip possible from the great metropolis to the New England Capital.

Our Steel Plate—Exhibits in a striking and pathetic manner the horrors of war—its heart-rending scenes—its bitter anguish.

We shrink from calling up the woeful reminiscences of our revolutionary times.

Let us be grateful to our benignant Father for the rich and gracious favors we enjoy, and as a nation may we learn war no more, but exhibit the principles of peace and good to all men.

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NEWS FROM THE WAR.

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National Religious Societies.—These have in their employ upwards of 1800 missionaries and colporteurs, exclusive of those who are laboring in other capacities. The American Board has 161 ordained missionaries, besides assistants, physicians, &c. The American Home Missionary Society has not far from 1000 missionaries. The American Tract Society has in its service about 500 colporteurs scattered through the States. The American and Foreign Christian Union has 114 missionaries, of which 85 are employed in the home field, and additions to this number are made as fast as the Society's means permit. The American Seamen's Friend Society has 19 chaplains, wholly or in part sustained by it, two having recently been added, one at Marseilles, France, and one at St. John's, New Brunswick.

Ecclesiology.—The "Biblical Repertory" throws rather a damper upon the rising spirit of ecclesiology in many of the churches of the present day, by the following statement of fact:

"The first instance recorded of the Christians assembling in what would now be called a *church*, is about A. D. 229. So little has the whole matter of *ecclesiology* and church finery to do with the true power and majesty of Christianity. . . . In the purely spiritual form of church extension, she had almost overspread the world, and won to Christ all its centres and citadels of influence and civilization, before a solitary church edifice had been erected on the face of the earth."

Ericsson's "Caloric Engine."—*Steam* has had its career, but now must give place to "hot air." Caloric is henceforward to be the great moving power of all machinery.

The "Ericsson" is a very large ship, 2200 tons, and is built in the most substantial manner, and after the most perfect model.

Mr. John Ericsson, whose name now takes place by the side of that of Fulton, was born in Sweden, in 1803. He spent some years in his native country as a civil engineer, and afterwards as an officer in the army. He went to England, and there brought out several useful and curious inventions; among others, the first "locomotive" that attained a speed of fifty miles per hour. He came to the United States about the year 1829. Here he has distinguished himself as a machinist of the highest order, even before this last triumph. The "Caloric Engine" is the great achievement of his life.

Jenny Lind's Schools.— Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has deposited four hundred thousand rix thalers with certain officials in Sweden, to be devoted to the establishment of schools for girls in that country. The amount of this munificent donation has been underrated; one of the New York papers placed it as low as $100,000. A rix dollar of Sweden is 55 41-100 pence sterling, so that 400,000 of them is equal to £92,350, or rather more than four hundred thousand dollars of our currency. The paper rix dollar currency in some countries is less than the Swedish rix dollar, and is generally estimated at about eighty-eight cents.

Hannah More's Opinion of her Sex.—This eminent woman wrote discriminately of the male and female intellect. She remarks:

"One may venture, perhaps, to assert that women have equal parts, but are inferior in wholeness of mind, in the integral understanding; that though a superior woman may possess single faculties in equal perfection, yet there is a juster proportion in the mind of a superior man; that if women have, in an equal degree, the faculty of fancy which creates images, and the faculty of memory which collects and stores ideas, they seem not to possess in equal measure the faculty of comparing, analyzing, and separating these ideas; that deep and patient thinking which goes to the bottom of a subject; nor that power of arrangement which knows how to link a thousand connected ideas in one dependent train without losing sight of the original idea out of which the rest grew, and on which they all hang. The female, too, wanting steadiness in her intellectual pursuits, is perpetually turned aside by her characteristic tastes and feelings."

Warning to Great Commercial Cities.—You have heard of Tyre, says Brewster, how she was once Queen of the sea; and you have heard again, how she sank like a richly-laden vessel, swallowed up in the depths of the sea. You have heard of Carthage, how she carried on the commerce of the Mediterranean; and her ships went to Tarshish and to Gades. You know that Tyre is now a bare rock, whereupon the fisherman spreads his net; you know that Carthage has vanished utterly, so that even the antiquarian can scarcely ascertain its site by the indication of a coin turned up from underneath the sod. You have heard of Babylon, the golden city, "rich with barbaric pomp and gold," the centre of affluence, where the caravans of all the East used to meet and pour out their merchandise: but

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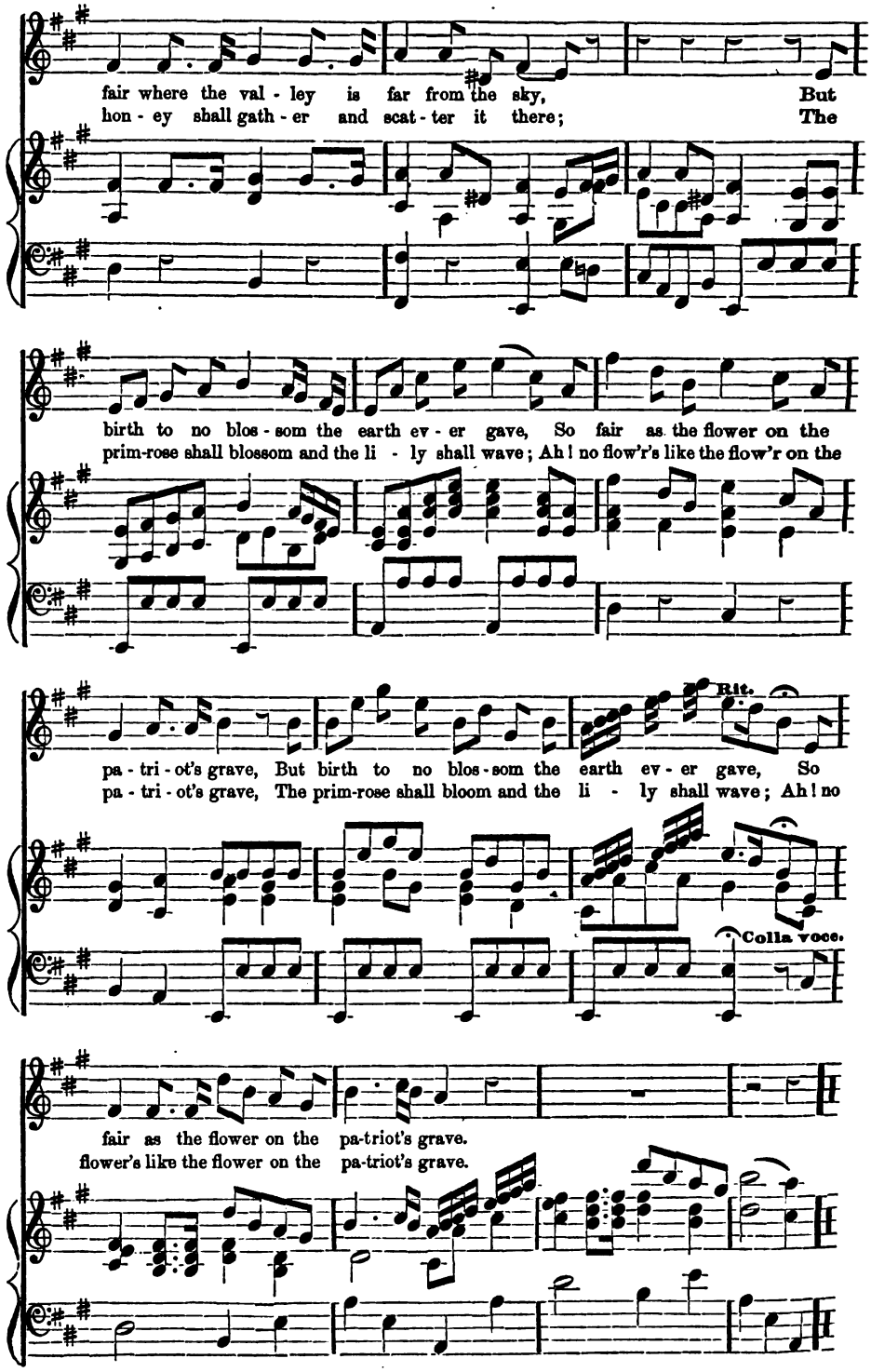
fair where the val - ley is far from the sky, But
hon - ey shall gath - er and scat - ter it there; The
birth to no blos - som the earth ev - er gave, So fair as the flower on the
prim-rose shall blossom and the li - ly shall wave; Ah! no flow'r's like the flow'r on the
Rit.
pa - tri - ot's grave, But birth to no blos - som the earth ev - er gave, So
pa - tri - ot's grave, The prim-rose shall bloom and the li - ly shall wave; Ah! no
Colla voce.
fair as the flower on the pa-triot's grave.
flower's like the flower on the pa-triot's grave.

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Book Notices.

THE LAND OF THE CÆSAR AND THE DOGE; Historical, Artistic, Incidental, Personal and Literary. By Wm. Furniss. Cornish, Lamport & Co., Publishers, No. 8 Park Place.

The author relates in uncommonly brilliant and classical language the story of his voyage and his travels, commencing at the port of Alexandria. The reader may follow him on board the steamer Ramises, as they sail to the Isle of Malta. Here you find a sketch of the accommodations for travellers, the society and the Isle itself; then of Sicily, Naples, Rome, the Sabine Hills, the road towards Florence,—Florence and its environs,—road to Bologna, to Venice, and also Venice itself. This classic region which the author describes renders the *Cæsar* and the *Doge* a remarkably interesting book, and the neatness of the mechanical execution must add to make it valuable.

C. S. Francis & Co. have published for juveniles, from the pen of Dr. Brewer:

A GUIDE TO ROMAN HISTORY; with questions and answers, in an entertaining and easy style, which will make any study easy, simple and practical. The study of such a history, so intimately associated with the attractive, rather than the repulsive, must be more valued and *more studied by the young.*

DAUGHTERS OF CHINA. By Eliza G. Bridgman. New York: Carter & Brothers.

These interesting sketches of domestic life in the Celestial Empire, by a lady who has made China her adopted home, and the women of China the objects of her Christian sympathy and regard, are well fitted to call forth the prayers of the daughters of America in their behalf. The women of China can seldom be reached by the direct preaching of the Gospel; the usages of society debar them from public assemblies, and therefore it is all important that self-denying, Christ-loving females should carry to them the torch of life, and train them for the bliss of heaven.

A LACONIC MANUAL AND BRIEF REMARKER, containing over a thousand subjects, alphabetically and systematically arranged. By Charles Simmons. New York: M. W. Dodd. North Wrentham: C. Simmons, proprietor. These sage and pithy sayings of the master geniuses of all ages are fit to be garnered; so that those who have never seen the mines, may see these extracted gems.

THE ANGEL OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER. By the Author of the "Sunny Side." Published by A. D. F. Randolph, 683 Broadway.

This is a neat little rehearsal of one's sombre reflections on misspent hours, and hopeful resolutions for future retrieve. Two Angels appearing in a dream; the Angel over the right shoulder records the good actions, and the one over the left the evil. We are taught so to live, that our record may be fair and joyous.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN. By S. J. Prime. Published by Randolph also. With an appendix, selected from various authors. Both prose and poetry are well suited to minister consolation to grief-stricken parents, and teach the duty of submission to a merciful Providence.

FOOTPRINTS OF TRUTH; or, Voice of Humanity. By John Cole Hagen. With fine Illustrations, engraved on Steel. Cornish, Lamport & Co., Publishers, 8 Park Place.

Mr. Hagen has given in this work striking proof of true poetic genius. If he excels more in strength and power of thought than in ease and grace of style, yet the poet's fire is startling and impressive. No one verse is pointless, senseless, or objectless. One feels amply repaid for reading such vigorous and forceful sentiments, expressed in such clear and distinct language. The book is altogether a beautiful thing for the parlor table.

THE FINLAND FAMILY; or, Fancies taken for Fact. A Tale of the Past for the Present. By Mrs. Susan P. Cornwall. Issued by M. W. Dodd. The writer's aim has been to illustrate the beauty and value of practical piety, by an exhibition of its salutary influence amid the common duties of life. It makes an interesting tale for the family circle, and will be a good acquisition for the Sabbath school and other libraries.

WOMAN'S RECORD; or, Sketches of all Distingnished Women, from "the beginning" till 1850. Arranged in four Eras, with Selections from Female Writers of every Age. By Sarah Josepha Hale. Just issued by the Harpers. This is a noble work of over 900 pages, and illustrated by two hundred and thirty portraits. It contains the finest collection of biographical sketches of distinguished females ever issued. The women of the Bible, the queens of the old world, the ladies of the Roman court, heroines, ancient and modern, are all there. Open where you will, your eye falls on brief, life-like, touching sketches of those who have figured largely in this world's history. At the end of the volume are tables exhibiting the names of all the female missionaries of the different missionary boards, with their birth-place, field of labor, and the date of entering it. Altogether, it is a very excellent, useful and entertaining book, well executed, and well worthy of a place in every library of choice reading where the English language is read.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY MEMORIAL. By Rev. H. W. Pierson. A work of 500 pages, published by the Harpers. The author, who is under appointment by the American Board to the Gaboon Mission, but detained on account of ill health, has rendered a noble service to the missionary cause by compiling this book. It is embellished with many beautiful engravings. The frontispiece is an admirable picture, representing the ordination of the first missionaries at Salem We look into the interior of the venerable church, and witness the solemn ceremony of laying on hands, and discover the accurate portraits of several of those who engaged in the memorable service. The work contains biographical sketches of twenty-seven deceased missionaries of various denominations, with their portraits and fac-similes. Some of these have been procured with great trouble. All in all, the book is one of the best of the kind ever issued.

The following is from the Tract Society:

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME, with sixty-two highly finished engravings; 288 pages, large 18mo, comprising 273 songs in handsome type, price 35 cents. This is such a gem for children as has not yet appeared. It meets the wants of all.

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THE HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. A System of Hydropathy and Hygiene. In eight parts.

I. Outlines of Anatomy.

II. Physiology of the Human Body.

III. Hygiene Agencies, and Preservation of Health.

IV. Dietetics and Hydropathic Cookery.

V. Study and Practice of Water-Cure Treatment.

VI. Special Pathology and Hydro-Therapeutics, including the Nature, Causes, Symptoms and Treatment of all known Diseases.

VII. Application to Surgical Diseases.

VIII. Application of Hydropathy to Midwifery and the Nursery. By Dr. R. T. Trall. Published by Fowlers & Wells.

It is a good guide to families and students as a text-book. The work is illustrated, and contains in both volumes about 900 pages of instructive information. If every family had this work, we can safely say much money and pain would be saved.

DR. BREWER'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE; or, The Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar. 490 pages. Price 12 1-2 cents. Published by C. S. Francis & Co., No. 252 Broadway, N. Y.

The object of "Dr. Brewer's Guide to Science" is to explain scientifically and in the most concise and intelligible manner, 2,000 questions of the common phenomena of life, similar to those subjoined:

Why does lightning turn beer and milk sour?

Why do leaves turn brown in autumn?

Why is mortar adhesive?

Why are coals black—snow white—leaves green—violets blue—and roses red?

It contains an amount of useful information never before collected in a shape so convenient for study, and so easy for reference.

HINTS TOWARDS REFORMS. Lectures, Addresses, and other Writings of Horace Greeley.

If the reader cannot agree with the learned Editor and Reformer in all his peculiar views of the idea of Christianity and social order, he may be amused and instructed, and certainly he must agree that many of the lectures are capitally conceived and executed.

CLAVERNOOK; A Western Tale. By the renowned Poet, Alice Carey. Published by Redfield, 110 Nassau-street.

This work has been much read and much admired by certain classes, and will be long remembered and sought for as pleasant and truthful sketches or tales of Western life.

POEMS: By Alice and Phœbe Carey. Published by Redfield.

We have read most of them with pleasure, and can commend them as easy, natural and graceful. If the MUSA has done more for the elder sister, we find it not so easy to decide. What experience can do time must make known.

MY FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE; or, Sketches of Society, Scenery and Antiquities in England, Ireland, Scotland and France. By Andrew Dickinson, Author of "The City of the Dead and Other Poems." Third Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853.

This is a very readable little book—fresh, unaffected, genuine. The Author, a practical printer, sought in a sea-voyage and new scenes restoration of impaired health. He carried with him the quick, intelligent observation of his calling, a hopeful spirit, and a gentle and unobtrusive disposition and manner. He was fortunate in his acquaintances, and in the incidents of his travel; and the narration is at once faithful, varied, and interesting.

"LITTLE SILVERSTRING," before noticed, we feel constrained to commend again as richly valuable for the young. In the purchase of books for school-libraries and for families, an eye should be had to the moral and the practical. Mr. Bourne's effort is most happy. Simple, truthful prose and poetry is here poured out for the eager, vivacious, and plastic minds of children, which is calculated to compass higher good than a thousand romances of the day. The simplicity and beauty of the book may be imagined by a quotation from the poetic part. This easy, flowing rhyme will greatly profit the young, while it will long treasure up in the memory.

WATER.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

"WATER! water!" cries the bird,
With his singing, gentle note;
And the liquid cry is heard
Pouring from the little throat;
Water! water! clear and sweet!
"Te-weet! te-weet!"

"Water! water!" roars the ox,
While it rushes at his side,
Down among the mossy rocks
Rippling with its crystal tide;
Water! water! pure and true!
"Moo! moo!"

"Water! water!" said the tree,
With its branches spreading high!
"Water! water!" rustled he,
For his leaves were very dry;
Water! water! for the tree,
Pure and free!

"Water! water!" said the flower,
Whispering with its perfumed breath;
"Let me have it in an hour,
Ere I thirsting droop in death!
Water, water, soft and still,
Is my will!"

"Water! water!" said the grain,
With its yellow head on high;
And the spreading, fertile plain,
Ripening, joined the swelling cry;
Water for the grains of gold!
Wealth untold!

Water! water! sparkling pure,
Giveth Nature everywhere;
If you drink it, I am sure
It will never prove a snare!
Water is the thing for me,
Yes! and thee!

Water! water! young and old!
Drink it, crystal-like and sweet!
Never heed the tempter bold:
Crush him underneath your feet!
Water! water! youth, for thee:
Thee and me!

MEMOIR OF REV. JOHN EDWARDS EMERSON, first Pastor of the Whitefield Church, Newbury Church, Newburyport, Mass. By Rev. Rufus Clark. Abridged by the author. Pp. 272, 18mo, with portrait, 25 cents. This lovely and accomplished youth was the child of prayer, and every part of his history is full of instruction, and a charm of lovely, consistent, and intelligent piety pervades the whole. Tract Society.

THE FAITHFUL PROMISER. Pp. 64, 32mo, for the pocket, 10 cents. A spiritual gem; containing in each of the thirty successive openings of the book, a promise, as of pardoning grace, sanctifying grace, dying grace, etc., charmingly illustrated from Scripture. Reprinted from an English edition. Tract Society.

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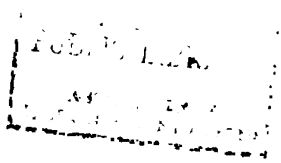

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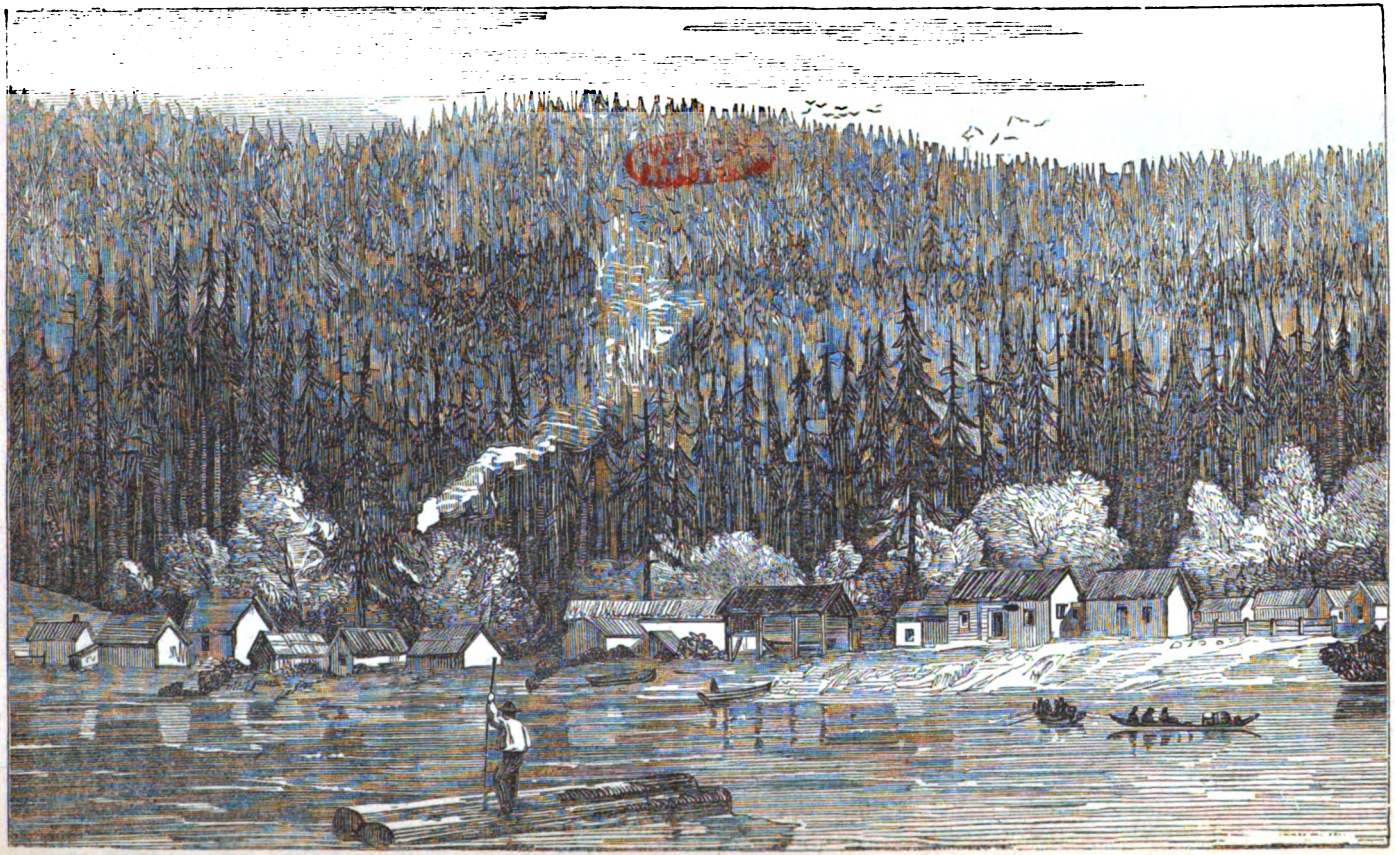

ASTORIA.

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

HOMELY DUTIES MADE BEAUTIFUL.

BY LELA LINWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"A thing is great or little, only to a mortal's thinking.;
But, abstracted from the body, all things are alike impotent.
The Ancient of Days noteth in his book the idle converse of a creature;
And happy and wise is the man to whose thought existed not A TRIFLE."

"I HARDLY know how to pass away the time, mother, every thing seems so tasteless to-day."

"Do whatever you like, my dear Ellen, but make choice of *some* occupation, and adhere to it, if you wish to be happy."

This brief conversation between Mrs. Howard and her daughter preceded a long silence. Ellen sat upon a low stool before the window, her head resting upon her hand; her eyes were watching the eddying snow which hid all the landscape beyond. Round and round it whirled with the capricious wind—the white flakes now doing fierce battle with each other, now uniting in a swift breaking column, or wreathing in proud arches, to fall to the earth at a moment's lull.

Ellen had involuntarily chosen the time and place for a reverie; could she have made a better selection? Does any one wonder at her mood, and fail to understand the dangerous pleasure fancy takes, outstripping the present and the actual? Grave reader, if you have passed the years of girlhood, and know not what it is to indulge in reverie, I can scarcely hope to win your sympathy for my unpretending story. You will not be apt to appreciate the dreamy state of mind from which Ellen was roused by her brother's voice, as he threw aside his Latin text-book, saying,—

"Don't you wish something would *happen*, Ellie."

He stood beside her and laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder. Ellen slowly looked up, and encountered her mother's glance of quiet reproof.

She answered in a regretful tone, "Oh, Willie, the day wouldn't be *dull* if we were only diligent and faithful. Do not follow my bad example. I am not going to be idle any longer."

"Take your book again, my son," said Mrs. Howard, "it is almost your hour for recitation."

Willie resumed his studies, but with a weary air, and his sister bent low over her needlework. The little parlor was still again. It was a busy thought-time for two of the trio which occupied it.

Ellen's mind reviewed the months which had passed since her return from school. How many days had been misimproved, or selfishly devoted, while it had been her professed purpose to live for others as for herself. Her heart was full of sadness. How much had she wasted in idle wishing, or vain dreaming! How often had she indulged in needless melancholy and repining!

It was but a few days since her father, busied, as he was, with professional cares, had noticed a cloud on her brow, and asked tenderly, "What makes our Ellie so sad?"

Alas! she could give no sufficient reason to herself, for hers was a happy lot; one in which the sunshine predominated. She was surrounded by a loved and loving household, of which she might be the centre and the joy. Her keen relish for literary pursuits was encouraged and gratified. Her book, her work, her music, her pen, and the intelligent society of a few valued friends, were all at her service. Why should she have one discontented hour? This train of thought was interrupted by the closing door, as her brother was summoned to his recitation.

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"My dear, do you wish to know what I think is the cause of your failure to make your life richer in usefulness, and more satisfying to your own heart?"

Ellen signified her assent, and Mrs. Howard continued. "Are you not arranging a certain ideal situation, or train of circumstances, in which to live nobly, or looking forward to the future for opportunities to do good?"

Mrs. Howard had been reading her daughter's expressive face, (a face she seldom read in vain) and when she spoke, it was in reply to Ellen's unexpressed thoughts; yet this was so usual an occurrence, that it awakened no surprise.

There are some such mothers and daughters, between whom there is a beautiful and perfect harmony of feeling; whose sympathy is a deep and constant under-current of their lives, unseen oft-times,' yet like hidden waters waiting but an outlet to gush forth in a pure, sparkling spring.

Ellie drew closer to her mother, and said with tears: "Yes, mother, often I think if there were only suffering poor in father's parish, how I would visit and relieve them—were I only rich, what an almoner to the needy I would be—were I in circumstances of trial and sorrow, how patient and heroic I could be, and so on. But you know these are vain, useless thoughts. The people here are all wealthy farmers, with their families, some of whom look with a little jealousy upon 'the minister's children.' At any rate, none of them seem to need the sympathy, much less the counsel of a young girl like me.

"As for wealth, with our limited resources, we have none to bestow upon anybody. I know if I give cheerfully of what I have, it is enough. The other supposition which I made, seems too much like 'tempting Providence.' I am afraid, after all, if I were called to adversity, I should bear it as poorly as I now do the little crosses and vexations of every day. But you see how it is, dear mother, I have *no great work* given me to do. I dreamed a few nights since that I was a successful authoress, and my first laurels were in my hand; (ah! it was only a copy of many a *day-dream*),—but I awoke, just as I always do, and found myself here in a quiet country parsonage, an unpretending girl of sixteen, and though the illusion was sweet, I put it from me in disgust, because it was not reality."

Mrs. Howard smiled; she kissed her daughter's flushed cheek fondly, and said—

"Well, my love, you can make some effort towards the fulfilment of this dream. I suspect"—and she turned her eye towards an open portfolio, which lay near her, but Ellie's appealing look persuaded her to leave the sentence unfinished.

But she added—"My dear child, you have no right to complain that God has not given you a '*great work*' to do. Is it not a '*great work*' to train and cultivate your own heart—to give a winning, Christian example to others, to bless us all by your unselfish and cheerful spirit—to be the light of our household, and its brightest ornament.

"This is your vocation for the present, my daughter; will you not strive to fill it? These *practical home duties* are yours to perform, and you will never be happy or useful until you enter upon them diligently and hopefully."

Ellen sat serious and thoughtful for some moments. At length she said, in her earnest way, "*I will try.*"

She took her diary, as she finished speaking, to record the history of the day, and its new resolves.

Just then she heard her brother's quick step in the hall. He came bounding into the room, but stopped short when he saw Ellen.

"Oh! Sis, won't you please help me a little about my Virgil?"

Ellen cast a look at her journal book, and asked if the evening would not do as well. He said "Yes," at first, then added, hesitatingly, "I don't like to interrupt you, but I have my Greek lesson to learn to-night."

The writing was laid aside, and the brother and sister were soon in the midst of an animated study. Willie's brightened face was reward enough for the sacrifice. As day after day came and went, Mrs. Howard had the satisfaction of perceiving that Ellen had not resolved in vain. A new element seemed to have been developed in her character. The tasks which usually devolve upon one in her sphere, were performed with energy and willingness; nor were intellectual pursuits and social duties neglected. She became, indeed, what she had once only wished to be, a constant blessing to those associated with her. Nor was this easily attained. Each victory over self, every reconciliation of the ideal with the real and practical, cost her a hard struggle, but she did not struggle unaided, and she did not fail. The happiness she bestowed was given back to her again. Her face wore a sunnier look, her step was more elastic, and a deeper peace rested on her heart—a benediction from Him who "seeth in secret and rewardeth openly."

CHAPTER II.

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

THE winter passed quietly and quickly away.

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The time of singing-birds came again. One bright afternoon in April, Ellen was occupying the little parlor alone. Her mother was slowly recovering from violent illness, and for the first time in many days she left her to sleep under the watch of an attendant, and stole out of the sick-room. The sunlight in the west was genial and mellow; the breath of the wind was balmy; the pansies and the daffodils were bursting into bloom in the garden beds.

As she sat by the half-opened window, a knock at the door arrested her attention. She answered the summons, and found herself *vis-à-vis* with a gentleman to whom she was an entire stranger. His figure partially concealed the faces of two ladies, which, on a little closer scrutiny, she recognized. They were cousins of hers, whom she had not met since quite a child.

"Don't you know us, Ellen?" said the elder sister.

"Oh, yes, cousin Rachel, I remember you now very well; but it is so long since you have been here, and I did not think of meeting you. And Maria, too; I am happy to see you both."

"This is our brother George. I believe you have never seen him before."

Ellen had not. A "Cousin George" was on her lips, but something in the careless and confident air with which the young man proffered his hand and made his salutation, altered involuntarily her choice of address, and in a tone cordial, though not familiar, she said:

"You are very welcome, sir."

The guests were seated in the parlor, and Ellen hastened to summon her father. A gentle knock at his study door, and she was bidden to enter.

"Father, our Northford cousins are here."

"What, Ellie, the Woodbridges?"

"Yes, sir; Rachel and Maria, and that stranger brother of theirs from New York."

"Well, they have not chosen a very fortunate time for their visit; but we must make it as agreeable as we can. I regret, for your sake, this additional care. You are looking pale and worn to-day, Ellie."

An expression of sadness was in Mr. Howard's glance, but Ellen's bright smile dissipated it. He left her side, and hastened to greet his guests with that hospitable warmth which ever made the stay at his house a delightful one, and the after-memory of it a lively pleasure to the visitor.

Ellen took the opportunity to steal to her mother's room and inform her of the arrival. Mrs. H. was evidently made anxious by it. "What will you do with so much care?" she asked.

"Oh, never fear for me; I have stores of latent energy undeveloped yet."

"Yes, my dear; but the *strength*, I am afraid, will fail you. Besides, these cousins are not very congenial, and you will find it hard work to entertain them."

"Do not let it worry you, dear mother. I shall find *a way* of getting along, for I have *the will*;" and she kissed the invalid's pale cheek, and reluctantly left the chamber.

The poor child was weary and a little heart-sick, despite her cheerful words. But as the feelings move the tongue, so do the words sometimes react upon the feelings. As she descended the stairs, the language of her lips soon became that of her heart. A mother's silent and fervent prayer had not followed her in vain.

"But, sir, in view of our aunt's illness, it is hardly best that we should remain with you for a visit; there is still a train leaving for Northford to-night."

Ellen entered just in time to see the uneasy glances which the sisters exchanged at this remark of their brother's. Mr. Howard immediately set aside the suggestion of their departure as a thing not to be thought of.

"No, my dear nephew, you must not cheat us out of your stay in this way. It is long since we have seen your sisters, and they leave home so seldom, that we cannot afford to lose their company now they are actually here. Your first visit here, too, must not be so short a one. Ellen will be glad to entertain you. Mrs. Howard is convalescent, and I hope will be able to leave her room in a few days. You must feel yourselves quite at home."

While her father was speaking, Ellen had taken the liberty of a more scrutinizing look at her cousin George. She saw a clear, light complexion, a deep-blue eye full of good nature, a mouth whose expression was a little egotistical, yet which harmonized with the general symmetry of his features, and a bearing which did not lack a certain indifferent grace. Ellen's taste was a little peculiar. She acknowledged the face to be *handsome*, but gave it no very warm admiration; it was vastly different from her beau-ideal. But he could not read her opinion, and had he done so, he might reasonably have fortified himself against it by a glance at the mirror.

There was a pause in the conversation, and she excused herself to order tea. The meal was a more prolonged one than usual, and the evening which followed seemed short. Ellen retired at an early hour to her mother's room, where, since the dismissal of a regular night-watcher, she took sole care, rising from her cot at inter-

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vals, and administering to the sick one the necessary drinks and medicine.

Morning came, and with its first rays the Misses Woodbridge arose, and having arranged the chamber, according to their home-habits, came down stairs. The sitting-room, which they entered, bore traces of an earlier visit. It was newly swept and dusted, and upon a little stand in one corner stood a vase of dewy violets.

"Aunt must have an uncommon smart girl," said Rachel. "'Twould be as much as I could do to get the kitchen cleaned up before breakfast."

"Perhaps *Ellen* has been at work here," replied Maria.

"Ellen—cousin Ellen—put her hands to housework! and up at this time in the morning, too! Nonsense. Why, the child has been trained to books all her days, and it's all she's fit for. I'm glad Aunt Howard has such good help, though; if it wasn't for that, I guess the house would go to ruin while she's sick. I think I'll step out into the kitchen after a glass of fresh water, and get a sight of her. May be she won't be above a little overseeing about her work."

So saying, she found her way through the hall to the domain of Scotch Mary, who (entirely unconscious of the high place she had won in Miss Rachel's regards) was pursuing her customary avocations. The kitchen door stood slightly ajar, and as she entered, what was her surprise to see Ellen standing before the well-scoured table, with hands immersed in biscuit dough, which, in compliance with her skilful treatment, was fast assuming a recognizable form. The fair cook started a little at the sudden irruption of her visitor, but remarked smilingly:

"I should have remembered what early risers you are at Northford."

"Yes, we get our own breakfast there, and milk the cows before we eat it; but I didn't suppose you were brought up so, Ellen."

Ellen only smiled a reply.

"To tell the truth," added her cousin a little more decidedly, "I thought you were above such kind of work."

"You must have indulged strange ideas of me."

By this time the glass of water was obtained, and Mary's sensible comments were unfortunately lost upon the ear for which they were designed:

"I've lived around a good deal, ma'am, an' I've always remarked, *leddies as is leddies* are no' above ony thing."

Rachel returned to the parlor, a moving exclamation point. Maria, who, it must be said, stood a little in awe of her senior sister, did not question, but watched her inquiringly.

"Why, as true as the world, [a poor comparison, reader,] Ellen Howard is helping get the breakfast; and I venture any thing she swept this room herself. Who would have thought, after all we heard of her father's spoiling her with Greek and Latin, and her mother's learning her to write poetry? Well, I guess Aunt Selina has seen the folly of it, and put the girl down to sensible things."

"Perhaps 'tis Ellen's own doing. It may be she had no notion of being a scholar, but liked better the work about house."

"Pooh! I never saw a girl of her age yet that worked because she *liked* to. I didn't use to; but I made up my mind to be as smart as Jane Allen, and after a while I began to take satisfaction in seeing how much I could do."

The speaker gazed out of the window for some minutes in silence. At length she said:

"What a heap of rose-bushes Aunt has! I wish ours grew as well. We were poorly off for rose-water last year."

The breakfast bell rang, and Mr. Woodbridge came in only in time to say "Good morning" ere the family were seated at the table.

CHAPTER III.

"For human life is as Chian wine, flavored unto him who drinketh it; Delicate fragrance comforting the soul, as needful substance for the body: Therefore, see thou art pure and guileless; so shall thy realities of life Be sweetened, and tempered, and gladdened by the wholesome spirit of romance."

Two or three days elapsed, each bringing to Ellen their mingled burden of happiness and care, and to the sisters, her guests, frequent renewals of their first surprise, as they saw her quietly performing many a plain household duty, or wisely and gently ministering in the chamber of sickness. They wondered, too, to find that she had not relinquished her intellectual tastes and pursuits. Had they seen her in her usual daily routine, they would have condemned many more hours as misspent, because passed in eager interest over her book or her writing-desk. But, of necessity, the presence of visitors interrupted her indulgence in these favorite recreations. Still she bore to them a very inexplicable character. As Rachel said:

"It must be that cousin Ellen is romantic. We have always heard so, and her talk occasionally sounds like it; but I always supposed a romantic person was good for nothing. Ellen is fond of some foolish things, to be sure; but, for all that, she is a real *industrious* girl. She wouldn't stand gazing out at the window in an unswept room, or take to reading when Mary was waiting for orders about dinner. And, indeed, I venture o say, if the child were put to it, she'd do the whole work of the house herself."

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Very likely, Miss Rachel; very likely. Whatever is given her *from above* to do, whether exalted or humble in itself, seems to her a high and noble duty, worth doing and worth doing well.

As for brother George, he, too, regarded his fair cousin as an anomaly, although he looked upon her from a different stand-point. Had he been brought up with them upon the secluded farm at Northford, he would still have been less simple in tastes and plain in manners than they. Nature had given him a more refined mind and a quicker sense of fitness and beauty. But having been early adopted by an uncle in the city, his training, intellectual and social, was widely dissimilar. His sisters, now his nearest living relatives, he saw only during occasional visits, and felt little drawn towards them; so, although he demeaned himself with a kind of fraternal courtesy, there was no deep, close intimacy between them. When he consented to accompany them on this visit, it was with inward reluctance. His high opinion of himself, and his low estimate of all society beyond the precincts of city life, led him to anticipate a week of ennui. He had just graduated at the university of N., and was about entering the law school. A part of this interval of recreation he knew should be devoted to his sisters, who, whatever their defects might be, had a strong claim to his affection; so, smothering his regret, he acceded without outward cheerfulness to the plan arranged for him. He had gathered, from the incidental remarks of Rachel and Maria, that cousin Ellen had a pretty face, and had drawn in his own mind a very well-sketched portrait of rustic beauty; a short figure, with a round, dimpled face—blooming cheek and lips—twinkling blue eyes, with their mingled expression of mirth and bashfulness—and the soft golden hair parted smoothly on the temples.

It was hardly his own design; many a poet and novelist have used it before him. As he went on in his reverie, he thought complacently how he would dispel her embarrassment by familiarity and condescension, and win from her a tribute of admiration such as he had often won before. He had mingled much in fashionable society, where the high position of his uncle and his own pleasing address secured him an attentive welcome. He had flirted with many a pretty girl, not deliberately intending to trifle with any body's heart, (there was too much of the generous in his nature for that), but from that culpable thoughtlessness, in the exercise of which he was by no means singular. He excused himself by saying, and probably believing, that all young ladies were designing and coquettish in their treatment of his sex; and if they would make endeavors to catch every young man whom they considered a desirable match, they must sometimes expect a manœuvre in return.

But, happily for George Woodbridge, this theory of his was destined to receive a shock, sufficient to injure it materially. His first glance at his cousin, Ellen Howard, was to him the commencement of a novel study. He saw a beautiful face, it is true, but it was the beauty of the brunette, not of the blonde. It was beauty, too, of expression rather than of feature. Instead of the laughing, blushing, coy little country maiden he had expected to meet, he found a refined and highly-bred young girl, in whose manner a sweet and serious dignity mingled with her naturally pensive grace. He had the good sense to perceive at once that his meditated condescension would be quite out of place. The more he saw of her, the more anxious he became to secure her regard, and the more uncertain how to do it. He had several times attempted with her the gallant, or light and sentimental talk which pleases many a lady's ear, and in which he was thoroughly versed; but some tone, or glance, or word from her, would irresistibly assure him how foolish was the effort, and lead him to abandon it. As a guest, he could in no way complain of his entertainment. Her kind and true politeness taxed itself to make his visit an agreeable one. He acknowledged to himself that the days were far from dull. As he studied Ellen's character, he grew amazed at its nobility and unselfishness, in all the little exhibitions of every day. The better and deeper feelings of his soul were touched. He felt that his past life, especially his *social* life, had been very unworthy of himself. What a trifler he had been! How had he wasted time, intellect, and heart! This lesson had not come to him in vain. New resolves struggled within him, destined to give birth to a new future.

CHAPTER IV.

"See thou livest whiles thou art; for heart must live and soul.
But care, and sloth, and sin, and self, combine to kill that life."

It was the eve of the Woodbridges' departure. Mrs. Howard's easy-chair had been removed for the first time to the parlor, and all the hearts in that little household were made glad to see her sitting in it there, with the faint flush of returning health on her cheek. Her nieces were busily engaged in packing for the next day's journey. The parents and children had been alone together some moments, sitting almost silently, for they were too happy in this reunion of the family group to speak much to one another.

Ellen occupied a low seat at her mother's feet,

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so deeply occupied with grateful thoughts, that she did not heed the opening door. At Willie's words, "Why, where have you been all this time, cousin George?" she turned quickly and smiled on the new-comer, with still moistened eye and trembling lip.

"Ah, cousin Ellen, I was about to ask your company for a walk; but it seems hardly right to take you away from your dear mother."

"Oh, yes, George," said Mrs. H., "Ellie can go with you. I shall be glad to have her breathe this fresh, mild air, and I know she will enjoy it."

Ellen lingered to press the dear hand she held, and then complied. The two left the long village street and wandered into a green by-path. Although they maintained a continuous chat upon various subjects, neither seemed to relish the conversation. Ellen felt serious and subdued, more like weeping than talking. There are times when it is so with us all. George looked sad and troubled. At length, in answer to his cousin's simple inquiry when he intended to commence his professional studies, he replied:

"Oh, I don't know as I care to study a profession at all, unless I can find out the secret of *living better* than I have done. Tell me, Ellen, you who seem to perform every irksome duty as if it were a pleasure, what is your private recipe?"

Ellen was surprised, and still more so as he unfolded to her the history of his past. He told her of his disinclination to books, of his neglect of thorough application, because his natural quickness enabled him, by superficial study, to maintain a respectable standing in his class. He spoke of the future; of his aversion to the steady pursuit of any one calling; of his dislike to the petty drudgery which pertains to a lawyer's life. He alluded to his disgust with the frivolities of fashionable circles, and the difficulties of avoiding them; to his struggles after something better than what he had attained. All this he said rapidly, and with the air of one who is hastening through a disagreeable task, which is a necessary preliminary to something more pleasant. He finished with the words:

"But you will not understand this, cousin Ellen; you seem to find it *so easy* to do every duty and resist every temptation. I wonder why some must have all the storms, and others all the sunshine."

Ellen's sympathies were much moved. She was touched by the young man's candid confessions, and felt that she had not given him enough credit for depth and sincerity. She saw in him a reaching forth of spirit after the good and the true; but she saw also so many false notions of men and things, so many wrong and confused ideas of life, only just shaken from their firm hold, that she hardly knew what to say. His opinion of her own experience was so mistaken, that she corrected that at once.

"Oh no, George; indeed it is not *easy* for me to do right. The greatest trial, the deepest struggle I have ever known has been in consequence of my secret reluctance to go cheerfully about the homelier duties of life."

"What, Ellen, those very duties which you do just as if you loved to do them?"

"Oh! I have not conquered all the disinclination yet, cousin George; you must not think so. But I am striving and hoping."

"Well, what is the use after all? How can any refined and intellectual woman take upon herself the performance or even the supervision of domestic tasks, with the same relish with which she would read a poem, or study a language, or practise a song? How can an educated man stoop to drudgery for the sake of earning a little more bread to eat and raiment to put on, as readily as he engages in the pursuits of science? You *can't make it out*, coz."

They both smiled; the contrast between the last playful sentence and the earnest ones which preceded it was so striking.

"I agree with you," said Ellen, quietly.

"You *agree* with me! Why, I thought you maintained the opposite opinion; are you converted so soon?"

"You misunderstood me, sir. I have not said that one class of employments can become, intrinsically, as congenial as the other; but I do think we can find pleasure even in the least agreeable duties. We can engage in them from the *loftiest motives*. Are they not a part of our preparation life; as truly a part as those which the world calls noble and exalted? Is there not something heroic in the meanest service performed with singleness of heart, because God wills it? Oh! do we see half the beauty we might in the most common and trivial things?"

The speaker paused, as if her thoughts were impatient of the restraint of words. Her glowing cheek and lustrous eye showed the rapid current of feeling within. An involuntary admiring exclamation rose to the lips of George, as he looked at her. She turned towards him, and resting again upon his arm the hand which she had withdrawn, said gently:

"We will help each other in this struggle after a nobler and more earnest life, will we not, cousin George?"

They turned their steps homeward while she was speaking. Their walk was a slow one, and

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their talk long, and calmer than before. When they reached the parsonage door, each felt that the interview had been one not easily to be forgotten.

Ellen had learned that beneath her cousin's gay and careless exterior lay a warm, frank, and generous spirit, somewhat warped and chilled, but still there. She rejoiced that she had been employed by One who seeth all hearts, to touch its long-silent chords of right thought and feeling. She trembled lest she had not used her influence wisely. She hoped all things from his newly-formed resolves.

To George, the conversation had indeed been one which stirred his inmost soul and roused many a high impulse dormant there. Yet, amid all its *salutary* teachings, he had learned one *dangerous* lesson, inasmuch as it involved the risk of his happiness.

With the early gray of the next morning, the Howards bade adieu to their departing guests, and the family being once more alone, each resumed his accustomed place.

Not many days after, while the mother and daughter sat alone, "enjoying one of their old, dear talks," as Ellie said, Mr. Howard entered the sitting-room with a package of letters from the evening mail, one of which he handed to Ellen, while he held another open in his hand, as if awaiting her perusal. The mother's quick eye detected the changing color of Ellen's cheek and the compression of her lips as she read, and guessed, with a mother's intuition, the cause. Ellen finished the perusal of the sheet, and gave it to Mrs. Howard, with an expression of unmingled regret on her face. Her father placed his letter in her hand.

"It is but fair to show you Woodbridge's manly and feeling note to me. I had not supposed him capable of writing thus. The decision of the question he asks must, of course, rest with you, my child. Your mother is your best counsellor."

Mr. Howard left the room. Ellen sat apparently absorbed in thought.

Her mother watched her a little, then asked:

"Well, my love, is this a difficult matter to decide?"

"Oh no, mother, no. I was not hesitating what answer to give, but dreading to inflict pain upon him. I regret this doubly, on account of the conversation we had together the night before he left."

Ellen proceeded to narrate in substance, as we have done, the discourse between herself and her cousin.

The surprise which she had felt was echoed by her mother, and her father too, who had joined them again during the recital. Mr. Howard was much moved by it, and it was evident that he began to look more favorably upon Mr. Woodbridge's proposal.

"Do not be too hasty in your reply, Ellie," said he.

"But, father, only one reply is possible for me. My cousinly regard for George was never so strong as at this moment; but that is all I can give him."

The parents were too judicious to dwell upon the matter when it was once decided, especially as they saw that any allusion to it was painful to the sensitive Ellen. Her reply to Mr. Woodbridge was worded in the kindest and gentlest manner; but it said at once, and frankly: "Love me always as your cousin Ellen, or, if you will, as your sister; but let us think of no different relation."

CHAPTER V.

"A sister's love! Oh, brother, 'tis a golden chain
To bind thee fast to virtue and to truth."

A YEAR passed away, and Willis Howard was fitted to enter college; fitted, so far as the requisite knowledge of books was concerned, although in respect to pecuniary ability he was poorly prepared. His father's moderate salary comfortably supported them all in their quiet home, but the sending of a son to college would be a heavy tax on the scanty purse. Ellen had for some months looked forward to this crisis as the time to divulge a secret plan she was cherishing, the plan of becoming a teacher. She had fully counted the cost of leaving the dear parental roof, and seeking a home among strangers; of abridging her choicest pleasures, and resigning her ease and leisure, for the steady routine of school duty; and after looking at it in every light, she had fully and freely resolved to make the sacrifice. The results of her patient toil would help her darling brother to a place among the educated and honorable men of his country. Was not this reward enough?

But when her wishes were first broached to the family, they met with even more opposition than she had expected. The quick tear-drops came to her mother's eyes; her father put his arm lovingly around her, and said: "Ah, Ellie, you must not go out to cope with this hard world. My poor, sensitive child, you would be wounded a thousand times a day;" and Willie, the brave, generous-hearted boy, indignantly remonstrated, till his voice was too much choked with feeling to utter more.

Mrs. Howard's clear judgment, and perhaps

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also her better knowledge of Ellen's inner self, made her the first to withdraw a decisive disapproval.

"I do not know but Ellen is right," said she; "and if this measure is best, we must all consent to the sacrifice. The salary which she would secure as a teacher would undoubtedly give us the necessary pecuniary aid; and if we can obtain it in no better way, I think Ellen would be justly grieved by the refusal of her offer."

"Father, I wish that merchant brother of yours in the West Indies would just fork over a thousand," said Willie.

"Oh! my boy, your uncle Frank will never forget his old quarrel with me. I fear 'A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city.'"

Ellen did not like the mention of uncle Frank very well, for she understood the story of his estrangement from their father better than Willis. She seldom spoke of him, while her brother was often characteristically projecting all sorts of indefinite plans in respect to the wealth of his unknown relative. Ellen interrupted with the words:

"Hush, Willie; I would not lay my hand on uncle Frank's money if he should give me his whole estate."

"But *I* would though, quick enough. You should have a fine house and a splendid piano; and—oh! no; these are not the things you like best. Well, you should have a great library and a beautiful greenhouse; and you should travel. Oh, yes; you should go to Europe—go to Europe. You'd like *that*, I know; for I've often heard you say so."

They all laughed at Willie's air-castles. It was a common thing. They are built at a smile, and tumble down at a sigh. His baseless palaces dissolved as he listened to the conversation of his parents, and heard their final decision in favor of Ellen's plan. His proud spirit was sorely tried, and he said, impetuously:

"Well, sister Ellie, you won't do all this *for nothing*. When I get rich, you shall let me pay you back principal and interest, besides all the presents I shall make you."

Ellen assented, and off he went to spout poetry to the old forest-trees on the hill, weaving for himself another gorgeous web of dreams.

A few weeks of inquiry procured for Ellen a desirable situation, and she was soon installed at her new post of duty. Every thing was novel to her. She had never seen the interior of a boarding-school before; for, during her own pupilage, she was always a day-scholar.

Her task seemed less burdensome than she expected. She was not slow in winning the love of the little circle by which she was surrounded. She was interested in this new opportunity of studying character. She felt that the measured routine of boarding-school existence did not shut her out from the happiness and beauty, nor even the true romance of life. Why should it? For those exist within the soul, and may still be there when we are encompassed by the most adverse circumstances.

Her separation from the loved ones at home was relieved by frequent tidings and the joyful vacation visits. She heard, with all a sister's fond pride, of her brother's high reputation as a scholar. Every word in his praise made her pulse throb quicker, and seemed to her a glad omen of his final success. She dreamt not of the little cloud which early began to cast its shadow on his path. He had entered his Sophomore year ere she began the sad mistrust that all was not well with him, and even then it was his own letters which excited the suspicion. No vague rumors of evil came floating to her ear. All who spoke of her brother gave him an untarnished name; yet her jealous affection detected, although he wrote to her long and frequently as ever, a forced gayety, an unusual silence about himself, and an evidently agitated mind.

Her fears were swift to take the alarm; but she hesitated what course to pursue. At one time, she thought of consulting her parents; but she dreaded lest she should excite in them groundless apprehensions. At last, she concluded to write freely and candidly to Willis himself, to tell him her anxiety, beseeching his pardon if it were unwarranted.

CHAPTER VI.

"It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears."

And now, my readers, let me change the scene, and take you through the narrow entries and up the well-worn stairs of an old college building.

In his solitary room sat Willis Howard, looking much unlike the gay, happy boy whom we last saw castle-building at the parsonage. His sister's open letter lay on the table before him, and his hands were clasped upon it, while his whole face showed the workings of a terrible mental struggle. Slowly, one by one, the large tears dropped upon the paper, and as they fell, his muscles relaxed, his features assumed a softer expression, and he said, half audibly: "Oh! Ellie, sister Ellie!" Then, rising, he put back impatiently the rich chestnut hair, bathed his feverish temples, and hurriedly left the apartment.

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Not many days after, a dark sorrow fell upon that parsonage home, into which we have looked so often. A letter was received, addressed in Willie's well-known hand, but post-marked at New York. What could it mean? The seal was broken, and the contents were rapidly devoured. It ran thus:

"DEAR PARENTS:—It breaks my heart to grieve you, as I know my sin and folly will do. What will you think of me, when I tell you that I have left college; left it because, if I staid a month longer, I should be a *ruined man!* I had fallen in with a band of gay, free-hearted associates, who taught me to love the wine-cup. It has gained a terrible power over me. I was beginning to neglect study, to disregard every thing, for the sake of that accursed indulgence. I thought the knowledge of this was not yet in possession of the Faculty; but I had overheard my comrades saying: 'Howard is going a little too far.' I saw what disgrace was coming. I tried to reform, tried with *all my might;* but my companions induced me to break my pledges again and again.

"Just at this time I received a letter from Ellie. Her love had divined some change in me. I thought of her toiling so nobly for me, while I was preparing a bitter cup for her lips. All the heroism I have was aroused within me. I resolved to leave college; for I knew I had not the strength to resist evil influences here. I went to Professor B., and told him my whole story. He was as thunderstruck as you will be. He begged me to remain; but I succeeded in convincing him that it was impossible for me to do so, and be a sober man. At length he offered me a week's leave of absence, in which to go home, and consult my parents, and promised, if they consented to my wishes, to give me an honorable dismissal. I came down to New York yesterday. That Providence, in which I am beginning to have a new and more devout belief, had in store for me here a calming influence. As I stepped from the boat to the wharf, I heard a familiar voice at my side exclaim, 'Why, cousin Willis, is it possible this is you?' and, ere I had time to reply, I was walking arm in arm with George Woodbridge. I presume I was too agitated to talk coherently; for we had taken but a few steps when he asked me abruptly: 'What is the matter?'

"On the impulse of the moment, hardly knowing what I did, I told him all. He expressed the most earnest sympathy, and insisted that I should come to his office and have a talk with him. I am sure he is greatly changed since we knew him. I can never thank him enough for his clear, kind, judicious reasoning. I told him that it was my purpose to go to sea, if you approved. I was ready, in short, to enlist as a hand on board a whaling ship. But he put a veto upon this at once. 'My dear fellow,' said he, 'it is doubtless a good thing for you to get away from the old scenes of temptation for a few months; but to go off as a common sailor on a three years' voyage, why, it will not do at all; you must not waste your time and energies so.'

"I yielded to his arguments. He told me that a friend of his, the captain of a vessel to sail next week for the West India islands, was in need of a clerk, and it was possible he could get the place for me. He would try; meanwhile I must go with him to his uncle's. I strongly objected, stating that I was on my way home to throw myself upon your forgiveness. He protested against my leaving the city, as by so doing I might lose all chance of securing the clerkship. I thought it best to follow his advice. I have seen Captain Edwards to-day, and our contract awaits only your sanction. And, now that I have given you this rapid story, what will you say, what will you think of me? Do not cast me off; I hope to be worthy yet of your love. Forgive your repentant child.

"Tell Ellie *she*, under God, was the means of saving me. When I spoke of it to George, he changed color, grasped my hand, and answered hurriedly, 'You are not *the only one* who can say *that*.' Write immediately to your unworthy son,

"WILLIS HOWARD."

The father and mother mingled their tears of keen disappointment and sorrow with those of chastened gratitude that their dear boy had been thus early arrested in the fatal course which he had entered. That night, the wrestling prayer of strong parental love and holy faith went up to the ear of God.

The first impulse with both Mr. and Mrs. Howard had been to send for Ellen, and accordingly a letter was hastily dispatched, containing her brother's epistle, and requesting her immediate return home.

Poor Ellen! it required all her fortitude and self-control, yea, more than these, it required a borrowed strength, to enable her judiciously and calmly to prepare for the journey and take leave of her pupils, who detained her to the very last moment with their fond good-byes.

But her presence came like a ray of sun-light to those saddened hearts in her own home. She spoke to them as hopefully, and smiled as brightly, as if no load of crushed hopes and harrowing fears lay upon her heart.

Mr. Howard saw his son set sail, and gave him a father's parting benediction. He also charged

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him to inquire after the residence of his uncle Frank, to see him, if possible, and convey to him in person such friendly messages as had met no reply when expressed by letter.

The earliest news from the absent one was awaited with mingled hope and dread, but it was destined to give joy. He had had a prosperous voyage, had eminently won the favor of the captain, and felt strengthened in all his good resolves. He had, moreover, discovered his uncle's place of residence soon after he came into port. He found him prostrated by a lingering disease, and apparently on the borders of the grave. The dying man sent words of reconciliation and affection to his distant brother, and entreated that Willis might remain with him, that he might have at least one natural mourner to follow him to the tomb. Mr. Howard was much touched by these softened expressions, and wrote a cordial consent to his brother's last request; but, ere the letter reached its place of destination, the sick man no longer heeded the ministries of love.

He died, rich in this world's goods, but he spoke not of "a treasure laid up in heaven." His business companions stopped the whirl of their cares a moment to look into his open coffin, then went their way in forgetfulness. There were no wife or children to mourn his loss or to share the ample inheritance he left behind. His estates fell to his brother's family, as his only legal heirs. Willis was made very serious, as he thought *how* his dreams had been fulfilled. Alas! he had learned a *sad* as well as salutary lesson of distrust in himself. Where were the bright visions of academic honor which beckoned him on a year ago? He had tarnished them with his own hand.

Having arranged his business affairs as expeditiously as possible, he hastened back to his expectant friends. Need we say that he received a warmer welcome than was ever given him before? No one questioned him as to the thoroughness of his reformation, for his first salutation to his sister was: "Ellie, I have not touched another drop of the deceitful drink, and, God help me, I never shall."

The question of his future career was an anxious one with them all. It was at length decided that he should accede to George Woodbridge's proposal, and enter his office as a law-student. Mr. Howard and Ellen were exceedingly desirous that he should finish his collegiate course, but Willis himself opposed it resolutely; and as his mother tacitly encouraged his resistance, the question was decided according to his judgment.

CHAPTER VII.

"There be few, O child of sensibility! who deserve to have thy confidence.
Yet weep not; for there are some, and such some live for thee:
To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find they the occasion:
For, though no man excludeth himself from the high capability of friendship,
Yet verily is the man a marvel, whom truth can write a friend."

A FEW months elapsed, and Ellen received an urgent invitation to visit some friends in New York, with whom her brother had contracted a pleasant intimacy. "Don't refuse us, Ellie," wrote Willis; "I have set my heart upon your coming, and so has Rose." And Ellen had no wish to refuse. She was quite as anxious to see Miss Rose Everton as her brother was to have her.

As for Rose herself, although it was true that she had "set her heart" upon the meeting, she looked forward to it with some uneasiness. She had heard so highly of "Mr. Howard's sister," both from that gentleman and his cousin, that she stood a little in awe of her superiority.

It was with some heart-beatings, then, that she took her station in the parlor on the morning in which she expected her guest. Would she not be afraid of Miss Howard? How would she appear to Willis when beside his noble, beautiful sister? The blushes chased away the thoughts at every ring of the door-bell. At length *the* ring she knew right well came. The brother and sister were ushered into the parlor. Almost before the former spoke the simple introduction, "My sister Ellen, Rose," the two girls had clasped each other's hands.

Ellen felt that she should love this fair, gentle girl, and that if she were ever so happy as to have her for a sister, it would be matter for real rejoicing. Rose wondered where all her fears had fled to at the first tones of Ellen's low, sweet voice. A newly-awakened admiration and affection showed itself so plainly in the candid face of Rose, that Ellen could not but see it, though it was too open and child-like to embarrass her. Willis looked on, delighted to see the two thus made friends at once. In a few hours the stranger felt herself at home. Mr. Everton's kind courtesy, Rose's affectionate freedom, and her mother's warm welcome, left no room for coldness. The day passed quickly and socially. In the evening, Mrs. Everton's elegant drawing-room was filled with guests. The sisters, as Ellen and Rose already styled themselves, were dressed similarly, which made the contrast between them the more striking.

Rose was the lily. Her countenance was full of gentleness and modesty. Her playful, quiet humor drew many to her side.

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Ellen's beauty—the beauty of the South—was unusually animated. She felt the influence of a congenial group which had gathered around her. She had unconsciously attracted the talent and brilliancy of the assemblage.

In one of the window recesses stood a gentleman, who had recently entered the rooms. For a few moments he was busily engaged in conversation with the hostess of the evening, and seemed to avoid the notice of the company. He was not, however, entirely unobserved. Among those whose attention he attracted was Ellen Howard. His fine face was shaded from her view by the drapery curtains; but she was struck with the air of nobility about his figure, and watched an opportunity to satisfy her curiosity by questioning Rose. Ere this was obtained, Mrs. Everton had taken the stranger's arm, and they were making their way to the spot where her daughter stood. Rose suddenly perceived them, and, starting with surprise, exclaimed: "Why, Uncle Sidney, is this really you?"

A warm greeting followed, and the gentleman exchanged compliments with one and another, still retaining his sister at his side. His manner was marked by a polished refinement and a lofty ease, which, until he spoke, gave one the impression of coldness. When his countenance was in repose, an expression, in whose pensiveness a little hauteur was mingled, rested upon it; but in conversation, his rich, musical voice, warm and truthful in its tones, convinced one that the face was not a full index to the spirit. But we are anticipating.

While Ellen was marvelling at this novel addition to the circle, Mrs. Everton drew near her, and said with some *empressement*, "My brother, Sidney Irving, Miss Howard." She added gaily, "His presence to-night is a very joyful surprise to us. We have not seen him for two years, as he has been absent on a European tour, and we did not so much as anticipate his arrival, at Boston, yesterday. I suspect this abrupt return to us was premeditated."

Mr. Irving smiled, and acknowledged the charge. He then turned towards Ellen, and with nonchalant courtesy, addressed to her some light questions of the hour. She answered them very much as they were asked. His delicate perception led him to address her upon more elevated themes. She was soon amazed to find herself talking so freely and earnestly to a stranger; speaking out thoughts, deep or fanciful, which she usually hid in the recesses of her own mind. The eager interest with which she heard any allusion to what he had seen abroad, gradually drew from him so many stories of foreign travel, so many outbursts of enthusiasm, and such frankly expressed opinions, that had she known him better, she would have wondered much. As it was, she though it strange that a face so grave and calm one instant, could become so beautifully and spiritually lighted the next; and ere the evening had passed she felt that it would be a 'pleasant thing to become better acquainted with this same brothe of Mrs. Everton's.

When Rose and Ellie had retired to their room for the night, the former, after chatting in a frank and confidential way of one guest after another, asked, "And, Ellie, how did you like my uncle Sidney? He talked with you longer than I eve, saw him with any young lady before."

"I liked him very much," was the candid reply.

"What! were you not afraid of him?"

"*Afraid of him*, Rose! why should I be?"

"Because I am, I suppose; and so are almost all young girls. I don't know of any one except my mother who is really familiar with him. She is his only sister, and I believe he loves her better than all the rest of the world."

"But I don't see, after all, *why* you are afraid of Mr. Irving; pray tell me, Rose."

"Oh! he can be so distant and cool. To be sure, he is exceedingly kind to me, but I do not feel that I come near him at all; besides, he has such odd notions of ladies. I once heard him talk about it with mother. She was asking him why he did not marry. (He is over thirty, now.) He told her he had seen but three styles of women in the world—the intellectual, the practical, and the sentimental, he should call them. The first he should not object to meet at a literary soiree, the second he should like for his housekeeper, and with the last he could walk on a moonlight evening; but he didn't want either of them for his wife. Those were his very words, Ellie."

"Well," said Ellen, who had been listening attentively, "how did your mother answer him?"

"Oh, she told him there were some who united the qualities he had described, and that she thought him a little unreasonable. He said he agreed with her entirely, but she must have patience with him. He had pictured to himself a woman with a highly cultivated mind, an ardent fancy, and a warm heart, who was, nevertheless, all the better fitted to preside over a home; but he had never happened to meet such a person who was unmarried. Mother answered, laughingly, that perhaps if he should find such a prize, it might not be in his power to secure it. I must confess I was glad to see Uncle Sidney a little teased for once. He colored a good deal, though he answered pretty coolly, 'Perhaps not.'

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"But what a long talk I have given you! You must not let this make you *dislike* my uncle, Ellen. I love him dearly after all, and I should feel sorry enough not to have you do the same."

"Oh, no!" said Ellen, smiling, and flinging back her curls with a quick motion peculiar to her when a little confused, "I shall form my own opinion of him, I presume."

Rose had given a pretty true description of her uncle, so far as it went. There are a few things which may be added. He was a man of talent and of learning. His inclination led him to desire every possible advantage for mental culture, and his liberal resources allowed him the means of gratifying that desire. Accordingly, he had studied much, travelled much, and mingled freely with men of letters. His mind was rich in knowledge and refinement. His heart was as rich in deep and warm affections, but these had never been drawn out in all their power. He had early lost the tender, changeless love of parents. His intercourse with the world had taught him that bitter lesson of distrust, so easy to learn and so hard to forget. He was not misanthropic; but he judged, unwisely, perhaps, that it is best to keep the heart under lock and key. To his sister, and a few friends besides, its treasures were open; but for others he allowed no deeper feeling than that prompting the perfect courtesy of his manner. The large benevolence of his nature was not drawn out, as it might have been, toward his kind. It waited some electric touch to set in motion its currents, the sympathy of a more ardent and trustful soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Charity sitteth on a fair hill-top, blessing far and near;
But her garments drop ambrosia, chiefly on the violets around her;
She gladdeneth, indeed, the map-like scene, stretching to the verge of the horizon,
For her face is lustrous and beloved, even as the moon in heaven;
But the light of that beatific vision gloweth in serener concentration,
The nearer to her heart, and nearer to her home—that hill-top where she sitteth."

The Evertons' parlors had exchanged the brilliant gas-light for the pure, warm rays of the morning sun, as George Woodbridge and Ellen Howard sat side by side upon one of the luxurious sofas.

Both had recovered from the slight discomposure of their first meeting alone, and Ellen was earnestly expressing her gratitude for his many services to Willis. Her cheek glowed, and her voice trembled with feeling, as she spoke of the kindnesses her brother had received.

Mr. Woodbridge disclaimed all title to her thanks, saying he had only endeavored to pay, in some measure, a debt he owed to *her*.

As she looked surprised, he added:

"You taught me what it is to live, cousin Ellen; you first showed me how, not only to perform duty, but to do it *happily*."

Ellen saw his agitation, and with the simple words, "You must thank a higher Friend than I, cousin George," she changed the topic of conversation.

An hour passed in pleasant, animated talk, and George left reluctantly. The interview which he had desired, yet dreaded to seek, was over. The frank affection of Ellen's "Good-bye," the warm, sisterly pressure of her hand, lingered with him long after he had walked the busy streets, and was seated by his table, which was piled with ponderous law-tomes. Yes, the beauty of her daily life had woven a charm for him which was never to be broken. In long after years, if we prophesy aright, when weary of the world, its cares and pains, the memory, or the presence of Ellen Howard will animate him with fresh heroism to work and to endure joyfully until the end shall come.

CHAPTER IX.

"Many thoughts, many thoughts, who can catch them all?
The best are ever swiftest-winged, the duller lag behind."

The further particulars of Ellen's happy visit at the Evertons', and her return to the family circle at Hermon, it is not our purpose to relate. Neither will we speak of the few quiet months which succeeded; but, ere we pause finally in our heroine's life-history, let us look in upon that tasteful city home, to which Mr. Howard's enfeebled health and his son's interests have induced the family to remove. A few years ago this change would have been almost sure to spoil Ellen. How is it now?

She is surrounded by all that can please and interest her. The reading she covets is within her reach. She has free access to congenial society. The leisure she desires for study or composition is at her command. The reputation of which she has dreamed offers itself to her pen. A trip across the Atlantic, a visit to the attractive portions of her own country, are gratifications in which she may indulge if she chooses. And is her time, therefore, all devoted to pursuits which best please herself? No; daily her own fancies are sacrificed to the comfort or entertainment of others. The interesting book is abandoned for a lively chat with the young attorney, who comes in often, at the close of a day's hard study, with a fit of "the blues," which nobody but sister Ellie can drive away. The writing is laid aside that she may walk or ride with an invalid father. The needle is busily plied to make garments for the destitute ones

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whom her pity has sought out to relieve. Many suffering poor bless that sweet, noble young face which looks in upon them kindly. Many poverty-stricken sick follow with their grateful prayer her who comes to their low bedside, and not only gives them beautiful words of sympathy, but smooths with her own hand the threadbare coverlet, and prepares skilfully some delicate nourishment.

Nor are theirs the only benedictions which rest upon her. The fond hearts of her parents joy and delight in her. Willie and George (her two brothers, as she calls them) regard "sister Ellie" as a perfectly invaluable treasure, and their opinion is confirmed by gentle Rose Everton, without a tinge of jealousy. Mr. Irving, too, has not misimproved the opportunity which a continued residence with his sister gives him, to study Miss Howard's character. He confesses that he knows *one* woman, at the least, who is talented without being affected or cold-hearted; imaginative, and even *romantic*, without being above this every-day world; in a word, who reconciles an elevated, refined, and ardent nature with the cheerful performance of homely and practical duties; that she even makes these very duties, in themselves humble and trivial, seem beautiful and exalted, for she does not *descend* to them, but raises them to a loftier level.

The gray twilight of an autumn evening is mingling with the softened, dreamy glow of the anthracite in Mrs. Howard's sitting-room. The apartment seems not like a strange one, for we recognize the familiar furniture of the little parlor at the parsonage, which the true delicacy of a loving memory has grouped together here.

Mrs. Howard is seated in her own rocking-chair, and Ellen in her old place at her mother's feet. Time has wrought many changes since we saw her thus for the first time; yet we find her still in her free, happy girlhood. There are more traces of the years in her heart than on her brow. Ah! there are records there of happiness, of suffering, of struggle, and of victory, which, perhaps, she is reading to-night, as she sits in that absent, musing attitude, while her dear mother's hand rests in hers.

Perhaps she is talking with the future instead of the past. But why should we seek to penetrate the veil of thought? The heat and burden of life are still before her. May she bear the noon as well and nobly as the morning promises, showing in her sphere what high-souled, earnest, practical womanhood can do.

A heartfelt "*God bless you*" is our good-bye to her and to you, dear reader.

THE WHITE VIOLET.

TO MY HUSBAND'S TWIN-SISTER ON HER THIRTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

BY JULIA GILL.

Summer has roses with bosoms a-glow,
Spring has its bonny bells white as the snow;
Thirty years since, when the winter was here,
Tearing the roses and bells from the year,
Sending its winds with a wail through the trees,
Sprang up a flower that was sweeter than these.

Under the forest-tree feedeth the deer,
Leading its twin where the waters are clear;
Up in the branches green buildeth the dove,
(Twain are the nestlings she broodeth above;)
Dovelet and deer in the forest and tree,
Never were purer or gentler than she!

Out in the woods where I wandered a child,
Tiny and white grows the violet wild;
Scorning the tulip and passing the rose,
Leaving the nooks where the evergreen grows,
Revelled my heart in the violet wee,
Dainty and fragrant—too small for the bee.

Just like that violet gentle and white,
Under the mosses gray hiding from sight;
Quiet, content by the stream where it grew,
Feeding on sunshine and bathing in dew,
Nursing its buds in a green nook apart,
So is the *twin* of the *twin of my heart!*

OUR COUNTRY.

BY A. A. M.

A map of North America is before us. We glance over a space extending from the British possessions on the north, to Mexico on the south; from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific; a space comprised within the limits of a few square inches; and we call this our country. We say it contains twenty-three millions of inhabitants, and three millions of square miles, and that only about half of its vast territory is yet even divided into States. We speak of its vast resources, and of its rapid growth, but do we, after all, get any adequate idea of the things of which we speak?

It is quite an easy thing to talk of going to our extreme western boundary, and to go even, now that "Fire and Water are wedded, and their infant son, Steam, has spread out his arms and swam across the ocean;" but it is quite another thing to measure off the distance by slow and toilsome day's marches, through swamps and wildernesses, across rivers, and over moun-

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tains. Think of the first settlers of Connecticut; of the hardships those pioneers endured on their way from the Massachusetts colony, of their wearisome days and gloomy nights, and try to imagine such a journey to the El Dorado of the West, the great lakes on our northern boundary, or the everglades of the South, and you will get some faint idea of what our country really is.

How can the heart but swell with pride, and the face glow with a noble, generous enthusiasm, when we think of the broad, beautiful land we call our own! Look upon her wide prairies, covered with their tall, waving grass, and their own beautiful wild flowers, and bounded only by the horizon; hear the thunder of her Niagara; see the clouds gather, and the lightnings flash beneath your feet, as you stand on the snow-capped summit of her Mount Washington; float down the bosom of the mighty river in whose turbid waters the adventurous De Soto found a peaceful grave; go over the snowy cotton fields of the South; look upon her noble western bay, where all the navies of the world might ride in safety, and feel yourself tossed upon the heaving billows of her inland seas, and tell me who can justly feel proud, if not an American?

But would we imbue the whole soul with a nobler, holier feeling, we would go to the quiet shades of Mount Vernon, and meditate by the humble tomb where our Washington sleeps his last, long sleep—Washington, whom the world delights to honor; we would stand where the waves beat high on Plymouth's rock-bound coast, and let our thoughts retrace the past, until we see the frail Mayflower, braving the wrath of wild and wintry seas, to reach a shore as wild and wintry—a shore which the stout, true-hearted men she bore have hallowed by their prayers, their sufferings, and their death; we would look upon battle-fields baptized in the blood of such men as Warren and Montgomery, and weep over the sufferings of the noble patriots, whose naked, bleeding feet, crimsoned the snows of Valley Forge. Yes, we are proud of our country, but a feeling of deep reverence and awe mingles with our pride, when we think of the patriots and moral heroes who have made her what she is.

Nor will we forget the women of America. Though the laurel of the warrior or the civic garland of the statesman may not crown their brows, they are not quite forgotten in our country's annals. There stands the name of the dusky daughter of the forest, the generous Pocahontas, America's own child, surrounded by a halo of cherished memories, which only brightens as it recedes in the long vista of the past. There, too, is the touching memorial of the beautiful Rose Standish, who was transplanted from her English bower to bloom awhile in the wilderness, and then droop before our chilling blasts, and pass away to more genial skies. There stands the name of Martha Washington, who, in the time that tried men's souls, was a fit helpmeet for our country's hero; who, filling the highest station in the land, which woman may fill, scorned not to minister to the necessities of her household with her own hands, and gloried in being arrayed in fabrics from her own loom. There is the name of Abigail Adams, the wife of one president, and the mother of another—a woman who was never at school a day in her life, and yet had the mind and education to mould the character of him who was afterwards so justly called the old man eloquent—a woman who graced alike the humble New England home, the courtly circles of Paris and London, and the presidential mansion. Would you get a glimpse of some of the main springs of the Revolution, of the strong under-current which swept everything before it, read the letters of Mrs. Adams, and see the lofty spirit which actuated her in common with multitudes of her countrywomen.

Our government is a grand experiment, and the eyes of the world are fixed upon it, but thus far it has marched on gloriously in its young might. The croakings of the raven have been wafted across the waters from the crumbling ruins of ancient monarchies, but our noble eagle yet spreads his broad pinions over a free country, and with his steadfast eye fixed on the sun, "swerves not a line, but bears onward, right on." But when we think of the vastness of our country, its mighty power, its tremendous responsibilities, and its unknown destiny, we almost tremble as we look into the future. Can we, the daughters of the land, weak and insignificant that we are, do aught to make its glory lasting, to widen and deepen its broad foundation, and strengthen its pillars? Yes; we are to become the women of America; we are to stand in the places where Martha Washington and Abigail Adams stood, and the responsibilities which rested on them are to be ours. Shall their mantle rest upon us?

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN is shown to have been written by John, the disciple and follower of Jesus, by such evidence as belongs to no book of classical antiquity. Read it with this in view.

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ALLAN GREY.

BY ELMINA WALDO CARRY.

'Tis winter, dumb and cold and dreary; and down from the dull sky sifts the noiseless snow. The shivering lambs huddle closely about the huge stacks of cornstalks, and bleat most piteously for their more hardy mothers. The lowing cattle, with a light sprinkling of snow upon their huge backs, turn eagerly from the ricks of hay, where they stand chewing the sweet cud, to see if the barn-door be opened, that they may enter and be fed, for it is time for them to expect their measure of bran and the number of golden ears that are nightly meted out to them. The white turkeys look like little hillocks of snow, so still do they stand, with one foot drawn up against their icy beards, and their heads bent back and hid in the thick, warm feathers. The red rooster, that lately crowed so blithely in the morning, and at night marshaled his feathery dames with such infinite pride to the old cherry-tree, now stands dumb, nor ventures to fly to his accustomed perch. It is time, yet the husbandman goes not forth to-night, calling loudly to his patient kine to follow, as he was wont to do. And why? From the chimney of his rude house the blue smoke curls, and within, the fire begins to shimmer on the window-panes, while he sits before it sullen and thoughtful; for the milk of human kindness is dried up within his veins, and instead flows the vile stream that has blighted the happiness of so many mortals, and ruined souls innumerable.

Upon her sick-bed lies the wife whom he had loved less than the tempter, else she had not been there. Pallid, wan, and wasted, overtasked nature was fast sinking beneath the weight of her tormenting sorrow, and soon her "little life would be rounded by a sleep." Her babe is by her side; and now the rough winds moan bitterly about the house, but not so bitterly as the dying mother, as she takes her babe to her arms a second and a third time, and presses her blue lips to his, round and rosy red. Then laying him from off her arm, she says: "Your pretty waxen fingers will shrink from the cold clay, and I will put you softly away that you may not wake. Father all-merciful! with thee I trust my precious one." And now her failing voice grew fainter and fainter, till it died in whispers upon her lips, the lids closed over the sightless orbs, and she slept, calmly and peacefully; while by her side slept her baby, but not so well.

When he woke and clapped his dimpled hands, and crowed so witchingly, no mother hurried to the bedside to clasp him in her arms and claim the kiss, or murmured softly in answer to his baby voice; but he was neglected instead, till his good humor gave place to fretfulness, and then he saw, not the blue eyes of his mother looking down into his own, but the face of a stranger, from whom he shrank in fear; and when she had taken him in her arms, he hid his face in her dress, and filled the room with his wild and terrified cries. Then the woman wrapped the blanket closely about him, and, covering his face, bore him through the storm to her own roof, for she was henceforth to be all the mother he would ever know; and it may be, if fate had given him a wiser and kinder guardian, his life had been a longer and better one.

Allan Grey was a beautiful babe, but his beauty was never seen, because of his parentage and his poverty. No kind hands wrought for him the embroidered cloak and tasteful slip; no kind one showered kisses upon his rosy cheeks, or patted playfully his pretty hands together, saying those merry words familiar to little children, "Patty cake, patty cake!" and then suddenly threw the imaginary cake away to bake, till he laughed aloud. But he was left propped up in his rude cradle, or sitting by the hour upon the hard cold floor, the only plaything he ever had a string of empty spools, which of course soon lost all the charm they ever had for him. In vain does his lip tremble, keeping back the bitter cry; in vain does he stretch forth his hands to the passer-by, for she sees not how piteously he reaches towards her, and feels not a mother's tender pity, saying anxiously, as they are wont to do, "You pretty neglected one, I will take you up." When he falls upon his face, he only gets lifted up again for a moment, and then placed upon the floor, and his string of spools thrown towards him, which he drops, for he is tired of them, and wants to be petted and talked to. Poor baby! he will never be petted and talked to!

If he have sorrows to endure, in his home will he find no consolation. No one there will say to him: "We have many blessings for which to be thankful, and because of which we are rich though poor." The sound of the "church-going bell" will be no music to him, for he will never go there to learn the meek beauty of simple faith in the cross—that only antidote for all the woes of human life. The Lord's Prayer will not fall from his lips, nor will he ever enter the Sabbath-school; for no one will lead him there, that his

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feet may be turned into the way of life. And when he shall seek for pity, and sympathy, and kindness, and shall find it not, when the love and meekness of his nature are neglected and repressed, what marvel if the young immortal should turn aside and be lost!

The days of babyhood are at length past, and Allan Grey, with all his unkind neglect, has known more of care and kindness than he will ever know again; for the unconscious babe had some attention, though he needed it less than the prattling child.

And now the Spring has come, and her myriad buds have pushed through their dark, rough scales; violets, golden, blue and white, sprinkle the borders of the wood; and delicate, many-tinted flowers grow by the brook-sides; and all over the green pastures the cattle stray and graze all day, and the fat white lambs, in pleasant frolic, scamper up and down the hill-sides; and young children, glad to get out of school, gather the wild flowers, and make haste to count the chickens that have picked the shell, and come peeping to life. The house-dog comes forth from his warm kennel, and stretches himself in the pleasant sunshine, or playfully chases the young pigs from the door-yard. The thrifty housewife washes the white wool, and cards it into smooth rolls.

And now 'tis later, and the morning-glories begin to climb over the porch, and simple flowers bloom about the door, and women and children are busy weeding in the vegetable gardens. And Allan, where is he? Neglected as before. Clad in a simple slip and coarse straw hat, his plump round feet and arms bare alike to breeze and sunshine, he wanders alone among the flowers, pulling them without leaves and scattering them on the ground. And now he reaches for a bright red hollyhock, when lo! hid away in the pretty cup is a golden-belted bee, that, creeping out with drowsy hum, stings the tiny fingers. With loud cries he lets fall all his flowers, and turns towards the house, screaming louder and louder, but no one comes to see what has happened him; and when he calls, Mother, mother! she who comes and sees in his hand the white swollen spot does nothing for him. She does not bathe it, nor kiss it lovingly, that his grief may be soothed: nor take him to her arms, singing a cradle song and rocking him to sleep; but saying harshly, "Perhaps it will teach you something; if you had let the flowers alone, you would not have got stung," she leaves him crying, and returns to her work. He stands there looking eagerly after her, but she tells him she has no time to take him now; and he is weary, and dropping on the floor, falls asleep, with the sad tears on his sunburnt cheeks; but his sorrow is so great that he sobs and moans sadly all the while. And no hand pushes back the waves of his soft brown hair, and wipes the tears from his face, or softly places the pillow under his head, and goes quietly away that he may not be disturbed. It is a great pity, yet none of these little attentions are thought of; and it is merely a matter of rejoicing that he is out of mischief, and out of every body's way.

To me there is always something inexpressibly sad in a child that has cried itself to sleep, and whose sighs betoken unhappiness. For their tender feelings must have been injured, or their anger aroused, and in either case it is a melancholy sight; for whether it be one or the other, the result will be alike pitiable: for anger ever induces malice, and that, when once aroused, even in the bosom of a child, grows and strengthens with its years. And if, on the other hand, a child's sensitive nature receives a shock, it is never forgotten, and in after-years one who has early been recklessly and wantonly tortured will live over and over again all its bitter suffering. Oh, if those who have charge of young children would reflect that every word spoken is all-powerful for good or for evil, how much they might lessen the measure of human anguish!

But to return to Allan, whom we left lying on the floor, his arm his only pillow. Since then he has seen some joys and many sorrows, very trivial indeed to persons of larger growth, but not so to him. The hour-glass of Time has been turned many times, and changes have come —such changes as teach the well-disciplined mind that all is vanity, and that only the Giver of every good and perfect gift hath no variableness, nor shadow of turning.

The ripe wheat hung heavy in the head, no longer swaying gracefully with the swell of every breeze, and through it the stalwart reapers swing their heavy cradles all day, save at times when they pause to whet the sharp blade, blithely whistling the while. The clover stands in dry stacks about the fields, where in the moonlight happy children play the merry game of "hide and seek." Allan is not large enough yet to go there at night; but when the bright pitch-forks gleam in the sunshine, and the horses that he loves come to the trough to drink, he thinks he will get leave to ride to the field, for he has been there once or twice, but sometimes he has

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trouble in finding it, and sometimes he is detained to have his face washed, or purposely that he may be too late; and sure enough, when he gets back to the gate he hears the red wagon rattle away, and sees the sturdy horses walk steadily and soberly towards the field. In vain does he trudge after, thinking to overtake them, for they gain upon him continually, and finally he is tired out, and his feet stumble upon the rough ground, and, provoked and disappointed, he falls upon his face; and when he finally gets up again, the tears come thick and fast, and, rubbing his eyes with his hands, he toddles madly and blindly back. The harvest gatherers cast pitying glances after him, but they have no time to wait for him, or to take care of him, and know that he is in less danger at home. When he has recovered from his disappointment, he tries to amuse himself in some other way, and almost forgets it, till seeing them start again he wants to go as badly as before.

Robert Smith, a kind man, who sometimes brings him from the fields a nest of quail's eggs, or some ripe berries, or, it may be, a wild and darkly-spotted meadow-lily, has inspired him in this way with the belief that the field is full of such treasures, and so he has a great desire to go; but Robert tells him that when next summer comes he will be big enough to take care of himself, and can go where he wants to; and thus the child's vision is filled with dreams of a bright summer-time, when he shall wander all day over the meadows with Robert for his friend and companion. But his dreams are dreams indeed, for when the harvest is over, Robert will be gone to return no more, and he will be alone. Afterwards, at times he has faint recollections of one who talked to him and was kind to him; but he never hears him mentioned, and when he asks no one can tell him where he has gone, so he thinks he will never see him any more.

Now the harvesting is done, and the hay gathered into the crowded barns, and the scythe and sickle hung away till another season. The crib is filled with yellow ears of corn, and the sleek heifers surfeited with golden-rinded pumpkins, for they lie in broken fragments all about the barn-yard. From the cellar, hogsheads of ripe apples send their delicious fragrance all about the house, and the cider-mill in the orchard creaks and groans with its hard-pressed cheese. The first long rain has come, making the wind whistle mournfully under the doors, and beating the last leaves from the trees. It is cold now since the rain, and in the morning the air is keen and cutting; and the faces of the children glow with delight when they hear their mothers say, who were up at daybreak, that there was quite a frost the night before; for they think when Saturday comes, and there is no school, they can go for persimmons, for the frost will have bitten them, and they will not pucker their mouth; and then the pawpaws will be ripe, and it will loosen the hulls from the nuts, and they will fall to the ground; and then they scamper away in high glee, to see if the hoar visitant has bitten anything, and joyfully clap their hands as they see the vines withered and blackened. It seems to them but a day since they rose before the dew was off the grass to feed the clucking hens and their broods of yellow and brown downy peepers; but they know it is longer, for instead they see great flocks of hens, and they burst into peals of childish laughter when they hear the young roosters make their first attempts to crow. All these little things go to make up their modicum of happiness; and what enviable children they are! what innocent amusements they delight in! what pure, fresh air they breathe! and what wise and prudent mothers guide their feet safely past the pitfalls that ensnare so many less fortunately circumstanced!

But we must leave our little troop of laughing children in the woods, and turn again to the less pleasing picture of Allan Grey. The roses have faded from his cheeks, and they are not so round as they were a week or two ago; his arms are no longer plump and sunburnt, but shrunk and wasted, and his fingers have grown thin and blue. He is lying on a sick-bed, and who watches over him? Alas! for the most part, no one. He is alone, and to get his wants supplied he must sometimes call two or three times. He would like to have some one with him all the time, but no one thinks he is very sick, or requires careful nursing; they do not in fact know how to take care of him, thinking if they give such medicine as the doctor leaves they are doing all that can be done. They do not know when his feet should be warm or his head cold; and when his face and hands burn with fever, no one bathes them in cold water, which would be so grateful. The flies—for there are still a few—gather about him, but he has no strength to brush them away. His bed is not dainty white—it makes one feel uncomfortable to see it; and he wears the same clothes as when he was well. His food does not strengthen him, for they are afraid of making it

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too rich, and he has no friend to send him delicacies. Few of the neighbors even know of his illness, and those who do think little about it. As he gets better, he wants some one to tell him stories, and he coaxes Jane, whom he has been taught to regard as a sister, to stay with him and talk, for sometimes she has favored him in that way; but she tells him now she has no time to spare, and that he is the most trouble of any child in the world, or vexes him by repeating parts of his favorite stories, professing to have forgotten the rest, going as far as the "house that Jack built," and then stopping. Allan doubts the truth of what she says, but thinking it may be so, teases for another. This time she says she will tell him a whole, nice story, if he will not ask her for any more. He is delighted, and says he will not ask her to tell another for a long time. He wants to know if it is as long as the "Ox that wouldn't drink water," or "Little Red Riding Hood." She says it is not so long, but it is a great deal funnier; and his eyes laugh with pleasure, for he thinks not of the possibility of having heard it before, and so he is so disappointed that he almost cries when she says:

"I'll tell you a story about little Gitty Mory, and now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another about his brother, and now my story's done."

She does not see how sad he looks, or reproach herself for having deceived and annoyed him, but is glad she has put an end to his teasing; and when he drops to sleep, steals away and leaves him alone. Poor friendless orphan! it would be well for him if he might never wake; but he must, to suffer yet a little longer.

His strength returns—returns slowly, and it is midwinter before he can walk about, so there is little now to amuse him in-doors. When it snows, he stands upon a chair and tries to count the flakes as they settle upon the window-sill, but they come finer and faster, until it is all covered; and then he raises the window slily and gets his hand full of snow to eat; but some one discovers him, and throws his pretty white ball away, and pulls him rudely to the floor so that he may not get any more. He is angry, and cries for a time; but it is night now, and as he pauses and looks in the fire he sees all kinds of images among the live coals, some pretty and some frightful, and he watches them so steadily and quietly that his eyes get dull and heavy, and he falls to dreaming. After awhile, he is half conscious of being in some one's lap, for though his eyes are still shut he is held upright, while his clothes are removed and his night-dress substituted. He scarcely knows whether he dreams, or whether some one says, "he is a great trouble, and that he had no business to go to sleep on the floor;" but soon finds himself aroused by a sound shaking, as he is is set upon his feet, and told harshly to walk to bed, "for children that go to sleep on the floor, and make so much trouble, must not expect to be carried." It is no wonder, after having been waked, handled roughly, and finally, with unkind words, sent from the warm fire to lie alone between the icy sheets, that the tears come as his little naked feet patter over the cold stairs, or that his thoughts are bitter and revengeful as he lies alone in his dark chamber. And all this needless trouble and sorrow a prudent and loving mother might easily have avoided, by taking him up tenderly while yet awake, and soothing him to sleep with some pleasant lesson, happily the story.

"Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way."

When it is morning, and he goes again to the window, the poorest twig on the elm tree is "ridged inch-deep with pearl." He looks at the winding paths that cross each other in all directions, and tries to tell whose are the different foot-prints. All day long he hears the bells, and stands at his post watching the sleighs with their merry occupants wrapped in cloaks and furs, and thinks he would like to ride that way too. Then he sees a group of little boys with tippets and mittens, shouting as they ride down hill on their miniature sleds, and thinks he would rather be one of them; so he asks Jane how long it will be before he is big enough; and Jane says, provokingly, she guesses it will be some time. And again he looks out in silence, scarcely turning his eyes till

"The day is done, and darkness falls upon the wings of night."

Then he returns again to the blazing hearth, and sees baskets heaped with corn, which every body is busy shelling preparatory to its being sent to the mill, and he is glad; and all the evening labors industriously, building houses of the white and red cobs. He thinks they will be there in the morning, but before he goes to bed the corn is all shelled, and Jane takes the broom to sweep the floor, and wantonly destroys in an instant the labor of a long evening. In vain Allan tries to take them from the coals, for as he reaches for them they burst into a light blaze, and again he must go to bed grieved and sad.

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Time passes slowly away, and he has many ills and sorrows to endure; but still it passes, and he is eight years old. He lives near a large city, and the country about is beautiful, and highly improved. There are a few old farm-houses, but they have been repaired and repainted. Gentlemen doing business in the city have tasteful country-seats on the sloping hill-sides, and ride to and from them in their own carriages. Instead of the old log school-house there is a neat white one, with green blinds, standing among the trees; and a seminary stands near, surrounded by new houses. The quiet, lonesome little graveyard has been much enlarged, the briers are cut away and roses planted; the black paling-fence has given place to a stone wall with its iron gate, bearing the inscription, "Alder Vale Cemetery." The old church has been repaired, and there is a new one besides, which has a tall, slender spire and clear-toned bell. The gentlemen from the city patronize the seminary, and most of the farmers send their oldest sons, letting the free school suffice a little while for the younger ones. Every place in the vicinity has changed but one, and that one is the home of Allan Grey. No alteration has taken place there, except that each succeeding year has given it a more gloomy and dilapidated appearance. The weeds have been suffered to grow in the eave-troughs, the well-curb is shattered, and the rude sweep has not been removed for a more convenient apparatus. The old paling-fence, that half incloses the yard, leans sadly; the huge wood-pile in front of the door has no shed to protect it; the fences and fields are in bad condition; and from neglect every thing is going to decay. The occupants are people altogether behind the times. They are possessed of means to make themselves comfortable, yet from lack of energy and tact they are poor. They work excessively hard, and reap little profit. They do not claim respect from their neighbors, and do not get it. Their enjoyment is limited; it does not consist in much going or stylish dressing, nor in eating or drinking, for their food is coarse and plain, never varied with luxuries. They have no newspapers or magazines, and but few books, and have no interest in politics or religion. They are isolated in the midst of community, belonging to that unhappy class who have no object or interest in life; full of envy and bitterness towards every one else, and suffering always from real or imaginary slights.

Allan has lived with them and shared their feelings, and now he is an awkward, bashful boy, timid and sensitive. He has been to school but little, and is in his books far behind others of the same age; and for this he gets laughed at. But he can only go to school in winter, and even then must work hard morning and evening; so he has little hopes of catching up with the boys who tell him they shall soon leave school for the seminary; and this makes him feel very bad, for he knows he shall never go there. If he ever trangresses the rules, there are many willing to inform the teacher. One among them, Hal Barker, a daring fellow, delights to tantalize and torment poor Allan for the amusement of the rest. And now he adds the last insult to the many injuries already inflicted, by telling him that his mother died when he was a baby, and that his father, a drunkard, is now in the penitentiary. Allan fears it is true, for he has occasionally heard something which led him to think that he had no mother.

This is the saddest hour he has ever known, as he sits on the the door-step waiting for courage to ask some one if it be true. He looks at every one wishfully, yet dreads to mention the subject. At last he gets courage to speak, and finds he has not been deceived; and then how passionate in his grief, and how wildly his heart beats with its tumult of strange feelings! No one speaks kindly and tenderly to console and comfort him, so he steals away unnoticed and unpitied to his lonesome little room, and moans and sobs, and thinks of his dead mother and his more than dead father.

'Tis Friday night, and Saturday there is no school; and then the Sabbath comes, and the church-bell rings solemnly, while little children, with bright faces, go from their happy homes to Sabbath-school. Allan is sad and thoughtful; and as they pass him by, he says, "I wish I could go too, or that I had some place to go." Jane hears him, and says, "Why don't you go if you want to?" But no one cared to have him go, or encouraged him, and he thought he would feel awkward and out of place when he should get there, so he wandered over the woods, making pawpaw whistles to while away the time.

This summer he is not going to school, and through the long hot days he must work very hard, too hard for his strength. Sometimes he gets weary, and his head aches, and he says he is tired; but he is told to go to work and get rested, and called a lazy idler. This is poor encouragement to industry, yet this is all he gets except coarse clothes and food. He does not go with other boys, for he has nothing suitable to

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wear, and they do not care about him. His teacher has given him an invitation to join with the school in celebrating the Fourth of July, and all summer he has thought he would do so; he has hoped to get some new clothes, for it is known that he wishes to go; but time passes without, and finally the day is come, and he reviews his scanty wardrobe to see if it will do; but his chip hat is soiled, and his shoes have holes in the sides, and he thinks his blue cotton pantaloons will look best in the harvest field; so, saying nothing about it, he goes to work as usual, pitching hay in the meadow. He can hear the loud shouts in the grove near by, and sometimes catch a glimpse of girls in white, with pretty blue sashes, and boys dressed as he was never dressed, and he is glad he is not there to be a target for their sneers and jests. When he goes home nothing is said about the day, and he sits alone thinking of the hard life he leads, and how he shall better it; and he comes to the conclusion that when harvest is done he will seek employment in the city. It is a pity he made this resolution, yet who shall blame him? The pauper child is content to mingle with others like himself. The servant is contented because there are many others in like situation; and even the slave is for the most part better contented while his kindred are in bondage, that when one shall have gained his liberty. But he who is possessed of an intellect as good, and a perception as clear as those about him, but who from poverty or misfortune is debarred all intercourse and sympathy, must of course be unutterably wretched.

Allan has made known his intention to seek employment in the city, and is simply told if he thinks he can do better to go. He has some doubts, but is resolved to try: yet, now the time is come, he puts it off from one day till another; for the place where we have lived from childhood will have some little charm for us, though its pleasures may have been few and its sorrows many. Allan's heart was very heavy when he placed his few faded clothes in a budget, and set out alone to make his way in the world.

"He loved no other place, and yet home was no home for him!"

He brushed his tears away many times before he reached the city, that looked strange and lonesome to him. The streets were crowded with wagons, and drays loaded with bacon, and whiskey, and flour, moved towards the wharf. Besides, there were coal-carts, and dirt-carts driven by ragged urchins, pedlars crying their wares, and rag-gatherers; scissors-grinders and organ-grinders; physicians driving their chaises, and liveried servants driving pleasure carriages; and amidst it all passed a funeral, with martial music. Allan knew it would soon be night, and if he did not get employment he would be houseless and supperless; yet he passed by many shops, dreading to enter. At last, seeing a man at the door of a grocery, he summoned courage to ask if he wanted to hire a boy. The grocer did not tell him at first whether he did or not, but asked him where he came from, and how old he was, and if he had ever done anything of the kind before; and then concluded by saying that he was in want of a *good* boy, but would have none unacquainted with the business. Allan turned away with less hope than before, and his second effort met with no better success; so again he went on, with blistered feet and head hot and aching, and at last sat down in a park to rest. He was very hungry, yet he did not dare spend any of the few small coins he had. From the houses near came the flavor of good dinners; but they were not for him. He thought the park was not so pretty as the woods of home, which he almost regretted having left, and he felt half persuaded to return; still he hated to go back and tell them he could do no better; and again he rose and resumed his task. Many times he asked for work without success. They had just hired a boy, or did not want one at all, or he was not old enough; till asking a good-natured tailor, he was told he could get employment at 781 Pearl street. Allan did not know how to find 781 Pearl street. The man told him he was on his way to supper and should pass the place, so he could take him to the door. Allan was so tired he could scarcely keep near the man, who walked very fast. It was night when he got there, the lamps were blazing brightly, and he felt sorry to part with the man, who had spoken kindly to him; and still more did he regret losing sight of him when he found himself in the large hardware store of Nathaniel Barker, uncle of his old foe.

He was to lodge in the lonesome store, rise at six, and open the doors for business. At twelve, half an hour was allowed him for dinner, and at six in the evening another half hour for tea, and he could not close the store before nine o'clock. His earnings were barely sufficient to procure coarse food and the commonest clothing. Allan did not like the appearance of his employer; he felt sure he would find him a hard master; but was concluding to stay with him until he could

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do better, when the man told him that if he would not stay until the next March, he would not employ him at all. It was night, and the rain was falling, and Allan was weary and homeless, and hungry; he knew from the day's experience how hard it was to get a situation, so he subscribed to the terms of agreement.

It is a strange way for Allan to live, and he feels home-sick; if any one speaks to him, his heart is full and the tears almost come to his eyes. His bed is hard and unclean, and he cannot sleep comfortably, and his food is not such as he was accustomed to eat.

Sometimes Hal comes to visit his uncle, and he asks Allan "how he likes the business, and what he finds to eat in underground cellars, and if he has heard from his father lately?" and Mr. Barker finds no fault with this. Mr. Barker gives Allan no credit, but scolds him a great deal, telling him he is a blockhead, that he will never make anything of himself, but will come to some bad end. When he tries to do his duty, he receives no encouragement: at length he only illy performs what he is obliged to do. A boy next door has told him he is not well paid; and he asks for more, but is answered, there are plenty of better boys who will work for less.

September and October have passed away, and with rigid economy he has saved enough to buy some new clothes, and now he thinks he can begin to save something for the holidays. Hal is there: and seeing the small amount, says sneeringly: "What do you intend to do with all that money? You are so rich I think you can soon set up business for yourself." Allan makes no reply, but leaves his money lying on the counter while he goes to replenish the fire. Hal slily places two of the coins in his pocket, and provokingly saying, "Good evening, Mr. Grey," leaves the store. Allan soon discovers the loss, but he knows it is useless to ask for it, as he will only be laughed at; but he is sadly grieved and disappointed. The night is long and lonesome, and he gets frightened at some noise, thinking there are robbers in the store, and is glad when it is morning. He has now grown careless, and often neglects his duty, for which he gets scolded; but he is so hardened he cares little about it. Allan hears a good deal said about Christmas trees and Santa Claus; and the boy next door tells him what he is going to buy, and how many presents he shall get. He hears about good dinners, but his is coarse bread and potatoes. The boys tell him what they got in their socks the night before, and of the new and nice things they have to wear. Allan has nothing of the kind, and never had; for even when a little child he did not wake up to find so much as a stick of candy or a pretty golden apple in his little red sock, and he is still without a friend to remember him.

Allan is not even permitted to witness the enjoyment of others, and it is no wonder that he is almost desperate, especially now that it is Christmas eve, and Mr. Barker pays him, keeping back a dollar for his neglect of duty. Allan is not sad now, but he is angry, and says a great many things which do no good; for the gentleman is cool and determined, and merely says, "he is too impudent for a dependant, and must be brought down; and that if he will do better he will fare better."

Oh! it is a fearful thing to tamper with the heart of a child; to "offend one of these little ones." A fearful thing it was that Allan Grey, through neglect and ill-treatment, should have been hardened and turned to evil; a bitter memory will it be to those who drove him out, angry and revengeful, into the streets of that great city, to be tempted and to sin.

The parlor fires, with genial warmth a-glow,
  Threw over him their waves of mocking light,
As idly then he wandered to and fro
  In the unfriendly night.

The while a thousand little girls and boys,
  With looks of pride, or half-averted eye,
Their hands and arms o'erbrimmed with Christmas toys,
  Passed and repassed him by.

Chilled into half-forgetfulness of wrong,
  And tempted by the splendors of the time,
As roughly jostled by the hurrying throng,
  Trembling, he talked with Crime.

And when the Tempter once had found the way,
  And thought's still threshold, half forbidden, crossed,
His steps went darkly downward, day by day,
  Till he at last was lost.

So lost, that once, from a delirious dream
  As consciousness began his soul to stir,
Around him fell the morning's checkered beam—
  He was a prisoner.

Then wailed he in the frenzy of wild pain;
  Then wept he till his eyes with tears were dim;
But who would kindly answer back again
  A prisoner boy like him?

And so his cheek grew thin and paled away,
  But not a living hand was stretched to save;
And the snow covered, the next Christmas day,
  His lonesome little grave.

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MARY STUART.—
ELIZABETH TUDOR.—JOSEPHINE.

BY P. C. HEADLEY.

It is not our design to sketch, in the limits of this brief article, the history of the queens and empress we have taken for our subject, nor give an analysis of their character minutely; but simply to contemplate them as they appeared amid the splendors of royalty, without the controlling power of evangelical piety.

Mary Stuart was educated in the polished and corrupt court of Henry II. of France, excepting the short period she was in a convent. Exceedingly beautiful in person from infancy, and gifted with genius, she became the favorite of the royal household. Flattered by princes, and, while surrounded with literature and art, breathing morally a tainted air, she grew to womanhood an ambitious, lovely, and artificial being, devoted to the imposing worship of persecuting Rome. The fascination of her strange beauty, the radiance of her smile, and the music of her voice, won the admiration of all who came within her magical power. When she returned to Scotland to ascend a throne, she met, in the stern puritan Knox, the first man upon whose heart her charms fell coldly, as sunbeams on granite. To him there was no loveliness without the graces of the gospel; and by his fearless rebukes he called forth the unsubdued passions and bitter hate of Mary. While he was preaching purity of feeling and life, she was holding midnight dances, and lovers were escaping the penalty of presumption by flight, or were led to the scaffold. Then came the Darnley tragedy, then collision with Elizabeth, a long imprisonment, and at last her assassination. Through all these sadly romantic scenes, the glory of the Christian faith nowhere appears. Mary would rather die queen than look to Christ alone for a crown in Heaven. The humility and sustaining hopes of the Gospel would have made Mary Stuart more like an angel than any woman perhaps since Eve walked in Eden, sinless. Wanting this, she was gay and proud; the creature of strong passions; a hater of the puritans; a disconsolate captive; a mournful example of earth's vanity, and of the misery which may be concealed beneath the heritage of greatness. Nor could a virtuous and intelligent female be found, who would accept her beauty, accomplishments, and *unsanctified heart*—wear a crown, with a cruel imprisonment and death; which, while they awakened universal sympathy, left not the fragrance of woman's highest attainment, fervent piety.

Elizabeth, her rival and persecutor, was not deficient in personal attractions, nor intellectual gifts. To a strong and highly-cultured mind, she united a masculine tone of character and an unbending will. Her early life was passed in more seclusion, and consequently her manners were less pleasing than those of the Queen of Scots. Besides, she was imperious and self-reliant, separating herself from that admiring interest which attended Mary. A Protestant by profession, she too was evidently a stranger to the power of the Cross. With popular enmity cherished toward her as a tyrannical and relentless sovereign, she sleeps in the tomb of England's monarchs; her career gilded by the auroral splendor of a successful and joyless reign; while on her marble falls not the halo of the Christian's departure to the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Josephine, Empress of France, appears in a different light from either of the Queens at whose lives we have glanced. Nobly beautiful, singularly amiable and affectionate, the divorced wife of Napoleon, suffering silently as the pierced fawn in his forest-home, she was a model of chaste and benevolent female character. Yet we think, in pursuing her eventful and touching career, the devout saint will feel the absence of any allusion to Christ, or that "peace which passeth understanding." She died calmly, but there was nothing more than an impressive tranquillity, something like that with which Socrates drank the hemlock, and passed away to the realm of grand and uncertain realities. The dead we cannot judge if we would; but how wide the contrast between the most quiet transit to eternity without whisperings and looks of Heaven, and that departure which is peaceful, because the soul can say victoriously, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

The Saviour said of her who broke the box of precious spikenard on his head, "She hath done what she could." The humblest female who merits that eulogy from *His* lips, is greater than a queen without it. The homage of human hearts will be deeper, and her fame, at the Coronation Day of the Redeemed, will transcend the gathered honors of a burning world!

Winds waft the breath of flowers
To wanderers o'er the wave,
But bear no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

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SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

"There is sorrow and care upon the Earth—there is sin and sickness, despair, and long, silent and wasting misery—But God be praised! these are not all. The Earth holds too, the good—the beautiful!—hearts that have not ached—hopes that have not been blighted. Life has its moments of rapture, its years of blessed peace—gay marriage-feasts, and peaceful, holy death-beds." FREDERIKA BREMER.

EARTH is the home of sorrow! Life,
Though joyful it appears,
Is given, continued, and sustained,
And borne away—*in tears:*
The sentient throngs of earth and air
Join Nature's voice to keep
Existence festive,—man alone
Is privileged to weep!

Sweet as the music of the spheres
Creation's hymn should be,—
Yet evermore the human voice
Is wailing mournfully;
And 'mid the still majestic strain
Of praise and pæan high,
Are mingled death-despairing shriek,
And misery's bitter cry!

The earliest beams of every morn
Fall on some mourner's head,
And flit in mockery across
The dying and the dead;
The smiles of every parting sun
Rest softly ere he goes,
On new-made graves, whose turf was still
Unbroken when he rose.

The holy stars look nightly down
On brows that 'mid the glare
Of day, when all were smiling round,
Seemed glad as any there—
But in the darken'd solitude,
The mask aside is thrown;
And the crush'd spirit breathes its woe
Before its God—alone.

And yet it is not ceaseless wail
That earthly voices raise;
For some have learned the symphony,
And joined the song of praise:—
Ah! tear-dimmed eyes had long since closed,
Had not a hand of love
Upheld the faltering step, and turned
The wandering gaze above!

Then with divinely-lighted eye
They read their sufferings o'er,
And see *a meaning* in their grief
They failed to see before:
A beauty touches all the past,
And from the future fled
Is every fear—and stars of hope
Are shining over head!

Who then can call this glorious world,
With such a radiance, dim
And desolate, since on its sky
Is stamped the seal of Him,
Who in His rich magnificence
Has lavished all abroad
Such splendor as can only spring
Beneath the hand of God!

No! Earth has something more than gloom,
And pain, and sickening fear;
For holy Peace has often come,
And made her dwelling here:
Nor ever will she quite depart,
Until our closing eyes
Are turned from Earth to find in Heaven,
A fadeless Paradise!

NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

(See Engraving.)

IT was on a pleasant morning in the delightful month of September, 1609, that the Half Moon, the adventurous yacht of the celebrated Hendrick Hudson, first approached the shore of the present New York Harbor, and attracted the attention of the Delawares, then the sole inhabitants of the Island, who believed that they were about to be favored with a visit from their Manitto or Great Spirit, and hastily prepared themselves for his reception. Presently the chief, in "red clothes and a glitter of metal," came ashore in a small boat, mutual salutations were exchanged, and strong drink tendered to the natives, "which made all gay and happy." In process of time, as their acquaintance progressed, the "white-skins" told their red brothers they would stay with them, if they consented to allow them as much land as the hide of a bullock would cover or encompass. The request was granted, and immediately the pale men cut the whole hide into one narrow strip or thong, sufficiently long to encompass a large extent of ground. The simple and confiding Indians were equally surprised and delighted with the artifice, which was willingly allowed by them, and a cordial welcome extended to the strangers. This was the origin of the site of this great city, and the place on which the revel was held received the name of Manhattan or Manahactienks—literally, "the place where they all got drunk!" How changed is the scene, since that little company of hardy adventurers landed among the Indians of the Communipaw, in September, 1609! Then, "a still and solemn desert, hung round the lonely bark" of the voyagers, where now a splendid and populous city stretches away in every direction, while a forest of shipping covers the waters then furrowed only by a single keel. The first actual settlement of the city was commenced in 1614, by the erection of four houses, and in the following year a redoubt was thrown up on the site of the Macomb houses, now on Broadway. To this little village the stately name of New Amsterdam was given by the set-

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tlers, all of whom were occupied in the fur trade —land culture being entirely an after consideration. In 1664, the settlement and fort were surrendered to the English by Governor Stuyvesant, who is immortalized in the veritable "History of New York," by the illustrious Diedrich Knickerbocker. It then received the name of *New York;* but ten years afterward, the Dutch, in time of war, recaptured it again, and called it New Orange, in compliment to the Prince of Orange, for whom they held it, but at the end of one year, it was restored by treaty to the British, and again took the name of New York, which it has since held.

The city was laid out in streets, (not all of them straight ones, we imagine,) in 1656, at which time it contained one hundred and twenty houses, and one thousand inhabitants. During the twelve months military reign of the Dutch, the Mayor, at the head of the city militia, held daily parades before the City Hall or Stadt Huys, then at Coenties Slip, and every evening at sunset, he received from the keeper of the fort the keys of the city, and proceeded with a guard of six, to lock the gates, and then to place a citizen guard as night watches at different places. The Mayor went also his rounds at sunrise, to open the gates and restore the keys to the officer of the fort. Certainly the office of Chief Magistrate must then have been an irksome one to any Mayor who valued his own ease or comfort. It may be amusing to our readers to learn some of the titles formerly so familiar in New York, but now so little understood. The *Bourgomaster*, or Mayor, the *Schepens*, or Councillers, and the *Schout*, or Sheriff, were the rulers of the city, and were always addressed or spoken of, by the title of "their High Mightinesses." The *Hooftd Schout* was the High Sheriff, the *De Fiscael* the Attorney General, and the *Groot Burgerrecht*, and *Klein Burgerrecht*, or great and small citizenship, marked the two orders of society. Let no one imagine, however, that the De Fiscael of those days answered to the Attorney General of the present time in all respects. Every man then pleaded his own cause, or more commonly "said little, and let things take their own course." "The only long speech on record is that of a certain pettifogger, or as the chronicle has it, 'Doddipol Jolterhead,' called Cobus Clapperclip, who, in pleading a cause concerning the right of geese to swim in the pond at the head of New-street, before Alderman Van Schlepevalker, did cause his client to be non-suited, by tiring his worship's patience to such a degree, that he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted the remainder of the term."

In the year 1729, there were no streets beyond Broadway westward, but the lots west of that street all descended severally to the beach, and the entire tract was called "the King's Farm." The northern limits of the city terminated at Beekman-street, and the delightful promenade now called the Battery, was then a ledge of rocks, having the river close up to the present line of State-street, fronting the Battery. New York was formerly almost a miniature Venice, being intersected by water in various directions, where now the living tide of population is daily poured through crowded streets. An aged female was living in 1832, who well remembered that her brother-in-law, dwelling at the corner of Pearl-street and Maiden Lane, always kept a ferry-boat tied to his stoop, which was frequently needed, to convey him to his place of business in another street. So late as the year 1787, Greenwich-street, now the *third* street from the water, on the north river side, was an excellent fishing ground, and quantities of bass and herring were caught there "on the beach," while on a large rock in the middle of the present street, but then in the water, was erected a rude summer-house, affording the boys who congregated there a favorite scene of fun and frolic. Maiden Lane received its name from the fact that the young women usually went there to bleach the family linen, all of which was made at home. A fine creek or brook ran through it, and the adjacent hills, clothed in verdure, sloped gradually to its level, affording an excellent bleaching ground to which hundreds resorted.

But the local alterations made in the city within the last hundred years, great as they may be, are less striking than the changes that have taken place in the manners and customs of the inhabitants. In the "olden time," regularity, industry and sobriety characterized the habits of every household, from their "high mightinesses" the Burgomaster, Schepens and Schout, down to the humblest burgher. The family were all assembled before daylight at the morning meal, after which they went to their various employments until the dinner hour of twelve, at which time the kettle was invariably set on the fire for tea, which was punctually furnished at three o'clock. Then the older members of the household went abroad to visit relatives, making the rounds regularly once a year, through the whole circle. At evening, parents and children took their seat on the "stoopes," the women with their knitting, and the men with their pipes, saluting their passing acquaintance, or talking familiarly across the narrow streets, with their opposite neighbors. This favorite practice was "one of

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the strongest links of union in the Knickerbocker social compact." It encouraged kindly feeling, and cemented the bonds of mutual friendship. The young thus obtained unceremonious introductions to each other, and the way was prepared for the courtships which so often gave life and variety to the scene.

When green tea was brought into the city as a great luxury, loaf sugar came with it, but instead of being put into the cup, according to the modern custom, it was broken into large lumps, and laid before each guest, to be nibbled or bitten at pleasure. Some families have been found here within the present century who still adhered to this practice, steadily resisting the innovation of dissolved sugar. Young women of all ranks spun and wove most of their own apparel, and though they dressed gaily when going out to visit, or to attend church, never failed to change their dress for the home-made short gown and petticoat on their return home. This was always done even on Sunday evenings, when a visit from their beaux was a matter of course, as it was considered their best recommendation to be seen thus frugal, and in readiness for any domestic avocation. The young men and boys did the same thing, and thus a Sunday dress lasted a whole life-time, or descended as an heir-loom from generation to generation, for fashions never altered. Dances were very common among the young, on which occasions the entertainment consisted of a pot of chocolate and bread; but the Rev. Dr. Laidlie, an eminent minister from Holland, preaching against "this luxurious abomination, which sometimes kept families awake till nine o'clock at night," the custom gradually fell into disrepute, and was abandoned.

"Before the Revolutionary war," says an ancient writer, "folding doors and marble mantels were unknown, and we enjoyed ourselves well enough without sofas, carpets and girandoles. A white floor sprinkled with clean sand, drawn into a variety of fanciful figures with the broom—large tables, and high-backed chairs of walnut, or mahogany, decorated a parlor genteelly enough for anybody. Pewter plates and dishes were in common use, china on dinner tables being considered a great luxury. Glass tumblers were rarely seen, and punch, the common beverage, was drank from one large bowl of silver, or earthen ware, while beer was served in a tankard of silver."

Robert Murray, father of the celebrated grammarian, had a coach, which he called his "leathern conveniency," "to avoid the scandal of pride or vain-glory" which the possession of such an article might have brought upon him. The most splendid carriage, however, ever exhibited in the city, was that of General Washington, while President of the United States. It was globular, cream-colored, and ornamented with Cupids holding festoons, and wreaths of flowers on the panel work, the whole covered with coach glass, and drawn by six Virginia bays.

Such was New York in the olden time. In the language of another—"Those were delightful times. Honesty and piety kept off the demons of pride, avarice and fashion; sterling pleasure banished all desire for display. All were plain citizens alike, and the population resembled a great family of industrials, who labored, not that they were compelled to labor, but to exorcise the evil spirit of idleness. We talk of improvement, and we do truly know more of the arts and sciencies, while our commerce is gigantic. We can criticise paintings, invent machines, cross the Atlantic in a fortnight, copy European styles of dress pretty faithfully, marry while boys and girls, and rejoice in our multitudinous play-houses, but what does it all amount to? Are we any happier? No. We have sacrificed the substantials of life to its follies and deceptions. To seem great, we are content to be very small. The question is not, 'How can we make existence a source of unalloyed enjoyment?' but 'How much money can we make, and how many fashionable amusements can we indulge in?' We live in a perpetual whirl of excitement, and perhaps die rich, with soft white hands; yet nobody mourns or thinks of our departure, for business and fashion occupy the attention of our survivors, to the exclusion of every other reflection."

The splendid engraving which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, gives a life-like impression of Wall street as it appears at the present day, though one of the Mynheers, about whom we have been writing, would hardly recognize it as the same street which once constituted the northern boundary of the city, deriving its name from a line of palisades which ran through it to the junction of Grace and Lumber streets, where the North River limits then terminated in a redoubt. At the left hand corner of the plate, where now our splendid Custom House proudly towers, formerly stood the City Hall, built in 1700, and destroyed in 1811. There, in April, 1789, George Washington was inaugurated first President of these United States, making his sworn pledge, as President, to Chancellor Livingston, on a superb quarto Bible, still preserved by St. John's Lodge, No. 1. The oath of office was administered in the open gallery in front of the Senate Chamber, in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens collected in Broad street.

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Directly in front of the City Hall, where now fruit stands, carts, and elegant equipages throng the street, formerly stood the cage, the whipping post, the pillory and stocks, for in those days justice was summarily administered, and penitentiaries were a thing unknown. On the right hand corner of the engraving, was the first city watch-house, in which not a few aldermen occasionally spent the night, as, in her great blindness, Dame Justice had not then learned to have a proper "respect for persons."

The street was then lighted by the inhabitants, every seventh family being compelled by law to hang out a light on a pole, when the moon did not shine. Such an arrangement at the present day would, we think, ensure the better lighting of some of our streets, where now darkness is only just made visible, by the occasional glimmer which meets the eye.

On the spot now occupied by the Bank of New York, the elegant stone building with pillars, on the left of the engraving, stood formerly the house of Benedict Arnold, the arch traitor, who lived almost in solitude, being shunned even by all the British officers, for his unparalleled baseness.

In 1795, there were in Wall street but two banks, where now are nearly a hundred; and one broker's office, where now five hundred are found in this one street, and more than one thousand within the lamp and watch districts. Here, too, were the mansions of all the distinguished personages of the city. The ancestors of the "upper ten thousand," whose stately palaces ornament the northern part of the city, then resided in Wall street. The only hosiery store in New York was also to be found here in 1794, kept by a Mr. Winslow, who was a barber as well as vender of stockings, and found it necessary to exercise his trade, as ladies then did their own knitting, and but few pairs of hose were sold in Wall street.

In our day, the city proper extends some miles north of Wall street, while long streets, and buildings almost innumerable, now occupy ground then wholly covered with water. The population of the city is over six hundred thousand. The annual revenue is now enormous, and the imports are received by millions.

More than a hundred thousand newspapers are received in the Post Office for distribution each day. About fifty thousand letters and circulars pass daily through the office, including those delivered in the city, and those sent to various offices through the United States. This number exceeds, by one half, that under the old law.

From these brief statistics, some idea may be formed by our readers who have never seen this great city, of its present magnitude and wealth; though, of the extremes which constantly meet and pain the eye—the extremes of princely magnificence and squalid penury—of reckless extravagance and abject want, nothing but actual observation can give even a faint impression. For ourselves, when we see these things, and contrast them with the comparative equality of condition and solid independence of a country life, we are tempted to exclaim with Cowper—

"God made the country, and man made the town—
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?"

Ladies' Wreath.

LOUISE.

BY H. L. STOUGHTON.

SIGHETH my bosom, my lashes are wet,
Should I not love her I never have met?
I've heard she was lovely, I've dreamed she was fair,
Mouth sweet and sunny, and soft shady hair;
Eyes like a dovelet, and small hand of snow—
Should I not love her who lieth so low?

Love of my loved-one; his beauty and bride!
Light of his hearth-stone and gem of his pride!
Singer that wiled him from sorrow and care!
Heart-friend who knelt at his altar of prayer!
Died on his bosom his lily of snow;
Should I not love her who lieth so low?

She hath gone up where the garments are white,
Trusting and hoping are turned into sight;
Never is shaded her eye by a tear,
Sweet are her harpings, a blessing to hear;—
Washed from all earth-stain and ransomed from woe,
Should I not love her who lieth so low?

THE BOLD REMONSTRANCE.

BY REV. W. M. RICHARDS.

SPIRIT of Mercy! why was Eden curst?
Why came the tempter Satan at the first,
To sow disease, and death, and hell along
By Pison's stream the rosy bowers among?

Pison and Hiddekel, Gihon and Phrath!
Along their banks was seen the serpent's path:
Where then had all the guardian angels fled?
And was the sentinel of heaven dead?

Vain worm! inquiry spare; let silence seal
Thy foolish lips. Bow to Jehovah's will.
Thou art not harmed, nor any of thy race,
For where death came, God also sent his grace.

And now though thousands do that grace deny,
And turn their backs on Jesus Christ and die,
Thou canst be saved. Let this thine answer be,
And "wait the teachings of eternity."

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FALSE EDUCATION.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THOUGH the present is an age of boasted progress and of real improvement, much still remains to be done before our institutions of learning will become what they ought to be, in order to develop budding powers in accordance with physical, intellectual, and moral laws. The idea of a *triple* nature seems too often to have escaped the observation of many educators, to whom are committed the intellectual interests of the young. Pupils, especially in the earlier years of an educational course, almost uniformly are urged forward *intellectually* with an apparent disregard of the injury sustained by the physical organism. Precocity is often mistaken for a healthful enlargement of mental powers. The fond mother wishes her child to outstrip its classmates; the doting father, from entirely erroneous ideas of harmonious development, speaks flatteringly or encouragingly, and the ambitious teacher aspires to an elevated position in the profession, and the result is, that the child is sacrificed. Such premature and forced processes,—they should not be dignified with the term education—forcibly remind one of hot-house productions, in securing which nature's methods are subverted, producing deformity and monstrosities. These tender germs of intellectual greatness, bursting, as they do, through a delicately-formed physical organization, such, indeed, as should warn us of the imminent danger of overtasking the mind at this critical juncture, are, of all others, most endangered by the more usual customs of mental training. Those of *refined* temperament, the more *susceptible*, ordinarily become victims; they die of "school-room abuses." Stimulated mental activity leaves its impress on its physical organ. The body reels under its fearfully accumulating burden; its functions become deranged, and take on abnormal action; harmony and the *functional equilibrium* are destroyed. Violent disease and premature death close the scene, or educational farce, more properly called.

Another result, equally, nay, *more* disastrous, is alarmingly on the increase in far too many of our most celebrated institutions of learning. I refer to excessive *mental* culture, while the spiritual nature is almost entirely neglected. Nay, worse. The young are often contaminated by vile associates, corrupted by vitiating and skeptical principles, carefully and industriously inculcated by those whose great design is to undermine the fundamental principles of the Christian religion. The seed sown in the confiding bosom of the pupil by one whom he has been taught to respect, and whose position and duties secure almost unlimited influence, far too often germinates, and produces the legitimate fruits of unrighteousness. Habits of dissipation and open immorality thus become almost the necessary attendants of a modern educational career. The intellect is *goaded* on towards its *maximum* of development, while those powers of the soul, the exercise and expansion of which constitute the great design of mortal life, remain undisciplined, dwarfish and stagnant. Though the more intricate principles of science may be mastered, apparently, without effort, the mind stored with an exhaustless fund of knowledge, yet the relations of man to man, and of the creature to the Creator, may be but very imperfectly understood. The most simple principles of justice, equity, reciprocity, benevolence and piety, are either beyond their just appreciation, or are so at variance with early acquired habits and preconceived opinions, that the obligations which result from them are too seldom acknowledged. It is not strange, therefore, that among the profoundest philosophers, in the estimation of the community, the most brilliant geniuses, there are some of the most boasting infidels, and even the vilest men. Education, "falsely so called," while the moral nature remains undeveloped, very naturally inclines to skepticism. The mind, thus thrown from its equilibrium, is disqualified to appreciate moral truths. The "eye of reason" scans its object through a discolored medium, presenting deformity, or deep obscurity of vision.

That education, whose tendency is to develop *all* of the powers of man, harmoniously and steadily, alone commends itself to an enlightened community. Such, only, secures the highest perfection of body and mind, and the integrity and energy of their functions. By such only, can we avoid the distorted conceptions and vague theorizing so prevalent in this fallen world. By such only, can we hope to avoid the morbid state of the organ of thought, tending, as it does, to insanity and imbecility.

So intimate are the relations of the body and mind, that neither can materially suffer without producing corresponding effects on the other. If the body is crushed or jaded by excessive labors, or racked by pain or disease, the mind becomes inactive or irritable. On the contrary, grief, anxiety, long-continued and laborious mental effort, excessive joy or sorrow, if endured for any considerable length of time, must produce disastrous results on the physical organism. A careful observance, therefore, of the conditions and laws of the body, a proper development and training of all its powers, resulting in vigor,

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power, and stamina, cannot be lost in its influence on the mind. "Other things being equal," a vigorous and hardy form, firmness of muscle, expansiveness of the chest, strength of physical endurance, combined with compactness of fibre, will sustain, if not *produce*, profundity of intellect and acuteness of mental perception. *Apparent* exceptions, it is admitted, may exist, yet, observation and sound philosophy teach, that a "sound mind exists in a sound body," and *vice versa*. Physical education, therefore, is indispensable to consistent and harmonious training of the youthful mind. Mental culture may not only be combined with gymnastic sports and ordinary manual labor, but by such aids it may become more rapid, while such a change of labor—another name for rest—will give a zest to scientific pursuits, and relieve many a student from *ennui*, of which so many complain. Mere *labor*, such as *continued* exercise of *one* kind becomes, cannot perfectly develop the *whole* man; there mustbe a due admixture of recreation—something to divert, to lead into new channels of thought. Whatever affords intensity and energy of muscular action, sends the blood coursing along in its accustomed rounds, imparting a corresponding vigor to mental action.

Let, therefore, the student breathe the pure air of heaven, mingle with the busy world, become familiar with the wonders of creation, and rejoice in the vigorous exercise of physical powers. Let the youmg man scale the mountain's rugged height; stand on its lofty brow, and catc h the first rays of the rising sun, range through forests, or along the river's brink, everywhere observing and studying the wonderful works of the Creator, and, through nature, look upward to the great First Cause of all things. Let the physical features of this beautiful world be examined closely, their symmetry and nice adaptations carefully studied, in connection with the invigoration of the "outer man." Let the young lady discard her erroneous ideas of propriety, her false delicacy, pluck the early flowers of Spring, as she roams in freedom and gayety through meadows and woodland. Let her expand her contracted chest, by inhaling the odor-scented breezes, and the invigorating air of the hill-top, give firmness and stamina to her muscles by vigorous exercise, and, inded, call into action all of the powers which a benevolent Creator has conferred upon her. Then shallwe have a far greater number of those who are really intellectual, who can endure continued labor, both of body and of mind. Then our dyspeptics, hypochondriacs, and the hordes of invalids now found in literary circles, would be numbered among the things that were, while their places would be occupied by those who would demonstrate to the world the fact, that a literary career is not necessarily prejudicial to health, vigor, and longevity.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY MISS CROSS.

Smile on, smile on, thou art happy now,
With the flowers which deck thy fair young brow;
Pluck them, wreathe them, and love them now,
As beautiful, fragile and fair as thou.

Yes! love them; for never again will they
Seem as bright as now in thy life's young day;
For in after years, the mildew of care
Will have thrown a blight o'er all things fair.

Thou art happy now, as the promised bride
Of one who smiles on thee with love and pride;
And truly, I pray that his love may be
Constant and true, as now, to thee.

I would not crush one hope of thy heart,
I would not say that ye e'er will part;
I would only say, that change *may* come,
And bid you remember the Holy One.

Remember him now, while thy hopes are bright,
While thy step is free, and thy heart is light—
And thou'lt know in the days of grief and pain,
That the light of His love shall never wane.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Of the many young men whose promise the grave has blighted, there is not one whose few years of life guaranteed higher expectations, or whose name is associated with so much that is heroic and virtuous as, Henry Kirke White. His admirers are, perhaps, not so numerous as they should be, nor is his influence all that could be wished. Yet, when the time that he lived in is considered, the attention which he gained and secured, is not a little remarkable.

The first fifty years of the present century has added more to English literature—to the world's literature—than any previous half century in history. It was prodigal in great men. Not only were they numerous, but the genius of most of them was of the highest order. It was doubtless a bad time for mediocre—or indeed talent of any kind; and many who would have achieved eminence and secured a high reputation, in their own day, at least, passed away unknown, their efforts dimmned to darkness by the achievements of their cotemporaries, or deterred entirely from making any effort where so much was expected and required. An author receiving at such a time any degree of favor, is, of itself, a recommendation, and we would

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wonder less that the immature production of this schoolboy was not suffered to encumber the shelves of the bookseller, than that great names among great names, should lend their penand their influence to raise higher his character and perpetuate his memory.

But it is for more than this, for something other, than literary excellence—something higher, too—that his life should be familiar to us, and the little volume of his remains oftener in our hands. It will not be easy to name one whose intellect was so refined and so elevated as his—whose soul so thirsted after the beautiful and unknown—who led a life so blameless and hopeful, and died a death so martyr-like—in a word, he was, perhaps, the *completest man* that ever lived, for his years, and cannot be too much studied, or too closely copied by every student, by every man.

His short tale is easily told. He was, as is well known, the son of a butcher, and was born at Nottingham, Eng., in March, 1785. His life was an unvarying struggle against the difficulties which opposed his advancement. The age of twenty-one came and found the way pretty nearly smoothed—the difficulties nearly all surmounted. But the over-taxed intellect was worn out; his frame, feeble from the first, could no longer stand the exertion; the blood gushed from his eyes on the book he pored over; and the student was a corpse.

His poems, as we now have them, will not bear minute criticism. "Clifton Grove," his longest performance, is not so much a description in verse, as he calls it, of natural scenery with which he was familiar, as it is a description of his own feelings as he looked upon it and felt its influence. His next lengthy performance—"TIME"—contains many fine thoughts, finely expressed—much that is common-place, and much that is not his own. His complimentary pieces are particularly unfortunate—heavy, turned, and bombastic. His humorous pieces are more happy. Of his smaller pieces, that impromptu to Capel Lofft possesses considerable power and energy. The popularity of his "Wandering Boy" is a sufficient attestation of its merits. The pieces written at a very early age are, like others of their kind, remarkable only for being written at an early age. He would not perhaps have risen high as a poet. The chief beauty in his poems is the reflection of his own refined and elevated feelings. His letters show him in the most amiable light—a model as a brother, a friend, a son, a student, and a man.

Had life been spared him, it is difficult to predict in what he would have excelled. His acquirements, for his years and opportunities, were immense; and his intellect was certainly of a very high order. This, with the thirst for knowledge that characterized him, might have made a more learned, refined and elevated man than our literary annals can show. PLANATUS.

Miscellany.

ASTORIA.—"Ours is a great wild country," as Browning says in his "Flight of the Duchess,"

> "And, if you climb to the mountain's top,
> I don't know where your eyes will stop."

Certainly they will not stop short of the Pacific, if you look for the Ultima Thule of our territory and civilization. Astoria is the oldest, but, by no means the largest, wealthiest or most important of our settlements on the opposite side of our "great wild country." The conquest of California, the opening of new avenues of trade, and the discovery of the gold mines of the Sacramento have completely diverted the attention of the commercial world from Astoria, which, at one time, was the great point of interest on the Pacific. But the romantic adventures connected with the foundation and settlement of this far-off city, have been rendered classical by the felicitous pen of Washington Irving, who found in the wild narratives of the first explorers on this point of our continent a genial subject for his talents. The cut which we give on our first page represents Astoria as it now appears, almost forty years since the American flag was first hoisted there by the hardy traders who gave it the name of the merchant in whose service they were employed.

In the year 1810, John Jacob Astor dispatched two expeditions to the mouth of the Columbia River, for the purpose of establishing a trading post, and opening an intercourse with the Indians of the Northwest Coast. One of these expeditions went by land over the Rocky Mountains, and the other round Cape Horn. The wild and often amusing adventures of these pioneers of commerce, their hardships, trials, and success have all been faithfully recorded by Mr. Irving in his "Astoria."

Mr. Astor having determined to send out the expeditions, brought from Canada thirteen voyagers to accompany the adventurers going by sea. These hardy men brought with them from the banks of the St. Lawrence, one of the boats in which they had been accustomed to navigate

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that river, and to the astonishment of the New Yorkers, they came rowing and singing one bright morning down the Hudson, and landed upon the wharves, in their romantic costume. Their boat was transported on wagon wheels from Lake Champlain to Albany, where they re-embarked on their long voyage.

In the year 1810, in the month of September, the expedition by sea set sail in the ship Tonquin, of 290 tons, and after making many stoppages, arrived off the mouth of the Columbia River in the month of April the following year. The coast was new to them, and unexplored, and it was not until many dangers had been passed, and much hardship endured, that they effected a landing, and selected a spot for the site of the new town. Irving says: "Crossing the wide mouth of the river, the party encamped at the bottom of a small bay within Point George. The situation chosen for the fortified post was on an elevation facing to the north, with the wide estuary, its sand bars and tempestuous breakers spread out before it, and the promontory of Cape Disappointment, fifteen miles distant, closing the prospect to the left. The surrounding country was in all the freshness of spring; the trees were in the young leaf, the weather was superb, and 'everything looked delightful to men just emancipated from confinement on shipboard." The post was chosen and named, the American flag hoisted, and a small fortification erected. It did not remain long, however, in the hands of the original founders, for war having broken out with Great Britain, the post was captured by a British frigate in December, 1813, and its name changed to Fort George. On the return of peace, it was transferred to our government and its original name restored, but the merchant who had established it never again resumed there his commercial operations. It is now a part of our national territory, but what its future destiny may be it is not easy to foretell.

Judging from the cut, which we believe to be an accurate view of Astoria, this distant city is but in the first stage of development; but the hills are well clothed with the material of which houses are built, and a saw mill or two will soon convert the place into a thriving lumber mart. Nothing is wanting there but men and machinery, and these are fast accumulating on the shores of the Pacific. A few years hence, and all those tall pines which so picturesquely fringe the infant settlement, will be converted into houses which may give shelter to some who are now reading these lines.

THE CITY OF ELMS.—Most emphatically is New Haven worthy of the above appellation. The stranger who stops long enough to look over this beautiful and tidy city will be captivated with the tasty and beautiful appearance of every thing connected therewith. The Puritan order and gracefulness of the churches, the substantial and staid appearance of the public buildings, the State House, the college edifices, the fine blocks of stores, and the hotels, all are noticeable. The private dwellings are quite neat, and bespeak a literary taste, and show the refinement of the citizens. One of the most splendid mansions for travellers who wish to tarry for a short season in this queenly city, is the *New Haven House*, kept by the gentlemanly and excellent Mr. Ives. Every convenience of our first class hotels in the larger cities is found here. This large mansion is beautifully lighted with gas, and richly furnished in all its apartments. The table is sumptuously supplied, and most quietly and neatly served. It is an honor to the city to have such agreeable accommodations, where so many distinguished literary strangers and others necessarily congregate annually, and where there is such a venerable institution, the alma mater of the most influential minds in our country, which draws together, on commencement occasions, so many that they are often with difficulty made comfortable. We are happy to announce that this house is a place of so much attraction, and is patronized as it deserves.

Had we time and space, we would take the reader to the cabinet of Yale College, now looking as natural, and perhaps more beautiful than ever. We would show him also the cemetery where every thing corresponds with the sombre mansions of the departed. Beneath these mounds where the tombs are erectd, repose the ashes of departed greatness. The poet, the philosopher, the student, the divine, were buried there. Also, a large number of the officers and students of the college are buried there, dating back to a remote period of its history. The citizens of New Haven have done themselves honor in the erection of certain monuments and the adornment of the grounds with the varieties of evergreen and other tokens of regard for the honored dead. But we must close by wishing all our readers the pleasure of visiting the City of Elms.

THE PONS ASINORIUM.—The wisest teachers and philosophers may, and do differ as to the best mode of expanding and improving the mind. What proportion of the sciences, and what of literature, is requisite to give a proper balance to the mind, is the mooted question. Some are strong advocates of the languages as the most appropriate for females, to strengthen thei-

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memory and give the needful mental polish: others say they are as much profited by the mathematics and other scientific branches as the male sex. While doctors and teachers disagree, let females have a fair opportunity to show their skill, to exhibit their talent, and fit themselves for their peculiar stations. Perhaps masters as often as misses bolt at difficult mathematical problems, and say, "I cannot study geometry; I don't understand it."

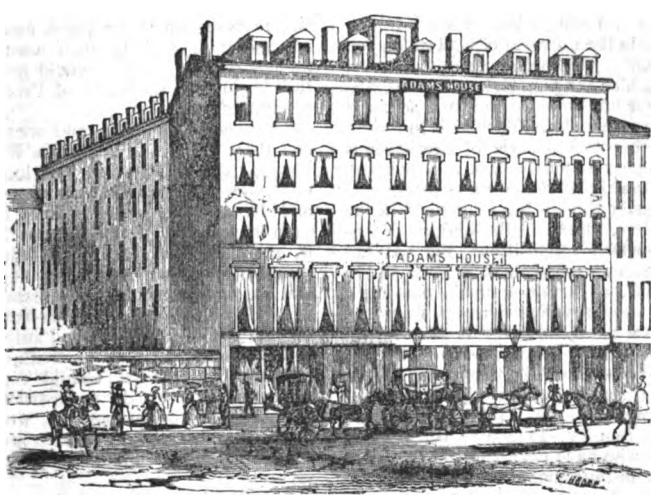
A young poetess of much promise, who had commenced Euclid, rather stumbled at the fifth proposition, and having communicated the difficulty to a literary friend, he wrote the follownig poetic reply, which, though not remarkable for poetry, has some fine hits that may both amuse and profit a certain class of our readers. We admire its ingenuity, and we commend its object.

—

BY W. M.

And did you stumble, tottling one?
And did you fall, almost flat down?
O, such a little weakly tot
On such a bridge should venture not.
How came you thus to venture o'er,
To build upon the farther shore,
The huge triangle and the square?
Such work does not become the fair.
Their tiny fingers ought to be
Employed about embroidery.
(And some, perchance, would say go home,
And ply your mother's banging loom.)

O, what will come of future "hubs?"
They'll surely meet with many rubs;
If future wives must study so,
They'll *never nothing* useful know.
But why a poetess go o'er
Where Jack and Gill have gone before,
As though no flowers good and rank
Grew smiling on the hither bank?
Why, 'tis, my friend, almost a crime,
To leave the trade of making rhyme,
And run with men of figures, strong,
The race up hill, dull, tedious, long:
Go back, go back, and study Latin,
Or make embroidery on satin:
And if you can't that language sputter,
Go home and help make cheese and butter.
O, don't proceed—a bear, a bear!
He'll bite your fingers, have a care!
Your patience cannot stand the shock,
To con the task while others mock:
To chew the mathematic gristle,
And hear the reckless teacher whistle.



ADAMS HOUSE.

THE celebrated house represented in the above cut is one of the best near the OLD CRADLE OF LIBERTY, in the city of Boston. We can hardly refrain from inserting the view so tastefully got up, which a friend gave us the other day, and after a personal inspection of the interior arrangements, and an acquaintance with the manager of this quiet and admirably conducted establishment, from remarking that Mr. S. B. Robbins' acquaintance is worth enjoying, and the stranger's visit to his HOUSE is designed to leave the fragrance of pleasant memories. Boston, with its belongings and surroundings, is finally calculated to impress most favorably the visitor with the beautiful and the venerable—with the artistic and the sublime.

The mind wanders back to the early struggles of our fathers, and those trying crises when tyranny and liberty were trembling in the balance. There are many monuments of departed worth and departed courage. The memory of circumstances and the memory of men is hallowed. The events

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that have occurred, and the minds that have removed mountains of difficulty, are not to be forgotten. Bunker Hill Monument is a mighty shaft of human power to typify the mighty valor of mighty minds. The house of John Hancock still stands, and the name of Adams will not be forgotten.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR FEBRUARY.—The following notice of The Westminster Review we find in the Mirror, from the pen, as we judge from the initial, (B.) of L. C. BRACE, whose name has before appeared in our Magazine. The piece is so well suited to our views that we cannot refrain from inserting it, for we think it deserves a wide circulation.

"It is easier to be spicy, than to be sound—to rail, than to reason—to find fault, than to show a better way. Some love the excitement of sneering and picking flaws; they feel a self-complacent delight in their own fancied smartness; and with the shallower classes of readers they gain admiration. But how far, far above such a petty and malicious play, is the man who feels the responsibility of positively aiding his fellow-men in discovering what is true. The eccentric Lorenzo Dow once said to some youngsters who were making a mock of him, as he was speaking in the open air—'Young men, let me tell you there is nothing in the universe of God which you cannot ridicule.' The broad, candid, earnest view of things which the man strives to take, who feels that it is for him to learn and to teach, and not merely to contradict and darken, is in strong contrast with the cynical style of captiousness which some appear to cultivate as a demonstration of intellectual independence and prowess.

The Westminster Review has long stood in the category of railers. Even in the defence of tenable and important propositions, the old habit gains the mastery; and there is, even in the support of truth, a certain caustic, one-sided, half-malicious temper, which detracts from the dignity and final effect, however it may add to the present seasoning of the discussion. But this is not all. There is a steadily maintained undertone of skeptical suggestion, in what we consider its most cowardly form. To ignore the results of learned inquiry—to assume airs of superiority over all who have ever believed the Bible—to throw out insinuations as if they could be backed up by any amount of learning and argument, did the space only allow—to skulk under indefinite statements, and to confuse constantly taunts with reasonings, or rather, to present them as reasonings—this is the work of a writer who has no respect for his readers, probably very little for himself, and none at all for the great cause of truth. Those who suffer themselves to be fascinated by such airs, and carried captive by such devices, have yet to learn that they have sold themselves very cheaply.

In the Review of the Contemporary Literature of Europe and America, we are presented, not with a fair survey, but with ample notices of such books as happen to suit the bent of the magazine, and afford occasions for the outletting of the peculiar notions which the Westminster has undertaken to impress upon mankind. O. A. Brownson and Andrew Jackson Davis figure abundantly; the latter is treated with a respectful caution and delicacy which are not accorded to a Davidson or a Chalmers.

For the boldest specimens of the *petitio principii*—the *begging of the question* on great subjects of human thought and life-long inquiry, we may refer the curious to the Westminster Review. The only wonder is, that any writers can have the audacity to ride over the results of modern learning, and yet claim to be the only investigators who are up with the times.

We will allude to one illustration. In noticing a new work—"Hippolytus and his Age,"—the writer manages to throw in jeering expressions, side-wise intimations, statements of what "some have thought," &c., &c., the tendency of which is to blind and mislead the uninformed reader in regard to the true state of the evidence respecting the genuineness of the Gospels. Now, if the writer is really honest in his presentation of the matter, he has never read the great work of Professor Norton. He must, therefore, be conscious that he is not up to the times, and that he is not warranted in making such assertions without further reading; for he would not acknowledge that he had never heard of Professor Norton's celebrated work.

There never has been, and we may safely predict there never will be, in the Westminster Review, a calm, scholar-like, full, logical discussion of the question whether Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John wrote the Gospels, in which the aim shall be to prove that Professor Norton's essay is, all things considered, a failure. Yet this would be a proper course for any truly sincere and honest man to take, who deems it his duty to satisfy his fellow-men that the four Gospels were not the work of their reputed authors. True respect for mankind and for truth, would demand a manly, well-studied, candid exposition. The mind which is worthy to instruct the world on this great historical question, would disdain to carry men by artfully chosen words, and convince them by the devices of insinuation and surmise.

The Charities of London are treated by a writer whose views are just, and very valuable; but the article is materially injured by this sneering, contemptuous, conceited manner. To us it seems as if age would subdue such a spirit, and shame it out. We do not know how young in years the Westminster writers may be; we could form a better idea of their youth in logical experience and practice. B.

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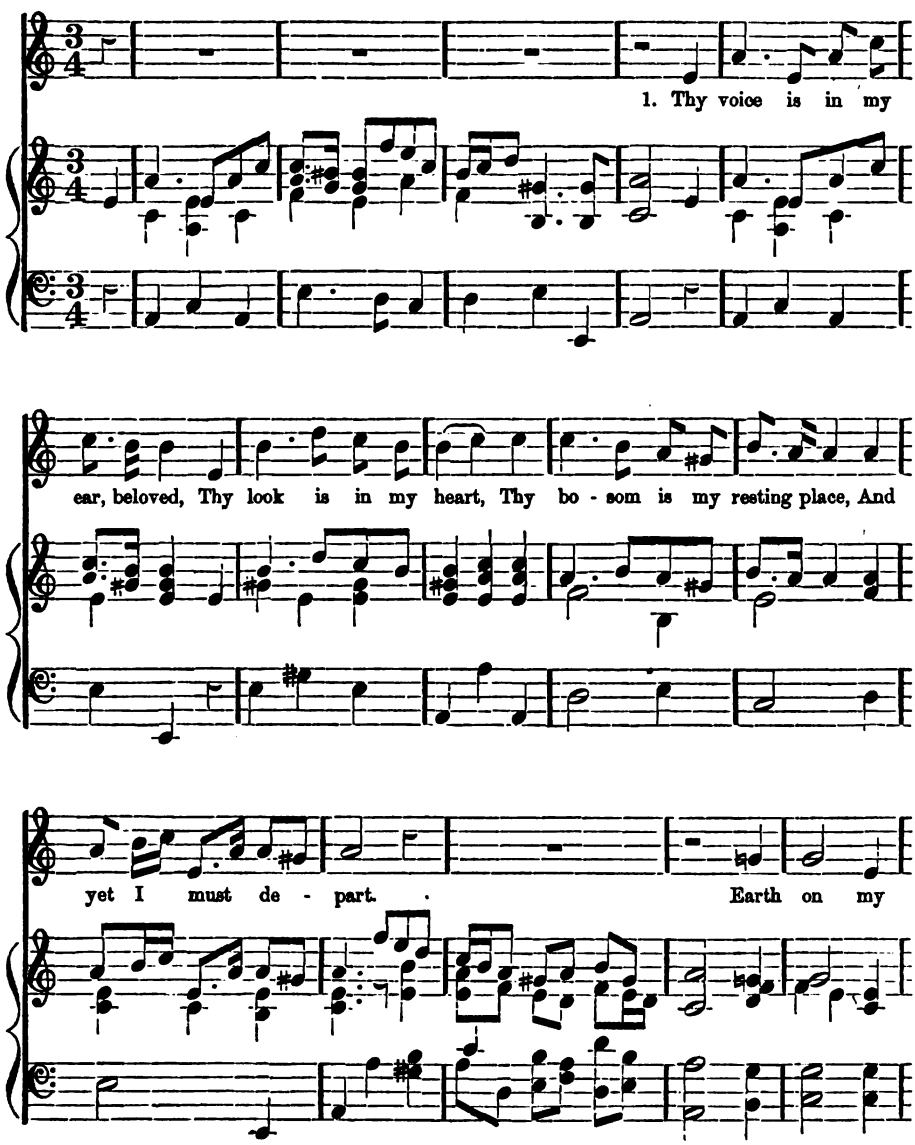
Thy Voice is in my Ear.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE WALDENSES.

Words from Mrs. HEMANS. Music by ASAHEL ABBOT.

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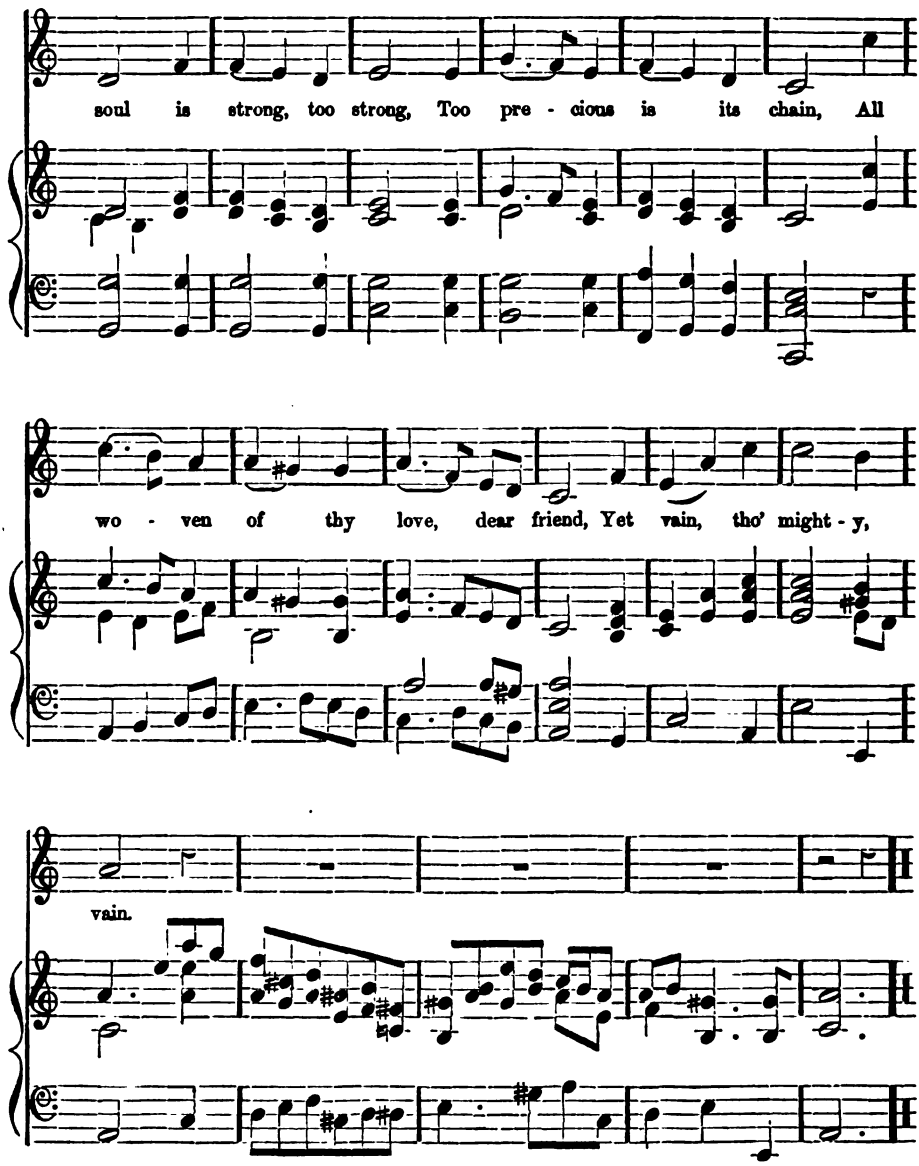
2.

Thou seest mine eye grow dim, beloved,
Thou seest my life-blood flow;
Bow to the Chastener silently,
And calmly let me go.
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy turf must lie;
Yet have we, for communion sweet,
A long eternity.

3.

Be strong; I leave the living voice
Of this my martyr blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood.
A spirit 'mid the leaves to dwell;
A token on the air;
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

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Book Notices.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE SOME GOOD BOOKS.—We have concluded to make a very liberal offer to our present subscribers, or any one who may wish to accept the proposal. It is this:

First, to any one who will obtain three new subscribers to the C. P. Magazine, and forward the pay at the rates mentioned on the cover, shall have a copy of the *Coronal and Young Remembrancer*, a small quarto annual of 384 pages, on Butler's beautiful fine paper, with full gilt and nine steel engravings. The typography of the first grade. The writers, some of whom made especial effort. This book is one of the best of the kind in the market, and will richly repay any little effort of the kind mentioned. Price, three dollars.

For two new subscribers we will give either of the *seven* following works:

1. *Sacred Tableaux.* Remarkable Incidents in the old and New Testaments, illustrated by forty-six Medallion and five Mezzotint Engravings, with letter-press descriptions, by thirty-eight distinguished American writers. Edited by Thomas Wyatt, A. M.; large 12mo, *cloth, gilt back.* Price, $1 75.

It affords the reader much valuable Biblical instruction, as would be naturally expected from men of eminence, of varied acquirements and merited celebrity. The beautiful steel engravings and medallion plates represent Scripture incidents and scenes of hallowed memory. The work is a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day, and will be appreciated by every lover of the beautiful and the truthful.

2. *The Half Century*, by Dr. E. Davis, of Westfield. The important religious and other events of the last half century, brought together in one volume octavo, 444 pages, with a beautiful introduction from the scholarly and able pen of Dr. M. Hopkins.

3. The Young Woman's Book of Health, by William A. Alcott, Author of the Young Man's Guide, &c., 312 pp., 12mo, *cloth.* Price, 84 cents.

An instructive, useful, and timely work for the present generation.

4. The well-known and the world-wide appreciated letters of Dr. Sprague to his daughters, but are more truly letters to the daughters of all parents.

5. Dr. Sprague's letters to young men, which are producing a happy influence wherever they are read.

6. Palmer's Closet Hours. Not after the plan of Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, but admirably calculated to awaken similar trains of thought, and produce equally happy impressions.

7. The Daughters of Zion, by Dr. Burchard, of this city, a very beautiful book for the family circle.

Scripture females are charmingly illustrated by a good delineator of the Scripture worthies. The work is embellished by finely executed steel engravings.

For eighteen new subscribers, a full set of the Works of Benjamin Franklin, edited by Jared Sparks, 10 vols., 8vo, twenty-two steel plates, *cloth.* Price, $20 00.

This is a valuable work for families and for libraries, and is well worth the labor it would cost to obtain it.

For five new subscribers, large quarto Bible, price $5. This edition is on good paper, neatly printed, containing chronological tables, the Psalms of David, in metre, and a copious concordance of the Holy Scriptures. The above offers should induce the friends of this periodical, the friends of a sanctified, religious literature, to gather up in different parts a large number of fast friends to the cause. Let friend rival friend in a good work.

THE HISTORY OF AN ADOPTED CHILD By Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury. Harper & Brothers.

Here, in a captivating little autobiography, we have a lesson for grown-up aunts, elder sisters, cross uncles, and all other people, who have not the grace of patience with the noise, the questions, the gayety of children. Miss Jewsbury tells the truth undoubtedly, when she says, that "Children are not so happy as it is the fashion to represent them." They are dependent on those around them; they can scarcely be said to live their own lives: they grow in the life of those who are set over them. They are, indeed, free from the care of making a living; but they have their own troubles, which they feel keenly, and against which they have no defence, except in their own childish buoyancy. They also have an intense and often painful sympathy with those around them. Older people should remember this, and never make them sad without a good reason. Miss Jewsbury is resolved to do what she can in behalf of the little folks at home; and this History, which is most charmingly told, conveys the lessons in a very sure way, for the book will be pretty certain of being read, and of being effective. The author may well congratulate herself, if she has the honor to write a powerful plea for the children, especially for the turned-off and roughly-treated children.

MUSIC.

FIRTH & POND, dealers in Pianos and Music extensively, are constantly publishing new and rich music.—Within a Mile of Edinburghtown; Scotch Ballad. Sung by Madame Sontag; newly arranged for the Piano Forte. When I would Die. Words by Lilian May; music by G. F. H. Lawrence. A beautiful Melody, The Valleys of Cashmere.

We have received from Hall & Son some good pieces, which must please good judges. We can mention,—

Ella Dear. Words by Henry Wood, Esq.

They've Sold me Down the River. Composed by G .F. Wurzell.

Dark Eyes. Words by S. J. Burr. Music by J. Gaspard Maeder.

Katy Darling Quickstep. An excellent piece.

Afton Polka. By J. A. Fowler.

Tadolini Waltz. " "

Air from Martha. " "

Atalanta Polka. By Harvey B. Dodworth.

Rail Road Gallop. By Wm. Dressler.

DE QUINCEY'S ESSAYS ON THE POETS.—This acute and popular author and critic has given to the public a series of critical essays on Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Goldsmith, and others, in a duodecimo, which will, we think, be a favorite with the higher classes of readers. We are gratified to find De Quincey so correct in his religious views. In some of his former publications there was an abuse of religious considerations, which the reader could not but notice. But in this volume, and especially in his remarks on Shelley and on John Foster, we find a justness of remark which indicates a mind well instructed in religious things. De Quincey has a certain quickness of perception, and an earnest and often brilliant mode of expression, which interests the reader, and creates a peculiar sympathy in cultivated minds. He is free from the over effort, and tendency to inflation and bombast, of Gilfillan. His account of the gifted, wicked, wretched, ruined Shelley, is candid, forbearing, just. He makes the reader feel that it is a dreadful thing to have the susceptibilities highly aroused, and yet left the prey of demoniacal, rebellious passion. With Foster he deals plainly—probably too depreciatingly.

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PASTORAL THEOLOGY; OR, THE THEORY OF THE EVANGELICAL MINISTRY: By A. Vinet. Translated and edited by Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York. With notes and an additional chapter by the translator. Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Skinner states that having begun to read this book for his own advantage, he soon decided on translating it for the benefit of others. Professor Vinet ranked high among the gifted men of his times, and entered deeply into the spirit of evangelical religion. This work is distinguished by fulness of plan, philosophical teaching in a simple guise, thorough learning, "a pre eminently pure and holy spirit, which often subdues and penetrates the reader's heart, and leads him to look within himself with the profoundest scrutiny," and a pleasing diction, which the translator has certainly well represented in English.

Dr. Skinner is of opinion that in treating of the care of individual souls, this spiritual and faithful man has transcended all who have preceded him. The whole subject of Pastoral Theology is one which Vinet had thoroughly studied, one which was congenial to his mind and heart, and which was adapted to call forth his most earnest, eloquent, and varied exhibitions of thought and feeling.

Dr. Skinner has added a chapter of thirty pages, on "the care of souls in times of special declension and special interest in religion." We need not assure our readers that this addition is of high practical value; nor will it be necessary for us to invite to it the attention of clergymen.

Had we space to state the topics treated of in this work, we should excite in our readers an increased desire to possess it. But we must content ourselves with saying that a more judicious, serious, spiritual treatise, we have not met with. While volumes of polemic strength may be of doubtful spirit and tendency, we feel safe in inviting all to read such a manual as this, which guides and exhorts the Christian pastor in reference to his momentous work of "watching for souls."

A HERO, AND OTHER TALES. By the author of "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c. Harper & Brothers.

This is a volume of "pretty stories;" and in so saying we recommend it, in the most emphatic manner, to many a circle. Whatever our philosophy or our fears may dictate respecting story-books, there are multitudes of readers who look eagerly for them; and in giving the literary intelligence, we must herald the appearance of those which promise, in their way, to be found worthy of perusal. This volume is marked by a very vivacious style, and the abundant infusion of Scotch dialect will please many. The Harpers have issued it in beautiful style, and it is one of the "taking" books.

DR. BREWER'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE; or, The Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar. 490 pages. Price 12 1-2 cents. Published by C. S. Francis & Co., No. 252 Broadway, N. Y.

The object of "Dr. Brewer's Guide to Science" is to explain scientifically and in the most concise and intelligible manner, 2,000 questions of the common phenomena of life, similar to those subjoined:

Why does lightning turn beer and milk sour?

Why do leaves turn brown in autumn?

Why is mortar adhesive?

Why are coals black—snow white—leaves green—violets blue—and roses red?

It contains an amount of useful information never before collected in a shape so convenient for study, and so easy for reference.

DAUGHTERS of CHINA. By Eliza G. Bridgman. New York: Carter & Brothers.

These interesting sketches of domestic life in the Celestial Empire, by a lady who has made China her adopted home, and the women of China the objects of her Christian sympathy and regard, are well fitted to call forth the prayers of the daughters of America in their behalf. The women of China can seldom be reached by the direct preaching of the Gospel; the usages of society debar them from public assemblies, and therefore it is all important that self-denying, Christ-loving females should carry to them the torch of life, and train them for the bliss of heaven.

THE HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. A System of Hydropathy and Hygiene. In eight parts.

I. Outlines of Anatomy.

II. Physiology of the Human Body.

III. Hygiene Agencies, and Preservation of Health.

IV. Dietetics and Hydropathic Cookery.

V Study and Practice of Water-Cure Treatment.

VI. Special Pathology and Hydro-Therapeutics, including the Nature, Causes, Symptoms and Treatment of all known Diseases.

VII. Application to Surgical Diseases.

VIII. Application of Hydropathy to Midwifery and the Nursery. By Dr. R. T. Trall. Published by Fowlers & Wells.

It is a good guide to families and students as a text-book The work is illustrated, and contains in both volumes about 900 pages of instructive information. If every family had this work, we can safely say much money and pain would be saved.

HINTS TOWARDS REFORMS. Lectures, Addresses, and other Writings of Horace Greeley.

If the reader cannot agree with the learned Editor and Reformer in all his peculiar views of the idea of Christianity and social order, he may be amused and instructed, and certainly he must agree that many of the lectures are capitally conceived and executed.

CLOVERNOOK; A Western Tale. By the renowned Poet, Alice Carey. Published by Redfield, 110 Nassau-street.

This work has been much read and much admired by certain classes, and will be long remembered and sought for as pleasant and truthful sketches or tales of Western life.

POEMS. By Alice and Phœbe Carey. Published by Redfield.

We have read most of them with pleasure, and can commend them as easy, natural and graceful. If the MUSA has done more for the elder sister, we find it not so easy to decide. What experience can do time must make known.

MY FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE; or, Sketches of Society, Scenery and Antiquities in England, Ireland, Scotland and France. By Andrew Dickinson, Author of "The City of the Dead and Other Poems." Third Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853.

This is a very readable little book—fresh, unaffected, genuine. The Author, a practical printer, sought in a sea-voyage and new scenes restoration of impaired health. He carried with him the quick, intelligent observation of his calling, a hopeful spirit, and a gentle and unobtrusive disposition and manner. He was fortunate in his acquaintances, and in the incidents of his travel; and the narration is at once faithful, varied, and interesting.

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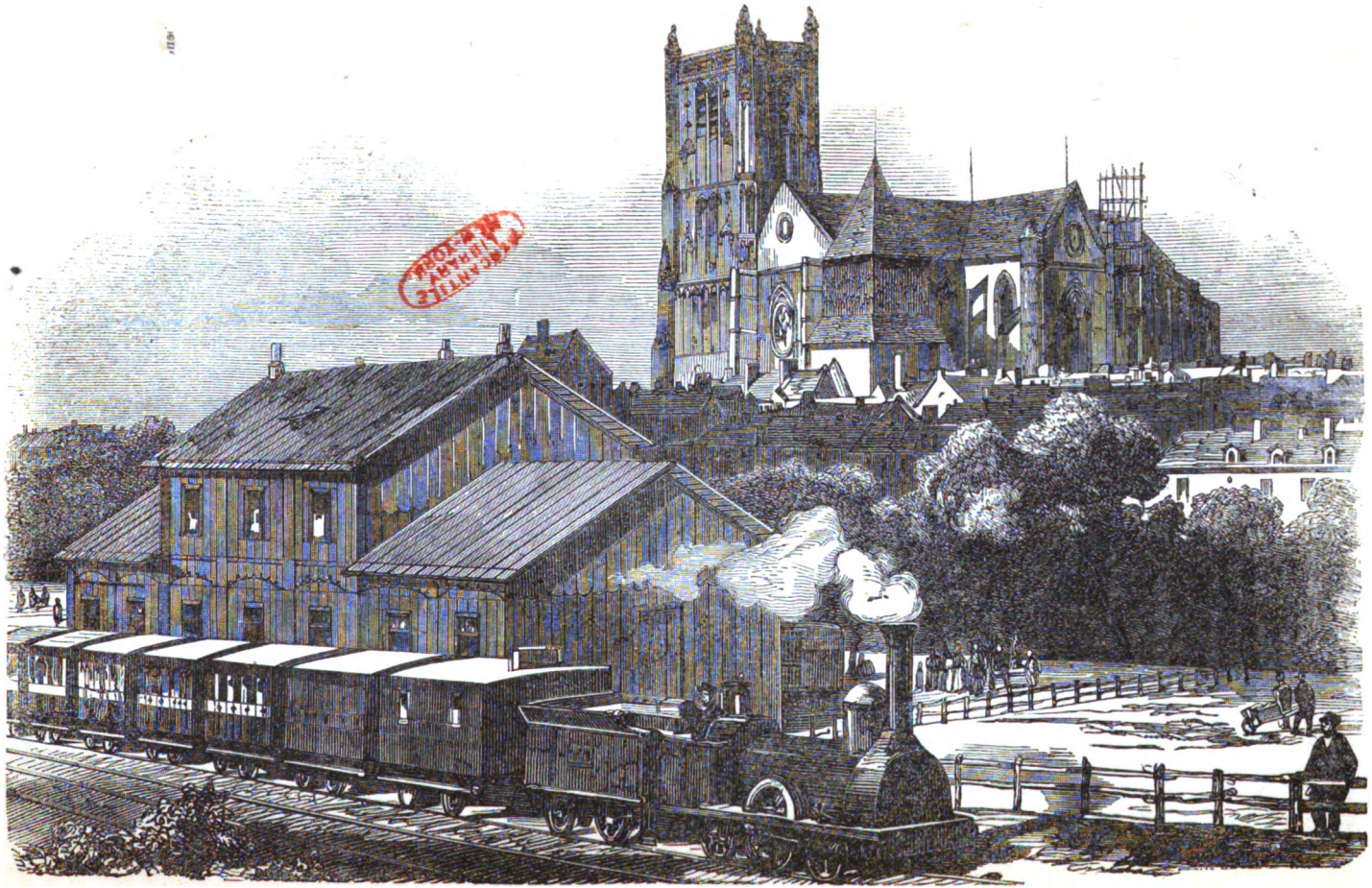

MEAUX.—FRANCE.

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE CLOUD.

BY MISS C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

The sunbeam, at one time, became dissatisfied that its brightness was so often obscured and its influence upon the earth modified by the cloud. "How bright, and beautiful, and blooming the earth would be," it said, "if no clouds were permitted to intervene between it and my cheerful, life-inspiring beams." The modest cloud, finding that so much evil was attributed to its humble ministry, retired quickly from the heavens, and left the earth to the influence of the sunbeam alone.

For a time everything seemed to rejoice in its brightness, but soon the more delicate plants began to wither, and the more hardy ones were not long in sharing their fate. The earth was no longer covered with its soft carpet of green, and the forests no longer delighted the eye with the freshness and beauty of their foliage. The whole creation, animate and inanimate, groaned and panted, not for the sun, but for the cloud. Man watched the heavens in breathless anxiety, if perchance a cloud, ever so small, might be discovered as a token that the undivided reign of the sunbeam was over.

When the cloud found that the earth, and even the sun itself, longed for its appearance again, it returned to the heavens. "See," said the cloud to the sunbeam, "what desolation reigns under your influence. I have given place to you; it is now your turn to retire, and let me show what I can do." The sunbeam, abashed by the result of its experiment, yielded its place to the cloud. The cloud shed down its treasures of rain upon the earth, and the drooping plants revived, and the shrivelled leaves opened, and the dried and parched grain grew soft and green again; and all nature rejoiced for a time in the cloud. But when day after day passed, and the sunbeam did not appear, everything began to look drear and desolate, and to ask for the cheering influence of its rays.

Then the cloud besought the sunbeam to return again to its place in the heavens. The sunbeam returned, but having grown wiser than before, it no longer desired to banish the cloud. "We have each been foolish," it said, "in wishing for an undivided influence upon the earth. Let us for the future be contented to succeed each other in scattering blessings each in our own way." Thenceforth the cloud, when it had done its work, cheerfully gave place to the sunbeam, and the sunbeam never again repined when its rays were obscured by the cloud, but each in its own way has continued to bless the world ever since.

It chanced that two sister angels, who were descending to earth on their mission of love, witnessed this contention between the sunbeam and the cloud, and its results. Now, both these angels were sent on the same mission of love, which was to accompany redeemed souls in their journey through life until they reached their home in glory, and to hasten them on toward their heavenly home. These angels were alike beautiful and glorious in each other's eyes, and in the eyes of their fellow angels, and in the eyes of the Father who sent them. Ministering spirits they were, "sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." But to the eye of sense they assumed very different forms. While the one seemed attractive and beautiful, and was courted by all, the other

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seemed gloomy and forbidding, and her presence was feared and dreaded. The name of the one angel was Prosperity, and the other Adversity.

There were those, however, among the children of men who understood the true character of the angel of Adversity, and saw her all-glorious and beautiful, like her sister angel, and as she was seen in heaven. But these individuals did not look upon her with the eye of sense. They were furnished with another medium of vision called the eye of faith, by which they could see her as she really was, and could sing,

> "Even crosses from his sovereign hand
> Are blessings in disguise."

But even these persons would sometimes close the eye of faith, and look upon this angel only with the eye of sense, and then they would shrink away with dread from her approach, the same as others did. They would often do this, even while she was taking them by the hand to lead them back from the byways into which they had wandered, into the right way, "that they might go to a city of habitation."

"Now," said Adversity to her sister angel Prosperity, "let us learn a lesson from the cloud and the sunbeam, and let us go hand in hand on our errand of mercy to man. You are the sunbeam; I am the cloud. We must succeed each other. The day of prosperity must be set over against the day of adversity. As the earth becomes parched, and vegetation withers; if uninterrupted sunshine continues too long, so the heart of man becomes proud and selfish, unfeeling and worldly-minded, under the influence of long-continued prosperity. It is necessary that adversity should succeed, to humble, and soften, and purify." So these sister angels went through the world, alike in their errand of beneficence, but unlike in their way of performing it.

When a man had walked with Prosperity until his heart was lifted up, Adversity would come and take her place, and lead the erring one aside to think on his ways. Very often, indeed, was her presence at first unwelcome, and her mission misunderstood; but ere long the subject of it would be heard exclaiming, while the sweet tear of penitence moistened his eye, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." Then would he find that, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are but dust." Then again would the angel of Prosperity be commissioned to take her place by his side.

When the journey of life was ended, and all its wanderings over, then, if never before, would the redeemed one see how merciful, needful, and beneficent was the mission of the angel of Adversity.

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

[An unpublished Poem of Mrs Hemans, presented to the Christian Parlor Magazine by a Friend.]

Have ye heard; have ye heard of that sun-bright clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unhurt by time,
When age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
When the heart is fire, and the eye is flame,—
Have ye heard of that sun-bright clime?

There are rivers of water gushing there,
And beings of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are fix'd in that sun-bright clime.

There are myriads of forms array'd in white,—
Beings of beauty clothed in light,—
And they dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid the countless hues of ten thousand flowers
That spring in that sun-bright clime.

And there is the city, whose name is Light,
And the diamond's ray and ruby bright,
And ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl
O'er walls of brass and gates of pearl,
That are found in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen
Its songs of joy, or its radiant sheen;
For its lamps of light, and its harps of gold,
And crowns of glory never wax old,
Nor fade in that sun-bright clime.

But far away is that sinless clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unhurt by time;
'Tis where the song of the seraph swells,—
Where the radiant Lord of Glory dwells,—
Where, amid all things bright, there is given,
The Home of the Just, and its name is Heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

THE AGED TRAVELLER.

BY ANNIE.

Scarcely anything seems more sad than that one who has ever kown the blessing, should be left without home and friends. The happiness of life depends so much upon the comforts and attentions with which these are connected, that we can hardly think of an individual calamity greater than their loss. But we know that such bereavements often do occur. Friends are removed, homes are desolated, the helpless of various ages are thrown upon a world not over willing to be burdened with the charge, and it is a

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thought full of pain to the compassionate, that many neglected ones are left to go down to their cheerless grave unaided by affectionate attention, unblest by offices of love.

But of all those who are thus cast upon the tender mercies of strangers, none, perhaps, have the power to excite our sympathies more than such as are advanced in life. I wonder, indeed, what young heart has not softened to the plaintive notes,

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,"

or who would not be willing to extend a helping hand to one bowed down by the weight of years! There is every thing in the circumstances and condition of the aged to call forth our interest, but more especially if they are destitute and forsaken. To have outlived home, and friends, and comforts, seems quite as sad as to have been deprived of them in early life—in many respects more so. To want such things as one has been accustomed to enjoy, is an aggravated evil. We often speak of second childhood as if the condition was like that of infancy; but there is a difference. In the one no consciousness of weakness exists—no mortifying sense of dependence; things are just as they should be, and all is sweet, and bright, and hopeful; but in the other, often something painful is found in this helplessness, and there must ever be a remembrance of what has been lost in strength, activity, and power, together with a sad conviction that more is to be suffered as time goes on. No wonder that David earnestly prayed, "Now, also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not." Indeed, if it were not for this refuge of the pious, the hope of the Almighty's care, one might endure as much in the apprehension of prolonged life as in that of early death, for we have no guarantee against the ravages of time. But this is the stronghold to which we may flee in declining years; Jehovah declares, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." To his children the promise is sure,

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

And now shall I tell you, reader, the little story which has been the means of drawing out these few reflections?

Several months ago, as I was travelling by steamboat through a part of New England, my eye fell at last upon a group in the cabin which had not before attracted my notice. It consisted of two very aged females and one considerably younger. The elder women had just been helped from their berths, and were being made ready for their departure from the boat. Both seemed equally to require assistance, though one was evidently farther advanced in life than the other. It was something unusual to see two such aged and dependent people abroad, and the circumstance, aside from their appearance and manner, naturally excited the curiosity and interest of other passengers. We soon ascertained that the two aged ladies were a mother and her daughter. Nearly a hundred years had rolled over the head of the elder, while the younger one also had passed the boundary allotted to human life by many seasons. The daughter, however, seemed of the two the more helpless, and we found her to be blind. The mother appeared bright and cheerful, and engaged in conversation with those about her, often exciting a smile by her humorous and spicy remarks. The third person of the party was a relative attending upon them. In a short time I gleaned that they were journeying from the South, where they had long lived, but that now, after an absence of fifty years, they were returning to the region of their earliest home. Here they hoped to find a spot where they might spend their few remaining days. More of their history I did not then learn, except that I had some reason to believe necessity alone had occasioned their removal at such a time of their life. As I looked upon them, the one nearly exhausted by time, the other by infirmity, I could not but wonder what would become of them—who would take care of them—what friends they could meet with in a spot where they had been so long unknown—what home could be found where persons naturally requiring so much attendance would be welcome. Then I reflected upon the conditions of protracted life, and asked myself whether I should be willing to bear the burden either for myself or another, and in the face of compassionate regard for these, the poet's sentiment rose to my mind, "Age is dark and unlovely." But need I say that in respect to one at least of the individuals before me the sentiment was misapplied?

I did not expect to hear again of my fellow travellers, but it has so chanced that something of their early as well as later history has come to my knowledge, and I am tempted to record it.

We must go back nearly a hundred years for the time of Mrs. Englehart's birth. None probably are left who can remember her as a child, or even recall her person as a young lady, but the story goes that she was early distinguished for her beauty, wit, and charming address. This must have been true, for all who became acquainted with her later in life speak of her attractions in these respects. Even in extreme age her countenance was engaging, and the fascina-

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tion of her speech and manner she could never have lost, if I may judge from the impression she made upon those about her in her last days. But that which added a charm to every other grace was her ardent piety. And here it would be interesting to dwell upon her Christian character, as early developed, but our space will not allow. It is enough to say that she gave herself to God in the morning of her life, and found delight in his service. We shall see that God, the chosen guardian of her youth, became her guide even in death. Mrs. Englehart married at the age of eighteen, but before the birth of her daughter and only child, her husband, whom she loved with devoted tenderness, was probably lost at sea. Yet she did not give up the hope of seeing him, and for many long years watched and waited his return. During this time she was often and earnestly sought in marriage, but her heart had not recovered from its loss, and she could listen to no such proposal.

At length her daughter, still quite young, chose a home for herself, and both she and her mother went to live in one of the Southern States. There for many years numerous joys and sorrows fell to their lot. Mrs. Englehart became again the centre of attraction in the social circle, and after a time she married. In this, her second choice, she was very happy, and friends and comforts multiplied around her. She was accustomed to speak of the sunny periods of her life, and this she always designated as one of the brightest. But in the course of a few years, by a sudden stroke of Providence, this pleasant home was broken up, and she left a widow and destitute. Her daughter also had experienced the vicissitudes of life—been made twice a widow and lost many of her children. After this, the bright star was once again ascendant, and they lived long in affluence and ease. With the mother every circumstance of her lot, whether of prosperity or adversity, had seemed to brighten her Christian character, and add to her energy, both physical and mental. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." But we must remember that in these cycles of years old age had come on, and when by another revolution of fortune she found herself thrown upon the world, Mrs. Englehart had nearly run her long race. At the age of ninety-five, with her daughter now bereft of eyesight, she was without means and without a home.

Might she not say, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" No, for "the Lord is not slack concerning his promises." Mrs. Englehart now desired to return to her native place, and, indeed, there seemed nothing else left for her to do. Through the efforts of her kind pastor, means were obtained to defray the expenses of travel and maintenance of both for a short time upon arrival. But to whom should she go? In the changes of fifty years, during which time neither of them had visited their early home, none were remaining to whom they could claim kindred. After unsuccessful inquiries in other quarters, a letter was at last addressed to one whom they knew only as the daughter of a former friend, asking permission to make her house their home, till with such means as they had they could secure one for themselves. This permission was kindly and promptly accorded, and when I met the aged traveller and her daughter, they were on their way to this temporary asylum, and nearly arrived.

But they came to a home from which they were to go no more out in this life. And how shall I speak of all the kindness and care this saint of the Lord received at the hands of his children, or of the rich blessing she brought to them! By those now most interested in this story it would doubtless be wished that no mention should be made of the former, and as Mrs. Englehart delighted to thank her Shepherd for bringing her to such green pastures and still waters, so will we praise God for his unceasing care of his people.

The daughter was soon called to her account, but the mother continued many months to enjoy the affectionate attentions of her adopted friends. They could not think of suffering her to depart from them, and when the attending relative returned to her home, they gave themselves to the light task of rendering their "grandmother," as they called her, comfortable and happy. So gentle and loving was she, so grateful and pleased, the care seemed to afford them only unmixed delight. It was the remark of one of their number, that the love she brought to their hearts was like that which comes with a beautiful child. Truly, "Them that honor me I will honor." Her fancy was still bright; she enjoyed conversation and reading to the last, and none was found a match for her in wit and repartee. She listened with great interest, during the winter, to the reading of the "Wide, Wide World," and pleasure in life did not pall with her as is usual in old age, while at the same time her hope of heaven grew fairer and brighter.

Her last sickness was short. As "shuts the eye of day," so she died. I cannot here repeat her farewell sayings, but they are treasured in the hearts of those who loved her. She recounted her mercies and thanked God for his goodness, who had guided her feet to such pleasant places. Concerning a younger member of the family who

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had rendered her affectionate services, she expressed her assurance that God would take care of her if she should live to old age, and uttered over her the patriarchal benediction, "The Lord bless my M——." Then she desired a last kiss from her kind friends; and soon fell sweetly asleep. With a passionate burst of grief M—— threw herself on her bosom; and each one now in that household mourns her loss.

Thus often through the channels of human benevolence the Great Preserver takes care of his chosen poor. He touches the hearts of men and his people are blessed. He causes the doors of hospitality to be opened, and his elect "enter in and are refreshed." He speaks to the disciple that has leaned on his breast, and a home is provided for such as have done his will. "*So he giveth his beloved sleep.*"

PRAYER OF A YEARNING HEART.

BY ELISE OREY.

My God! Oh, my Father! look down on thy child,
Whose spirit with hunger and grief groweth wild!
Whose life fount will freeze in this chill of despair;
Whose frame will sink down 'neath this burden of care.
Oh, Father! in mercy look down on me now;
By faith let me feel thy kind hand on my brow.

I fall at thy feet, thy compassion to seek;
Heart wounded, and starving, and weary, and weak;
Where, where shall I go, if I may not to Thee,
With trust in thy pity, bend lowly the knee?
No helper but Thee, unto Thee now I turn;
I pray, I entreat Thee, my prayer do not spurn.

I know that this life hath all fair things and bright,
Soft voices of music—blue heaven of light—
Sweet flowers by cool streams, and bird soaring high—
Yet life all around me, for life is my cry.
I come to Thee now, to tell Thee my plaint;
Oh, hear me! support me! so weary and faint.

I mingle my tears with the dew on the flower;
My heart low is sinking and dying each hour;
I look at the blue sky, and wish a dark cloud,
From eyes dim with weeping, its brightness would shroud.
Oh, Father! my Father! my pining heart yearns
For hope and for love—for this life it burns!

THE DYNASTY OF FRANCE.

BY GEORGE STORRS.

THE re establishment of the *Napoleon Dynasty* in France, has opened a new chapter in prophecy, as clearly marking the time in which we live, as any event in modern history. The prophecy relating to this scene is found chiefly in Revelation, 17th chapter.

Prophecy was given for a *light* to the Church of God; designed to show it, at the period of fulfilment, the exact position and time occupied by it, that it might never be without a "*day-star*" or "*day-dawn*" to guide its steps. It is not necessary to suppose that the church living *before* the events predicted take place should be able to fix them with exactness; nor for it, when living centuries *after* the events take place, to fix with certainty *all* the events which were the subject of prophecy: this would require more knowledge of profane history than most saints have the means of acquiring. But passing events are more within the knowledge of all; and the prophecies relating to them are what immediately concern the church in whatever period it may be called to labor or suffer.

In the prophecies of Scripture a *beast* is the symbol of a *Dynasty*, or *Body of Rulers*. It does not include the *ruled*, or subjects. To suppose this is to destroy the harmony of prophecy. The same dynasty may be, and sometimes is, symbolized by different beasts. The seventh and eighth chapters of Daniel are presented in proof of this. It is not our object now to enter further into that argument, but to show that the Napoleon Dynasty is symbolized in Revelation 17, and then briefly suggest its mission in this present development.

At the opening of that chapter, one of the angels having the seven last plagues, called John to view the position the great harlot occupied when she was going to *judgment;* and he beheld her seated on a scarlet-colored beast, having seven heads and ten horns. That this harlot represents the Papal Dynasty, we shall not now stop to argue, as we consider that point long since settled. The corrupt body of rulers of that corrupt church appear supporting their power by taking refuge on the civil dynasty that is described by a scarlet-colored beast. The description of that beast shows it to be a dynasty differing from any previous one. The Dragon, Revelation 12, has seven heads and ten horns, but has *crowns* on his *heads*. The first beast, Revelation 13, has the same number of heads and horns, but has the *crowns* on his *horns*. The beast in the 17th chapter appears with the same number of heads and horns, but no mention is made of any crowns; and yet it is shown to have a family relation by the *seven heads*.

The peculiarities of this beast are, that it is "the *eighth*, and is *of* the seven"—that "*it was, is not*, and YET IS;" and that it is, by ascending out of the *abussou*—the abyss. It had been in

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power—that power for a time *is not;* then, suddenly, it ascends from its non-existence and appears to the *wonder* of all except those whose names were in the book of life; that is, of all except the followers of Christ, for whose special benefit the prophecy was given; and who by a careful attention to the words of Christ are enabled to see the approaching consummation in the accuracy of the events fulfilling the prophecy.

In the information the angel gave John, he says, verse 10—"There are seven kings"—forms of government, or dynasties—"five are fallen, one is, the other is not yet come; and when he cometh he must continue *a short space.*"

That these seven dynasties are all *Roman*, we believe, is nearly the universal belief of Protestant Christendom. The *sixth*, that was in power at the time John had the vision, was the Roman *Imperial.* Five forms of Roman government had fallen prior to that time. The *Imperial* was the one then reigning, and was to continue till the "short space" dynasty should arise.

We find the imperial did continue down to 1806. After it was darkened in the western Roman Empire, just previous to the rise of Papacy, it still continued in the eastern, at Constantinople, till 1453. Before it fell in the east, it had been revived in the west, in the person of Charlemagne, A. D. 800; and continued unbroken in the Emperors of Germany or Austria, till overthrown by Napoleon Bonaparte, in 1806.

At this point we look for the "short space" or "seventh" dynasty. Accordingly we find Napoleon proclaimed Emperor of France and King of Italy; and assuming to be the *successor* of the Cæsars. Thus the seventh is developed. "It *was*," but soon "*it is not;*" and the world supposed it had disappeared for ever. But, before forty years pass away, an "eighth" appears from the *abyss*, to the *wonder* of the world; but this eighth is not another dynasty—it "is *of* the seven;" it is the same that "*was*"—then "*is not*"—and "yet *is.*"

Nothing could be more accurate in its fulfilment than the prophecy in the Napoleon Dynasty; and when Louis Napoleon entered Paris on his return from his tour through France, to prepare the way for the proclamation of the Empire, some of the sentiments inscribed on the banners that graced his entry into the city, were such as this—"The uncle that *was*—the nephew that *is.*" Thus employing the very words of the prophecy, though unknowingly to themselves.

For a time this dynasty "*is not.*" When Napoleon I. abdicated, he did so in favor of his own son, Napoleon II. But that son never came to power—he "*is not*" a reigning portion of the dynasty: and the dynasty itself, for near forty years, "*is not.*" It then "ascended from the abyss," and now "*it is!*" Thus far all seems plain.

We next remark—That in ascending from the abyss, one of the first acts of the beast is to receive the great harlot to *sit* upon him. She takes her seat there just as the "*judgment*" is about to be executed upon her. Here again history and prophecy harmonize. The Papal power was driven from Rome, and was not likely to recover its seat. But the ascending beast sent his *republican* [/] armies to Italy, and the harlot takes her seat on, or by means of, that scarlet-colored beast, where she now sits; because, as yet, Louis Napoleon knows it is for his interest to let her *sit* upon—not guide—his dynasty. So long as he can use her for his own aggrandizement, so long will he consent to let her *sit* as she does.

Thus far the fulfilment seems perfect; but we now approach the future. Here all we can do is to trace the outlines. There seems clearly to be "*ten* kings"—or small dynasties—yet to be developed, who are to be united to the beast by a voluntary giving "their power and strength to the beast," verse 13; after which, by some means, or from some cause not yet developed, "the beast with the horns" (so the Syriac reads) will come in collision with the harlot, and "eat her flesh, and burn her with fire." Let the Papal or Harlot power attempt to put bits in the mouth of this beast, or to restrain his ambition, and she will soon find she has been riding to judgment, and her destruction is certain and final.

Another event in the history of this dynasty and its horns is, they will "make war on the Lamb:" consequently this "short space" dynasty will continue in power till the Lamb shall return to claim the kingdoms of this world. That war is briefly spoken of in the conclusion of the 17th chapter, with the emphatic declaration—"The Lamb shall overcome them." The 19th chapter speaks of this war more in detail, and after describing "the armies in heaven," that followed the Lamb, John proceeds to say—"I saw the beast (the Napoleon Dynasty) and the kings (the *ten* kings) of the earth (who had given their power to the beast) and their armies gathered together to make war against him that sat upon the horse, (viz., the Lamb) and against his army."

Thus the battle is set in array—the war commences—tremendous scenes open—a conflict that is to decide the government of this world. Is this not a matter of interest to all? What is to be the result? The prophecy does not leave us

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in doubt—"The Lamb shall overcome them;" chapter 17 : 14; "the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him. * * These both were cast alive into a lake of fire and brimstone;" chapter 19 : 20. The 17th chapter had said, verse 11, he "goeth into perdition"—is *destroyed*. The 20th chapter tells us this is done when he makes war on the "King of kings and Lord of lords." Then he—that is, this dynasty, goeth into perdition, or is destroyed, and that destruction is final.

Now, whether all these things will take place under Napoleon III.—the present reigning Emperor in France—we will not pretend to say; the events yet undeveloped must determine that. But this we must say, if we have given the right application of the prophecy—and of this we see no reason to doubt—then the Napoleon *Dynasty* will not pass away till all these things be fulfilled; and as it is to be a "short space" dynasty, it does not seem likely that many years more can be allotted to it. If, however, the present Emperor of France is to be succeeded by others of the same family, it will not alter the general features of the prophecy; we are manifestly fast approaching the world's crisis; and the most astonishing events will, most likely, soon burst upon the world, which will cause the hearts of many to fail them with fear and consternation.

Much more might be said upon this subject; and we have by no means exhausted it. All we have aimed to do is, to throw out hints to call attention to prophecy as connected with passing events: this we feel bound to do as a watchman. As to fixing upon particular days or years for the accomplishment of all these things, we have no hand in it; and we are fully settled that all such calculations are injurious in their tendency, and calculated to throw the mind from that calm and sober waiting for the Lord, which ought ever to control and govern us, if we would be preserved from wild fanaticism.

Let us remember, the night is far spent—the day is at hand. Let us watch and keep ourselves unspotted from the world, walking in the footsteps of our blessed Lord and Life-Giver, Jesus the Messiah; that when He who is *our life* shall appear, we also may appear with him in glory.

Beloved reader, let us not forget that this present life is of infinite value to us; because if improved as God has enjoined and commanded, we may gain an *unending* life. May none of the cares, anxieties, pursuits, or perplexities of this present time lead us to neglect the great and glorious prize of Immortality, Incorruptibility, Eternal Life; which can only be secured by a living union with Christ, the heavenly-appointed Life-Giver. May the Spirit of God be shed on us through Him, that we may be aided to walk in the truth, and be made partakers of Everlasting Life thereby.

JESUS.

BY ABIN.

Can any earthly object expel Thee from my breast,
Thou first, and last, and greatest, the sweetest, and the best—
Great source of consolation, the hope of rich and poor,
Let me but once possess Thee, what can I wish for more?
Thy Gospel is more precious to me by far than gold,
Or the most costly rubies, or wealth that is untold;
More needed by the living than all things else on earth,
Most valued by the dying—to him, of greatest worth;
When earth, with all its foibles, to him is nearly past,
Oh, how the Christian loves it,—its promises holds fast.
If you would make him wretched, remove from him this prop,
And you destroy his anchor,—his last and only hope;
You rob him of his treasure,—you let the floodgates loose,—
All space is filled with terror, and infidel's abuse.
How I should prize the Gospel, which tidings brings of peace
To all who love the Saviour,—to those who seek his face!—
Lord! give me grace to seek Thee, whilst yet Thou may'st be found,—
Strength to embrace the Gospel, while yet within its sound!
Then I shall hear the message,—"Come, of my Father blest;
Enter at once my kingdom, enjoy the promised rest."

YEARS AGO.

The last year has seen the burial of Napoleon's conqueror, and the revival of Napoleon's Empire, and discoveries of Australian gold, which throw into the shade the rich products of modern Peru or of ancient Ophir. What will another year bring forth? None of our statesmen or men of science can reveal its secrets. They are still hid in the counsels of the Almighty. But faith can at least foresee some of its messages. There will be the voice over many a barren fig-tree, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" There will be joy in the presence of the angels over many a penitent sinner brought to the foot of the cross, and over many a pilgrim whose course is finished, and who will enter this year into the promised rest.

Let us look back for a moment, and think of our country and the world as it was eighteen hundred years ago. It may seem to us a very long period, but is only as yesterday in the sight

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of God. There were then no steamboats nor electric telegraphs. Near the spot where the British Parliament now consults on the affairs of Delhi, Lahore and Ceylon, of Malta and Caffraria, or Hudson's Bay and New Zealand, a small Roman colony was planted, to be wrapped in flames, a few years later, by the rising of the natives. Unsubdued and hardy savages roamed over the plains and hills of Lancashire and Yorkshire, or by the banks of the Clyde and Forth, and around the site of the Modern Athens. Astorius, the Roman general, was dying, worn out with toil and care in his conflict with the natives of the island. The straits of Menai had not been spanned, as now, by the most wonderful structure of science; but within three or four years they were to be crossed by the Roman soldiers in boats, and their horsemen breasting the waves, to cut down the gloomy priests, and storm the last asylum of the Druids, in which human sacrifices had so long been offered to the gods of the North. Our island was still a stronghold for the powers of evil, full of darkness and the habitations of cruelty.

But streaks of light were dawning in the East. The Lord of glory had risen from the dead and ascended on high; he had led captivity captive, and received gifts for men. The Holy Spirit, like a rushing mighty wind, had breathed on the early disciples in that upper room where the Saviour spoke to them his words of comfort, and had filled them with power from on high. Jerusalem, Samaria, Antioch, had received the faith. A Jew of Tarsus had been stopped in his course of persecuting zeal, had seen the Lord in a vision, and been sent far away to the Gentiles, with glad tidings of peace from heaven. He had gone over Cyprus, and a Roman deputy there had become a disciple of the crucified Nazarene. St. Paul had preached at Antioch, at Lystra, and at Derbe, and the gods of the Pagans were yielding to the power of the cross of Christ. A solemn meeting had decreed the liberty of the Gentile converts, and a fresh impulse was given to the work of grace among the heathen. The Apostle had stood on the shore where Homer makes Jupiter send to Agamemnon a lying dream, the source of all the calamities in the "Iliad," and there received a very different vision, which brought life, peace, and joy to all the heathen countries of the west—"Come over into Macedonia, and help us." He preached at Philippi, and the kingdom of Satan began to fall. The heart of Lydia was opened to the truth, and the trembling jailer received an answer to his question—"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" He preached at Thessalonica, and a church of true believers started up amidst its heathen darkness. He preached at Athens, and philosophers considered it the strange tidings of Jesus and the resurrection. He was now at Corinth, comforted by a vision of the Lord Jesus, who encouraged him by the assurance that he had "much people in that city." His companions reach him from the north, and his heart melts at the sufferings of the converts he has gathered in, while he cannot rejoice enough, or praise God enough, for their steadfastness in the faith in the midst of all their trials. He hears again of delusions, which threaten to mislead them, and he unfolds to them the approaching dangers of the Church, and points to dark clouds that were to gather over it, from the seven-hilled city, in the latter days. Meanwhile he is earnest, zealous, and hopeful. He is reckoning on a journey to Spain, and hopes to visit Rome by the way. His eye ranges over all the countries of the west, and his large heart yearns over the millions who are there sitting in heathen darkness; and while he is making tents at Corinth, he meditates new conquests for Christ and his Gospel, in Italy, in Spain, in Britain, and in all the countries beyond Illyricum, as far as the setting sun.

Eighteen hundred years have passed,—and how wonderful the change! The light, which has long faded from Palestine, and died out of the Seven Churches, where it shone brightly in the days of the beloved John, is shining clear in that land, where the gods of heathen Rome were then struggling for the mastery with Thor and Woden, or still earlier and darker forms of superstition. Britain is now the land of churches and Bibles, of Gospel light and social peace, of order and liberty! What an immense debt does our country owe to the Word of God, which has raised her from brutish debasement to honor, power, and greatness! What a duty does the new year bring with it, for every Christian in our land! The finger of Providence points backward to the state of the world eighteen hundred years ago, when Britain was a land of savages, or a breeder of savages, and round us to the vision of what the Gospel has now made us. Behind us are Churches decayed, and candlesticks removed. Around us, and at our feet, are colonies without number, and half the heathen world still sitting in thick darkness, and a voice is sounding in our ear, "Work while it is day; the night cometh; the hour is short, the harvest is great. OCCUPY TILL I COME." *London, Jan. 1, 1853.*

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THE PRODIGAL'S WELCOME.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

Where the fire is brightly burning,
On the hearth of home are yearning
Hearts to welcome thy returning,
Cheerless, melancholy one!
Hearts, which never think of spurning
Thee, for aught that thou hast done.

As they sit and watch each ember
By the fireside of December,
They, thy blooming youth remember,
With a love forever new;
And the weary, sad days number,
Since thou bad'st them all adieu!

There, thy fond and faithful mother,
Who has loved thee as no other,
And thy sisters and thy brother
Wait and watch for thy return,
While the blessing of thy father
In his breast for thee doth burn.

In the paths of sin and danger
Thou hast been a reckless ranger,
And an alien and a stranger
In a far and famish'd land,—
Yet return; no guilt-avenger
Waits to smite thee with the hand.

Though thy feet afar have wandered,
Though thy substance all is squandered,
And in hunger thou hast pondered,
Wretched, desolate, forlorn,
Not a heart from thee is sundered
In the home where thou wast born.

"Ah!" methinks I hear thee saying,
"What a fool am I for straying,—
I, a tyrant's voice obeying,—
Dealing husks to fattening swine!
Till, in hunger, half I'm praying,
Would their happier lot were mine.

"Oh! how lost is my condition,—
Yet amid my deep contrition
Rises yet one glimpse elysian,
Which forbids me to despair;—
Where my Father makes provision,
There is *plenty* and to *spare*.

"While these grateful memories throng her,
Grows my soul's intent the stronger;—
For, with gaunt and ghastly hunger,
I shall perish here, I know,
If I wait but little longer;—
So I *will arise* and *go!*

"Rise and go from my transgressing,
From this famine so distressing,
And my guilt and sin confessing,
At my Father's feet I'll lie;
For he *may impart his blessing*,
And if not, I can but die."

Now, thy resolution taken,
Let thy purpose be unshaken,
For, thou canst not be mistaken,
O repentant Prodigal!
Thy return at home will waken
Joy, no mortal tongue can tell.

* * * * *

There, the best robe is preparing,
And a gold ring for thy wearing,
And lo! sandals one is bearing,
And thy sire upon his staff,
Now to meet thee forth is faring,
While they "klil the fatted calf."

In the distance now he traces
That, which all the past effaces,
(As thy soul itself abases,
Lying prostrate on the ground.)
Wherefore runs he, and embraces?
Thou wast lost, and thou art found!

THE ICE TEMPLE.

On the summit of the Catskill Mountains there are two sheets of water, quietly reposing between two adjacent peaks, which from their peculiar position and the mingling effect of surrounding scenery, are very picturesque and beautiful. From these a small stream issues, which, after wandering awhile among the noble forests on the mountain top, suddenly leaps from its rocky bed, and dashes far down into one of the wildest chasms nature ever made. Nothing can exceed the boldness of the scene around. The mountains rise up precipitously from either side, forming a deep and narrow ravine, which is terminated at the extremity where the water falls by an immense bulwark of rock nearly 200 feet high, and extending from one side of the ravine to the other—a solid wall—built there by Omnipotence. Its summit is crowned with the rich foliage which clothes the mountains in every direction, and from its dizzy verge the little stream takes its frightful leap, and descending in graceful festoons, dashes into a rocky basin, where it seems to rest a moment, while clouds of spray rise around—then starting again, after running quietly a few feet, it takes another long leap, and with the native restlessness of a mountain stream, rushes ceaselessly on—descending over rocks which are tumbled together in the wildest confusion at the bottom of the ravine—making many a bold plunge, and forming many a beautiful cascade on its way. The view from the summit, into the chasm, with the combined effect of the mountain tops which rise up boldly and retire in graceful slopes, is one of uncommon wildness—and perhaps the whole impresses you more strongly—when buried in the deep ravine—where the sun only peeps

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occasionally "through the deep masses of the forest shade;" you look up the mountain side, or gaze upon the massive rampart of rock, until your eye is attracted by the stream bursting upon you, as it were, from the very skies.

The spray which rises from below, and in summer bedews the mountain sides, cherishing the timid wild-flowers, which raise their little heads and smile amidst these scenes of boldness, in winter encrusts the rocks, and trees, and shrubbery in a livery of silver, and hangs glittering stalactites on every side. This is beautiful; but this is not all. The spray and water which are driven about in every direction at the bottom of the first and principal fall, being congealed upon the rocks around, lay the foundation of a superstructure, which, by gradual accumulations, rises pure and fair—with shining battlements—and bespangled with gems and brilliants to the very summit of the rock, enclosing in its progress the stream to which it owes its creation. The voice with which it speaks to the echoing rocks and chasms in summer is thus hushed to a deep murmur—the only music which reverberates through the walls of this fairy temple. The splendors of this fabric and the surrounding scenery in the bright rays of the sun, or by moonlight, can be fully realized only by looking on them. Bryant has celebrated them in the following beautiful lines:

"Midst greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings,
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet wild spray of the mountain springs:—
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of the autumn tide.

But when in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret and arch and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air."

An incident occurred here, a few years since, rather novel in its character, which gives an additional interest to this remarkable spot. A company of ladies and gentlemen from a neighboring village which bears the mountain name, had ascended the mountains in the depth of winter to witness this splendid scene. I should mention here, that underneath the immense wall of rock over which the water falls, and which presents a bold and almost perpendicular front most of its height, there is near the bottom a large recess, extending entirely across the base, and retreating in a semi-circular form, so that its farthest extremity is 70 or 100 feet from the line of the front. It is arched over head by the shelving surface of the massive rock above. As the roof thus formed inclines downward, and the bottom upward, there is just space enough at the extremities for one to stand erect, and it is common to walk under, following the curved wall at the end to the point most distant from the front, where, overshadowed and awed by the frowning mass above you, you have a fine view of the water as it dashes on the rocks below. After the company of which I have spoken had gazed in delight and wonder on the fairy castle into which the King of Frost had turned the scattered spray and waters of the little stream, it was suggested by one of their number that from the formation of the recess, it might form the peculiar curve necessary to produce that reflection of sound which constitutes what is technically termed *a whispering gallery*. The noise of the waterfall being hushed in the manner already described, it was proposed to make the experiment. A part of the company were placed on one side, while a gentleman took his position 80 or 100 feet from them on the opposite side, when, to the surprise and delight of all who were waiting in expectation the result, the faintest whisper was distinctly heard.

If the imperfect description I have given should incline any to make a pilgrimage to these noble mountains, they may be assured that they will find enough of all that is wild, and bold, and beautiful, reposing on their majestic summits, or buried in their deep ravines, to repay them amply for the visit.

A VISIT TO THE POET SETTLED IN LIFE.

BY F. JAMES.

Still she queenly at her sweet regal home,
Once the nymph of the vale from whence she had come;
She opens her mansions to the friends of our day,
She smiles on and blesses them while on their way.

She is now the fond mother of a sweet prattling girl,
Whose ringlets are flaxen, whose teeth are like pearl;
Whose soft sparkling eye her father reflects,
Whose frail silken structure her mother protects.

Ah! fondly remember we sped pleasant times,
When one blew the trumpet, and one wrote her rhymes;
When both were o'er-shaded by the vine-trellised bower,
Where prayer was upraised for the Spirit's kind power.

Found we new partners who'd gain the same end,
And safely we are guarded while loved ones attend;
Though the rough storms of life are tossing our bark,
And tempests are driving both safe in the ark.

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"WOMAN."

BY CARRIE WILLIAMS.

We have long been a silent but interested observer of the various movements that have preceded and resulted in certain gatherings together of the female sex, known as "Woman's Rights Conventions." We repeat that thus far we have been silent, but at length our spirit is stirred within us, and we must declare our firm conviction that "such things ought not so to be." Nor let any imagine that it arises from a want of sympathy with the object in view, the elevation of woman. We were not worthy to bear that sacred name were we indifferent to her best interests; but because we conscientiously believe they are retarded, rather than advanced, by the means to which we allude, we lift up our voice in the most decided language of disapproval. And are we alone in our opinion? "Let the days speak" that are numbered with the past. Did they produce no spirits of sufficient energy and ability—had they deemed it desirable—publicly to plead the so-called *rights* of their own sex?—for we speak now of women alone. Think you, if the eloquent and untiring advocate for the cause of Ireland and Protestantism, the noble Charlotte Elizabeth, were still on earth, her voice would be heard in public halls and crowded assemblies, inciting her "sisters" to the attainment of what would be to them, as the apples of Sodom, pleasant to the eye but ashes to the taste? Where were the strains of a Hemans, a Landon, a Sigourney, the lore of a Strickland or a Pardoe, if, clad in semi-masculine attire, they had been found frequenting the rostrum or mounting the platform? Yet who can doubt that the *sphere* of these true women is as the ocean to the mill-pond, compared to that which is bounded by the sound of the voice or the columns of the daily press? Even in the soul-stirring times of the American Revolution, when *right* so pre-eminently triumphed over *might*, we hear of none asserting that of woman to what she does not now possess. The pen of an Adams is silent here. Do you who frequent the assemblies of which we speak—do you reply that those we have named, with other kindred spirits, were gifted with talents denied to you, and that the exercise of *these* was their proper sphere? True, yet we perceive that *one* has been granted *you—the gift of tongues*—and we earnestly entreat you to use *this* as did they their pen, in behalf of the actual, not the fancied wrongs of your race. But pass we now from human to divine authority. When "He who spake as never man spake" was on His earthly mission, proclaiming liberty to the captive, glad tidings to the lowly, comfort to the mourner, pardon to the sinner, did He bring no message to woman of her wrongs and oppression? Had He done so, it would surely have been recorded. Why, when an humble listener, Mary, sat at His feet, did he not command her not simply to emulate the energy and activity of Martha's character, but to mark out for herself a wider sphere of usefulness? Because such were not the Saviour's precepts. We read that He addressed to Martha words which might be applied with peculiar emphasis to many of her sex at this day:—"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things;" adding, that true to her woman's nature, Mary had chosen the "better part" of humility and obedience. And when "the mother of Jesus" stood on Calvary's Mount, tremblingly awaiting the closing scene of the dread tragedy enacted there, gazing on the bleeding form of her Son, suspended in ignominious agony for the sins of a lost world, and listening for the slightest whisper that might escape His quivering lips, whom the quaking earth and darkened sun proclaimed the Son of God, why did he not bid her go forth to the daughters of Israel, and the women of the Gentiles, and proclaim to them that "their *sphere* was too limited, and they must assert their *right* to be equal with man, in every relation of life, whether public or private?" Who better fitted for such a mission than the woman who had loved Him with all the devotion of a Jewish mother for her first-born, during a period of more than thirty years, and who would have, doubtless, fulfilled His dying injunctions most sacredly, and to the letter? But no: "Woman, behold thy son," is the last charge to His mourning mother. As if He had said: "Manifest thy continued affection for me by cherishing—as thou hast been wont to cherish thy Son—my beloved disciple, and in the sacred but unobtrusive duties of a mother, still let thy days be spent, till the time of thy release from earth has come." We frankly acknowledge our opinion that such complaints as proceed from the lips of many women in this age and land, might rather have been uttered by those who, in a peculiar manner, were subjected to the restrictions and impositions of the Jewish ceremonial law. But can you, Christian women, dare to go beyond the word of your Master, and assert claims for yourselves which he did not advance for you? Yet, had it been well for you, think you the Saviour would have failed to speak in your behalf? Consider with what peculiar tenderness He manifested His love for your sex. How graciously He commended her who anointed His head with precious ointment, declaring that the

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record of what "this woman hath done," should be lasting as the Gospel itself. How tenderly did he ever receive the ministrations of woman, and how signally did he reward the constancy of her affection by appearing first after His resurrection to a *Mary!* Ah! how little have *they* imbibed of His meek and lowly spirit who was content to take upon himself the form of a servant, and to be made of no repute, who, women though they are, seek to be known among men as *Rabbi* and *Reverend.* And what *are* the *rights* for which these misguided ones so clamorously contend? Only to wear the titles and bear the trials of offices which, without these, they already hold. For is not every woman, who is true to her duty, be her relation that of wife, mother, daughter, sister, or friend, a lawgiver, physician and divine, in the community of home? And have you, who seek to enter upon a new and untried sphere, to assume the callings of men, to sit in the senate chamber, to pass through the college, to plead at the bar, to preside at the helm, have you counted the cost of what you would undertake? In the hour of danger and difficulty, of peril and perplexity, amid the buffetings and rough usage you must encounter, will your courage *never* fail? Remember, the voice of Justice must be stern and strong, though a life depend on its verdict; the hand of a surgeon firm and unflinching, though it thrill the sufferer's every nerve with agony; the heart of the commander must be valiant, and his eye sleepless, if a storm rage around his bark. But even supposing for a moment that you are "*able* to drink of the cup," which an all-wise God has placed in the hand of *man*, can you, as in His sight, declare that you have so faithfully and entirely fulfilled the various duties of the sphere in which you have heretofore been content to move, that you are constrained to inquire, "what wouldst thou have us to do?" Ah! my sisters, have you no aged mother nor gray-haired father, no little brother nor infant sister to claim your care? Have you none of these sweet ties, has death severed them all? then are there none others in this "wide, wide world" who bear the name of orphan, to whom *you*, as bearing it with them, have an especial mission? Are you a wife or a mother, and does the duty you owe to those who call you so, lead you to the public hall and cause your voice to be heard where before it was wont to be silent? Are there none poor, sick, or afflicted around you, to whom, had you not driven yourselves out from the Paradise of Home, you might have become a ministering spirit? And has not woman actual wrongs in behalf of which you could more justly plead her *rights?* Oh! let us urge you by all the love we both bear to our sex to be true to its best interests; seek not to become what *man* is, but what woman *should be*, a humble, consistent, faithful follower of her Saviour, striving not to be known of men, but to be loved of God and "*adorned with a meek and quiet spirit*" to fulfil the work which He has given you to do. So, at length, you may receive the welcome of your Father to His home above, with His gracious assurance, "Inasmuch as ye did it"—your work of love on earth—"unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." So shall ye truly "enter into the joy of your Lord."

LINES.

BY REV. O. A. TAYLOR.

FAREWELL hath come, good parsonage,—
If we may call thee so,—
Thus writ at least on memory's page,
In prayers, and tears, and woe;
Such as God's ministers must feel,
Unless their hearts be made of steel;
But others seldom know.

Six years we've fondly called thee ours,
Nor would the fault atone;
And wrought among thy trees and flowers
As if they were our own:
And heard around life's busy hum,
And seen the seasons go and come:
How swift the time has flown!

Nor have they all been years of shade,
As thousands live forlorn;
Some hopes have bloomed, and some decayed,
Eve blending with the morn.
We've had our comfort and our care—
Have pluck'd some roses fresh and fair;
But with them found the thorn.

THE RELIGION OF POETRY, AND THE RELIGION OF JESUS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"BUT you know religion is brought into everything *now-a-days*, and I certainly shall not be less ready to question the moral tendency of the work which you recommend, because it is garnished over with that sort of poetical piety, which all authors now find it expedient to introduce," was the burden of a remark to which we were recently listeners, a remark which, more or less modified, we so often hear, that it may have had somewhat to do with the query which has of late been propounding itself to our minds, "*What is this religion of poetry?*"

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Now we are no believers in the deterioration of mankind in the present age: We have no sympathy with the misanthropic croakings of those who deny to the Present a character as high, a morality as elevating, a philanthropy as expansive, as any with which they falsely cincture the ages of the Past. We do not believe that the "Morning Star" which first arose over the mountain-heights of Judea, and shone down on the shepherds who kept their night-watches on her pasture-plains, has poured its serene and seraph radiance along the darkness of many intervening ages, and found its way into so many human hearts, without causing them to bring forth fruit for the Heaven harvest. We do not believe that the song which rolled from the archangels' harps, and pealed over the hills of jasper, and floated down through the chain-work of the night stars, "Peace on earth, and good will to men," has, for nearly two decades of centuries, been filling the earth with the low sweet voice of its melody, to encounter constantly increasing discord. The cross was not planted upon the summit of Mount Calvary for this. The mighty work of man's moral redemption, that work which has no parallel in the height of the heaven above us, or in the depth of the waters beneath us, was not consummated to bring forth no more of glory to the kingdom of God! We believe that in this "noon of the nineteenth century," with the still small voice of the Bible breathing its royal law, of human love and brotherhood, into the counsels of the nations, and whispering around the hearth-stones of innumerable homes, its precepts and its promises, there is more of Truth to combat with Error, more of Righteousness to encounter and overcome Evil, than any age which the hand of History traces upon the broad parchment of the Past has ever witnessed, and that the watchers on the Heaven heights behold more of the white tents of Peace pitched along the pilgrim marches of life, than the world has ever before furnished to their gaze.

But this does not render us ready to receive all which bears the semblance of religion as such, —nay more, we believe there is a fearful amount of *sentimental piety* in the world which is *not* the Religion of Jesus. The child of Genius braids its golden threads into the woof which his spirit fingers are weaving, and mistakes that sublime earnestness of emotion, which is the heritage only of the gifted, for the Voice of God in his soul; and so it is, but not the Voice which said to the woman who washed the feet of her Saviour with the tears of Repentance, "Thy sins are forgiven thee!"

The gentle and the refined, they whose chords are strung in unison with the mysterious melodies of nature, and whose souls quicken with sympathy to that mighty under chorus of misery which is forever wailing out from the great bleeding heart of humanity, and whose aspirations ascend with the incense of veneration, and it may seem mingle with somewhat of affection for the Great Father, are most readily deceived by the specious character of their emotions, most easily lured into the danger of mistaking these feelings and regarding them as proofs of that piety which is by nature extraneous to every heart, and fruits of that love whose fountain cannot be unsealed in the soul until Repentance through Christ Jesus shall have softened the heart-soil for the seed of the husbandman, after which its deserts shall blossom as the rose, and the waters fill their channels as the rivers do the ocean.

God is our Father, and the earth our mother, and we, their children, inherit the attributes of both. Some may bear more of the Father's image than others, but the seal of our mother earth is upon all our spirit foreheads, and the Evil Tree whose seed is of her sowing, and whose ramifications run parallel with the finest fibres of our spiritual being, rises within, and throws its darkling shadow over every heart.

We sit within the Temple of the Lord of Hosts, and a sublime awe creeps over our spirits as we contemplate its solemn vastness, while the sunshine flits like the fringe of a spirit's robe along the frescoed ceiling, or wanders like the pale caressing fingers of a seraph over the gilded edges of our prayer books, and the voice of the organ peals out upon the Sabbath hush, and fills the sanctuary like an outgushing strain from the choir of the angels, and the heart will kindle with emotions which seem all too pure and sacred for this world, and which *are*, unquestionably, a proof of that higher and nobler being for which God hath created, and breathed upon the soul the breath of His own great life, the soft sweet tears may flood the eyes and perchance a word of prayer or praise may quiver on the lip, and alas, alas! how often is this *all* the trust. *all* the religion of the gentle, the refined and the lovely!

And so, in the quiet summer night-time, when we look up to the brilliant chain-work which the stars have wreathed over the night skies, and the silver cloud-folds lie along the edges of the horizon like white-truce flags hung out by the angels to the earth armies, and the low spirit melodies of the breeze fed with the life of the far-off hills come to our ears, our hearts will quicken with varied emotions, and gratitude to the Giver of all good, and somewhat of child-trustfulness in the love whose autograph we read in the brightness of the skies, and the beauty of

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the earth may seem to have a portion in the feelings of our hearts.

But, reader of ours, *do* such passing emotions fit you for the great earnest struggle of life? *Will* such transitory feeling furnish you with armor for the life-long battle, and strength in the hour of its fierce temptations and wisdom to steer, amid the "shoals and quicksands of probation," right steadily onward in the narrow line of duty, your prow caught in the vortex of no maelstrom, your barque turned never aside by the promise of more peaceful waters? Will you find light serene, certain, to which you can always turn, and staffs secure, unfailing, upon which you can always lean, during the long wearisome details of your *daily life*, that sternest ordeal which human nature is called to encounter in these evanescent emotions?

Will they give you that grace which forgiveth the bitter wrong, and turneth away wrath with the soft answer, and, true to its great watchword "Duty," girds itself anew with every rising sun for the race, with its eyes fixed on the crown which shineth at its close?

Two natures, the Good and the Evil, are continually striving for mastery in the heart of the Christian, and oh, believe us, dear reader, believe us, the life of such an one must be a continual warfare, and that Religion will be little worth ye, which is the companion only of hours of peace and prosperity.

Not when your barque is lying at her pleasant moorings, and sunshine gilding the far heights of the future, and the Hand of the Great Father meting out many blessings for your portion, will you, reader, most feel the need of that religion which the world wotteth not of, but when the dark hours which are the inalienable heritage of the children of men gather over your skies, when the cup of bitterness is at your lips, and the storm howling about you, and the waters going over your head, you will want a hope that cannot fail you, a staff that cannot break, a faith that will shine on brighter and brighter through the deepening of the darkness.

And oh! in that last sublimest hour of your life, whose shadows are stretching with every setting sun longer and broader upon your pathway, you will want what no summer night emotion, no lightly falling tear, or half-whispered prayer, will ever give you. When the death-darkness is dimming your eye, and your heart is beating the last note of its life-long funeral march to the grave, when the dark valley of the shadow of death is opening its portals to your spirit, when your feet are passing into the cold Jordan surges, you will need the strength of the Lord of Hosts, you will need the voice of the "King of Kings" to tread the billows and to guide you through the valley.

Oh! Child of Genius, and ye, gentlest and loveliest among the children of this world, we beseech you be not deceived in this matter: There "is but *one* Name given under Heaven whereby man can be saved," but *one* path leading to the "Gates" where the warden angels hold their everlasting watches. It is the straight and narrow one!

If ye would sit down under the eaves of the many mansions which throw the shadow of their shining portals on the far-stretching waters of the "River of Life," if ye would wear the crown whose lustre the fingers of many ages shall not dampen, if ye would look upon more of glory, and enjoy more of happiness, than it hath entered into "the heart of man to dream of," remember that ye must take the religion of Him who is the "Life, the Truth, and the Way," to be your portion forever, and forever.

THE JEWELS.

BY JULIA GILL

We cannot buy—no, take them back,
We wear no gold or pearls;
We wear no gems,—you ask us why—
O, we are Yankee girls.

Go, pass them o'er to royal halls,
For queenly beauty's glance:
To Britain's proud and titled dames,
Or gay coquettes of France.

Or to the sunny land of slaves
Go bear the diamond star,
For lily fingers only made
To touch the soft guitar.

We call ourselves republicans,
A simple taste is ours;
We love the squirrels in the woods,
The wild birds and the flowers.

No glittering jewels for our hands—
No gems to bind our curls,—
We'd cut them off for bow-strings first,
Like Carthage's valiant girls.

We take the bright stone from the mine,
Unpolished and unset,
And put it up, a curious thing,
To grace our cabinet.

Our hair we fill with sweet wild flowers
That grow about our door;
No matter if they wither soon,
There are a plenty more.

Our gold we'll send across the sea,
To bear the blessed light
To nations sitting in the shade
Of everlasting night.

Our jewels are the frozen dew,
The glorious stars above,—
The eyes that answer back to us,
The warm, true hearts we love.

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CHARLES SEELY.

BY C. C.

Sweet spring—so full of hope and promise, fair propheteess of brighter days yet coming—who does not hail thee with delight? Each sweet songster returned from its wandering in some more genial clime, each bursting leaf, each opening bud, seems modestly to whisper, "My sister who is coming is fairer than I." Do not we love spring because it is the emblem of hope and promise? The flowers of autumn may be gorgeous, but they are *the last*. Its sunbeams may be bright and warm, but how soon are they succeeded by the chill winds of winter! But the bud which unfolds in early spring is the *first* fair harbinger of sweet sister flowers yet to bloom. The brook, just released from its icy shackles, will murmur on through the long summer months. The first songster of the grove will be joined by its sister choir. The laughing child loves spring, for to him it is the mirror of the bright hopes which people the spring-time of his own life. The hoary-headed man loves it also, for to him it is the mirror of hopes still cherished in green old age, but whose fruition shall be enjoyed beyond the grave.

It was a joyous day in the spring of 18—, whose evening shades witnessed the nuptials of Charles Seely and Mary Fay. A fitting time was it for the holy rite which united the youthful pair; for not a cloud, though never so small, could be discerned in the fair horizon of their future prospects. Even those most skilled in discovering presages of coming evil, saw nothing but joy and gladness in the vista of the future, as they offered their hearty congratulations on the present occasion to the lovely bride and happy bridegroom. Well might their opening prospects be thought bright and fair, for the beautiful and gentle Mary Fay, the joy and pride of her native village, had plighted her vows to one in whose praise, noble and gifted as he was, all thought no more could be said than that he was worthy of her. From his boyhood up, none had ever coupled aught that was low or degrading with the name of Charles Seely.

Noble and generous, he was one to win not only the heart, but also that reverence and high esteem with which woman always delights to regard the object of her choice, and without which, as a constituent element, we doubt whether any thing worthy to be dignified with the name of true love ever exists. None acquainted with Mary Fay could doubt that she would gild with brighter hues the sunshine of life, and make the day of prosperity more gladsome by her presence. Beautiful in person, amiable in temper, with a smile all joy and gladness, and a heart all affection and tenderness, she seemed formed to fulfil *this* joyous mission, and to bless with smiles and sunshine some domestic Eden—

"The only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall."

Yet was there a holy calmness, a lofty determination in the glance of her deep-blue eye, which seemed to say that if the storm blast of adversity should sweep across her path, she could meet it with woman's all-enduring fortitude.

Amid the warm congratulations of numerous friends, Charles Seely and his bride established themselves in their new home in the pleasant town of B——. If bright hopes gilded the dawn of their married life, still brighter clustered around its early morning. Seely soon found himself established in a profitable mercantile business, while his noble traits of character won for him the regard of all, and his true-hearted wife rejoiced far more in the honors which were clustering around the husband of her love than in the involuntary homage which was every where paid to her own youth and beauty. Two pledges of their mutual love—a son and daughter—were also granted, to fill to overflowing their cup of earthly bliss. What tempter could enter an Eden so fair, to despoil it of its treasures and bring upon it the blight and mildew of sin and shame? Would not such high and noble aims, and a mutual affection so deep and pure, bar the door against every vile intruder? Yes, all but one. The serpent was more subtle than all the beasts of the field, and in modern times it has remained for one tempter to enter where no other could even approach; to lay waste and destroy what was beyond the reach of every other invader. In the hour of innocent mirth and social hilarity has he, transformed into an angel of light, been present, and, all unheeded, like the worm in the unfolding bud, planted the seeds of misery and woe. Would you know his name? Go ask the sorrow-stricken wife, the blushing daughter, and they will answer, "Let it be accursed, and perish from the earth. Let the insidious tempter be stript of his fair disguises, and stand forth a hated monster, loathed by all who love their fellow-men and seek their welfare." And verily their prayer is being answered.

It remains for the sparkling wine-cup alone to aim the deadly shaft which brings down from their high eminence such as Charles Seely, to grovel with the lowest of their species in the mazes of sin and shame. Shall we trace his downward progress? Shall we describe the agony of the trusting wife when he whom, till

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then, she deemed free from thought of evil or stain of dishonor, lay before her a senseless inebriate? Portray it who can! But alas that so many have but to turn back to a dark page in memory's faithful record, to read it in characters terrific as the hand-writing on the wall of the reckless and profane king of yore! Step by step did wealth, character, friends, every thing but a true-hearted wife and helpless children, forsake the now fallen and degraded Charles Seely. When Mary was urged by the friends of her youth to forsake him too, her only but expressive reply was, "He is my husband." Many were the tears shed by Seely in hours of sobriety over the wreck of his character and hopes, and many the resolutions made and broken to retrace his downward steps. But, alas! in those days the philosopher's stone had not been discovered. We mean not that reputed to possess the power of changing sordid stones to scarce less sordid gold; but that which has done the nobler work of changing the sighs and tears of the more than widow and fatherless to songs of joy and rejoicing; which has rescued from his deep degradation the victim of the cup, and caused him to walk abroad a man among his fellow-men, loved, respected, and honored. But those were days when none thought of holding out to his fallen brother a helping hand, but all passed by on the other side, leaving him to what they regarded as his inevitable fate. What wonder, then, that every effort which Seely made to recover his former position, in its reaction, only plunged him deeper in misery and disgrace?

He was compelled to part with his home, the combined neatness and elegance of which had often attracted the eye of the passing stranger. Mary Seely was obliged to leave the plants she had so tenderly reared, and the vines she had so assiduously cultivated, to the mercies of strangers. But light were these troubles to the sorrows which now daily multiplied in her path, and the new forms of poverty and wretchedness which were encountered at each subsequent removal. Rapid indeed was the descending course of Seely, and it seemed as if his helpless family were drinking the last dregs of woe.

It was a glorious morning early in the spring of 18— that Mary Seely stood in the door of her humble dwelling, engaged in a fearful struggle with the waves of overwhelming despair which threatened to engulf the last hope to which she clung, even in the depth of her misery. The birds carolled forth their morning hymns, making the air vocal with their music, and she seemed to herself the only being that breathed no note of joy. But a gleam of hope lighted her countenance with something like a smile as she reëntered her dwelling, and addressing her husband, who was indulging in one of those moods of sullen wretchedness and despair which usually occupied his sober moments, said to him:

"Charles, will you not come out and enjoy this lovely morning?"

Mechanically he followed her, and seated himself in a chair which she placed for him by the door. For a moment she stood by his side, then suddenly left the cottage. His children sporting around him vividly recalled the days of his own happy childhood, and while softened by the scene his wife approached, holding in her hand a bouquet of the earliest flowers of spring.

"Dear Charles," said she, as she placed them in his hand, "does not this lovely morning remind you of our bridal morn? And see, is not this sweet bouquet very like the one you then presented me? You told me they were the first—that each delicate blossom was the harbinger of fairer ones yet to bloom. And you likened them to the bright hopes which then clustered around us, and fondly bade me believe they should be succeeded by a long, long summer of domestic felicity. But, Charles, *our* summer is past; alas, how quickly! and winter, cold and desolate——"

Overcome with emotion, she could say no more. Nor was there need; enough of the past had been recalled to fill with anguish and remorse the bosom of him whom, even in his degradation, she loved as her own soul. He hated himself, his cups, his boon companions—every thing but his true-hearted wife. And what could he say to her? Could he have fallen at her feet, and poured into her ear vows of purity, innocence, and truth, as in days of yore, how gladly would he have done it! But what had he now to offer but a drunkard's promise, which had been broken as often as made? Taking her hand, he drew it almost to his lips, then quickly but gently replacing it, hastily left the house. Entering an adjoining piece of woods, he seated himself upon the stump of a tree, and there ruminated on the present, the past, and the future. Many and bitter were his reflections. But the angel of hope revealed a bow of promise in the future, as rising from his seat he exclaimed, "Never, never again shall the intoxicating cup touch my lips. I will not add to the power of temptation by spending the day in idleness, but will step over to neighbor S. and seek employment, that I may take something home to my suffering family, to my angel wife." A short walk brought him there.

"Mr. S., can you furnish me employment today?" he inquired.

"No," was the short reply.

"But surely you have work to be done?"

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"Plenty of work, but not for such as you."

"But I am sober now, Mr. S.; and more than that, I mean to keep so. I intend to reform!"

"You reform! Who ever heard of a drunkard's reforming? I suppose you left off when you had dispatched your morning dram, and won't drink any more until eleven o'clock, or the next time you can get it," was the biting reply.

Seely left the house in silence. The iron had entered his soul. Again he sought the retirement of the woods, and seating himself upon the same stump, muttered:

"It's of no use. Who helps the fallen to rise? I can never again be a man! Never! never! Who believes—who trusts me?"

Long did he yield to these bitter reflections. But at length, as if some pitying angel, passing by and beholding his utter wretchedness, had paused to whisper consolation, a beam of hope lighted up his countenance. Long did he dwell on the new-born thought, till, rising from his seat, he exclaimed:

"I have it! By all that is sacred I swear to perform my vow. But that cruel taunt! never will I expose myself to a second."

He rapidly paced the woods, as if to still the tumult of excited thought, and thus engaged we will leave him and return to the cottage. The bounty of a kind neighbor had enabled Mary Seely to spread the dinner-table with fare more inviting than was wont to be placed upon it; but the dinner hour passed, and no husband came. The hour of the evening meal went by, and the shades of night drew on, yet he came not. She kept her weary vigils till twelve—one o'clock, yet he came not. Overcome with fatigue, she slept until the morning sun awoke her. But still he was not there. He had often left her for days together; but days passed, and weeks also, but brought no tidings of Charles Seely. Months passed, and the cold winds of winter whistled around her humble dwelling, ere she could be persuaded to leave it, and accept a home for herself and little ones beneath the paternal roof. But what supported her in the hour of untold sorrow? Her heart's holiest affections had not been bestowed upon erring mortal. In early youth she had listened to the voice of One who claimed them as *His* right, and cheerfully had they been yielded. And now in the hour of need the arms of that Friend who never forsakes were underneath her. She lived too, and wore the smile of cheerfulness for her children's sake—for the sake of her noble little Henry, the living image of him who had won her heart in the sunny days of youth. And fair was the promise he gave of repaying her love and care. But might not the same insidious tempter cross his path? Would he be *safe* when he should enter the scenes where his father fell? Yes! he was safe. The instincts of a mother's heart had revealed to her the talisman which could guard her son from danger.

"Never, my Henry," she would say, "as you love your mother—as you hope for happiness or heaven—never raise to your lip the cup which contains the intoxicating draught."

But when he asked the reason why, tears were his only reply. Oh! the eloquence of those tears. Into his very soul was inwrought a loathing of the fatal poison, in all its forms; and the promise he gave, as he wiped from his mother's cheeks the fast flowing tears, was indeed a sacred *pledge*, never to be broken.

More than two years from the time that Mary Seely had found a home beneath the paternal roof, a stranger approached the residence of George Staunton, a gentleman who resided in Mrs. Seely's native town, and who had been an intimate friend of her husband in his better days. It was evening. The gentleman rang the bell, and the call was answered by a domestic.

"Is Mr. Staunton in?" he inquired.

"He is, sir."

"Will you say to him that a stranger wishes to speak with him? Can I have the privilege of a private interview with you?" he inquired, as Mr. Staunton approached.

Mr. Staunton led the way to his library, and requesting him to be seated, closed the door, saying, "I am at your service, sir;" at the same time directing an inquiring glance at the stranger, who was enveloped in a cloak, with a cap drawn over his face so as effectually to conceal his features.

"What I have to communicate is strictly confidential; may I rely upon your honor?" said the stranger, in a deep, rich voice, which startled Staunton as being strangely familiar, though he in vain endeavored to recollect when or where he had heard it.

"I am not wont to betray confidence," he replied, "and will keep any secret which may be kept consistently with honor."

"Well! I believe I may trust you," said the stranger, at the same time laying aside his cap and cloak.

Staunton sprang to his feet exclaiming, "Is it possible! Charles Seely, or am I dreaming? It is the Charles Seely of former days that stands before me, not as I last beheld him."

"I believe I am no apparition," said Seely, smiling, and at the same time extending his hand, which was warmly grasped.

"From whence came you?" said Staunton,

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"But, without troubling you with questions, most cordially do I congratulate you on your return; for every look and tone is an assurance that you return to us the friend of former days. But still more do I congratulate your lovely wife."

At the mention of his wife, Seely's brow was clouded. "Not yet, Staunton; Heaven grant the hour may come when he who has caused her to drink so deep of the cup of sorrow may bring gladness to her heart. But the time is not yet. Does she live? Did she find friends in the hour when he who should have cherished and protected, forsook her? Tell me all—every thing," said Seely as he buried his face in his hands to conceal his emotion.

Staunton proceeded to relate the history of his family from the hour he had left them. "But you know, Seely, her father's residence is but a few steps from here. Surely you will hasten to her, and fill her heart with joy by your return."

"I cannot do it, Staunton. But listen to my story before you call me a heartless wretch." He then proceeded to detail the events of the day on which he left his home; the cruel taunt which had fixed his resolution to cast himself among strangers, and there struggle to free himself from the chains that bound him. From that morning the intoxicating cup had never been raised to his lips. Under an assumed name, he had taken up his residence at the South, where fortunately he had obtained a situation as clerk in a flourishing mercantile house. His business talent and fidelity to the interests of his employers soon won their confidence, and he was rapidly promoted. He had now come North as their confidential agent, and in the spring expected to become a partner. "Two or three years, Staunton," he added, "with the continued blessing of Heaven, will enable me to return with wealth equal to what I possessed in my prosperous days. Then will I restore my loved wife to the station she once adorned; for I covet the wealth, character, and esteem I then enjoyed, not for myself, but for her."

"But why not return now?" said Staunton. "We are all ready to welcome you back to our esteem and confidence, and you might soon even here regain wealth and station."

"No doubt *you* would," said Seely. "But how many, think you, would believe my reform to be sincere and permanent were I *now* to return? Who believes the victim of the cup can reform? No! I will not return to my Mary till I can restore her to her former position. She shall meet her husband unstained by dishonor when again she meets him."

"I would not urge you," replied his friend, "but for the sake of your lovely wife. You know her not if you think that wealth or station could increase to her the joy of your return. Surely it is cruel to keep her in ignorance."

"Forbear!" said Seely; "you may drive me to the verge of madness, but you cannot change my purpose. It was unalterably fixed on that memorable morning when the unfeeling reply of neighbor S. drove me an exile from my family and home. But the object of this unexpected call is to request of you, my friend, a special favor."

"It shall be cheerfully granted, if in my power."

"I have come to request——"

But, dear reader, the remaining conversation being strictly confidential, you must permit us to draw the curtain.

Somewhat more than three years after the interview between the two friends, on a spring morning, much like the two memorable ones already described, the carriage of George Staunton stood before the dwelling of the father of Mary Seely. Mr. Staunton had proved himself a sincere and tried friend. The object of his call, on the present occasion, was to invite Mrs. Seely and her two children to accompany him in a drive of a few miles to a neighboring town. The invitation was accepted. Tears started to the eyes of Mrs. Seely as she observed they were taking the road to B——. She had not been there since the day they were compelled to quit the home where the first happy years of her married life had been spent. She had hoped never again to behold the place where days of heart-rending anguish had succeeded the brief period of domestic felicity. Why did he invite me to accompany him, if B—— was the place of his destination? thought she. But when they had entered the town, and he drove her directly to the dwelling they had formerly occupied, remarking that he had business there which would detain him for some time, she was ready to accuse him of thoughtless, if not of deliberate cruelty. "I will remain in the carriage till your business is finished," said Mrs. Seely. But to this Mr. Staunton would not consent, and she was obliged to accompany him to the house. A servant opened the door and ushered them into what had formerly been their family sitting-room. Mrs. Seely started back as they entered; for there was the room precisely as when she used to occupy it; almost every article of furniture remained unchanged. Staunton appeared not to observe her emotion as he requested her to be seated, while he went in pursuit of the

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friend with whom he had business to transact. Deeply agitated, Mrs. Seely threw herself upon the sofa. Without observing her, Henry approached the window, and gazed long and intently upon the scene without. At length, without turning his head from the window, he broke the silence by saying:

"Mamma, it seems as if I had been here before; as if I had lived here once, a long time ago, when I was a very little boy. I used to stand by this very window and watch for dear papa, as he came round that corner, and run to open the gate for him. Can it be, mamma, or did I dream it all?"

The words of her little son unlocked the pent-up emotions which were struggling in the bosom of Mrs. Seely, and she found relief in a flood of tears. Henry turned from the window, and came to his mother's side.

"Dear mother, why do you weep so?" said he, alarmed at an exhibition of grief he had not often witnessed. "Dear mamma, do not weep so," he continued; "have I said anything to grieve you?"

Before Mrs. Seely was sufficiently recovered to reply, the hall door opened, and she was startled by the approach of footsteps so like to those for which she had been wont to listen in former days, that as she looked at the familiar scene around, the intervening years of sorrow were, for a moment, buried in oblivion; and it seemed as if the opening door would reveal to her the form of her lost one. The door gently opened, and her husband stood before her. He had barely time to spring forward and embrace her ere she fainted in his arms. He gently laid her upon the sofa, and means were used for her restoration. As she opened her eyes and fixed them upon Staunton, who was bending over her, she gave a look of inexpressible disappointment as she murmured:

"I thought it was *he*. But it was only a dream. Oh! why did you wake me? Such a blissful dream."

"Dear Mary," whispered Seely, bending over her, "it is indeed your own Charles."

Vain were the attempt to describe the scene which followed. After Mrs. Seely had regained something like composure, she said to her husband:

"But how comes it, Charles, that I meet you here?"

"Where else, dear Mary, should we meet but in our own dear home?" said Seely. "Will you not make it gladsome, as in former days, by the sunlight of your smile and the music of your voice? while it shall be the aim of my future life to atone, as far as possible, for the sorrow I have caused you."

"Speak not of that, dear Charles. This blissful moment would repay for an age of suffering," said she, as she cast a look of devoted love upon the noble and manly countenance of him who sat beside her.

Every incident of the past was now related; of the evening interview with his friend, the object of which had been to request him, if possible, to purchase the property which had once been his, that it might again be so, should he return with wealth sufficient to purchase it back. In the course of a few months, Staunton was able to obtain not only the house and grounds, but also a part of the very furniture which had once belonged to his friend. Their correspondence had been regular, and the ride, together with the sequel, had been planned between them.

In a short time Seely stood higher than ever in the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. And to Mary Seely the sunlight of prosperity was indeed bright, contrasted with the dark storm of adversity which had swept over her.

BEREAVEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. PIERCE.

BY F. JANES.

How heaveth their bosom, how paleth their brow,
How shaded their rainbow of promise is now,—
Their bright, gentle loved one sleeps low in the tomb,
The pride of his father, the mother's fair bloom!

The terror-king, ruthless, on an ill-fated day,
Hard presses his claim, and forces his way
To smite their vivacious, their sweet, darling boy,
To curtain their prospects and mantle their joy.

O, morning once cloudless! O, day once so fair!
How shaded with darkness, how crowned with despair!
Though honors thick cluster, and pageants abound,
Naught healeth the sorrow which Death casts around.

Could they change all earth's honors to gain that dear son,
Could choice at their bidding restore him again,
How gladly they'd cast away honors and fame,
To embrace once their darling who loved once their name!

Since hopes are so futile and changes must come,
Since breezes swift waft them to yon peaceful home,
May their days of sad trial which still are in store,
Well fit them for joy on a far distant shore.

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KEEPING FAMILY RECORDS.

BY T. L. B.

In the hurry and bustle of the present age, in the eager pursuit after wealth, fame, honor, or pleasure, the people seem to have forgotten, not only the things behind, but the people which have lived before them. Is it not strange that the people of this country, who have descended from such illustrious ancestry, care so little to preserve the genealogy of their families, back to those great and noble spirits, whose deeds are above all praise, and whose names have become, as it were, household-words among nearly all nations? It is our duty and privilege to bring out and brighten the links of those chains which connect us with our illustrious ancestors, and hand them down to our children as precious legacies. Who can tell the moral power which their virtues may have over us, to constrain us to walk in like paths of truth, integrity, self-denial, and religion?

The time-honored practice of keeping family records, especially in the family Bible, is too much neglected, and some are substituting in its stead genealogical pamphlets, or books. These are excellent and highly useful, but should never usurp the place of the "Family Record" in the "Old Family Bible." This is available to all, while but few have the time, means, or perseverance, requisite to the preparing of a genealogical book. Children should be taught that they have ancestors prior to their great-grandparents. How many, think you, not children merely, but adults, could tell the names of their great-grandparents? I presume not one-half would be able to answer the question correctly, were it asked them. Does not this portray a woeful ignorance, a great degeneracy from those good old times when *children* could tell their forefathers' names four or five generations back? This knowledge they had obtained from "the old family Bible that lay on the stand."

I see it now, my grandmother's dear old Bible, covered with green baize, as it lay on the old-fashioned stand, with the eight-day brass clock on one side, and the old arm-chair on the other. Whenever, in my long visits there, I had the favor of looking over its sacred pages with my grandmother (peace to her memory!), how eagerly I looked for the long, long family record, for the Bible with the house had come down to my grandfather from his grandparents, and all their names were there inscribed. I see her now, as she sat in the old arm-chair, with her glasses laid on the open Bible before her, while she related anecdotes of my great, or perhaps great-great-grandparents, whose names she had showed me recorded, in many instances, in their own hand-writing.

Such were her powers of description, and so vividly would she portray their looks, manners, and habits, that I used to think I should recognize them in heaven. To me it seemed that her fund of knowledge was inexhaustible, and I never felt weary when listening to her. And when at last she closed the book, and laid it back in its accustomed place, she used often to say, "I expect to meet them all in heaven, for they were all Christians." I too formed new resolutions to strive to enter into the straight gate and walk in the highway of holiness, in which they had walked, that I too might share the glorious rest into which they had already entered.

Dear old Bible! How much I loved and reverenced thee, for the knowledge thou gavest me of those from whom I had descended. Thy family record was thy chief attraction to me, for thy long and uncouth *s* so puzzled my youthful brain, that I chose a more modern Bible, when I learned my accustomed verses for the Sabbath school, or looked for the text of the sermon on Sabbath evenings.

But we have other examples of keeping genealogies besides those of our immediate forefathers. How strict were the Jews in their genealogical tables, kept in their families, and considered almost as sacred as the law and the prophets. Although we may not have just the same important reasons for keeping them that they had, yet their example is worthy of imitation. I might quote many other examples of a similar nature, but it is unnecessary. I trust this time-honored custom will be revived, that children now may know at least the names of their grandparents, even though they may be so far removed from them as not often to behold their faces, and that our ancestors, although dead, may yet speak lessons of truth and wisdom to us.

In this age of steam and electricity, when the watch-words are "forward—onward," I trust we shall not so far forget the past as to neglect the keeping of family records.

OUR EARLY FRIENDS.

BY MINNIE MORTON.

Our early friends! What little sentence is so fraught with sad and tender feeling as this? What simple words can awaken so many slumbering memories? Our early friends! The words fall upon the ear with a mournful cadence for the early loved—where are they now? In im-

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agination they are standing before me, youthful, joyous, and happy; in reality, they are where? There was one, the sweet sister of my love, though not by name a sister, the loved companion of my infancy, sharer of my many joys, gentle soother of my childish sorrows; and in early girlhood, a true friend, a trusted confidant. Too pure, too gentle for a world like this, her spirit has passed away, and in a quiet corner of the churchyard the tall grass waves over her grave; the beautiful casket is mouldering there, while the gem it once contained is shining near the throne, before which she loved to bend the knee when with us here. Sweet, sainted sister! thy young life ebbed slowly away, thy cheek grew paler, thy step weaker, and thy loved voice more faint; and when the silver cord was loosed, and but the cold clay was in our sight, we wept! but not for thee; tears fell when we thought of *our* loss and loneliness—tears for the living, but not for the dead. And another—he sleeps in a distant land. There was no soft hand to wipe the death-damp from his brow; there are no loving ones to weep beside him now, and his last resting-place is the stranger's lonely grave. Weep not for them! Weep, rather, should there be any of those early friends whom you have learned to look upon with coldness and distrust; think of those early days when side by side you sat in the school-room, and arm linked in arm rambled together over the sunny play-ground. Think of those early days! think of that youthful friendship! and pause ere the next cold word is spoken or the offered friendship cast scornfully aside. Recall the pure trust and love of thy childhood, and banish the doubts and suspicions which have since arisen to dim their purity.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF TIMOTHY SWAN.

The editor of this Magazine having been acquainted with the venerable author of that world-renowned tune "China, C. M.," so often used on funeral occasions, and having many youthful recollections of his interest in music and literature, with pleasure inserts this interesting biographical sketch, which, with corrections and additions, imparts a livelier interest to the minds of those who had the pleasure of knowing this excellent man. The main parts of this reminiscence appeared in the *Choral Advocate;* the alterations are made by the devoted daughter whose hands of filial affection administered to the last to her parent's comfort in suffering and in death, who survives still to bless, as opportunity offers, any and every one that comes within the circle of her kindly influence. The sketch commences:—

"He is the true benefactor of his race whose ideas live after he has passed away to swell the sum total of human knowledge or human happiness. To all such we feel under obligation; for we share the legacy they have left to the world, and this feeling of obligation increases our interest in everything pertaining to their personal history. How many of our readers have had their grief assuaged by the consoling strains of *China!* and yet how few can tell us anything of its author, the subject of this brief sketch! For the subjoined incidents, connected with his personal history, we are indebted to a manuscript memoir which a friend has had the kindness to place at our disposal, and which, did our space permit, we should be happy to give entire.

Timothy Swan was born July 23d, 1758, in Worcester, Mass. At the death of his father he was placed under the care of Mr. Barnes, of Marlborough, Mass., an English gentleman of high respectability, who was a merchant in successful business, where he was to serve till of age. But the difficulties between Great Britain and the Colonies, with whom Mr. Barnes had no sympathy, induced him to return to England; and Mr. Swan, at the age of sixteen, left Marlborough and went to his brother, a merchant in Groton, Mass., where he attended singing school *three weeks*—a very inadequate amount of instruction, we should think, to make one a professor of music—and yet we are told by his biographer that it was all he ever enjoyed. He soon after this composed several airs, but was profoundly ignorant of the rules of both musical composition and harmony. During the same year he joined the army at Cambridge, and made considerable proficiency in playing what Shakspeare is pleased to term the "wry-necked fife," under the tuition of a British fifer. In those days it must be remembered the fife was a *great instrument*, almost as important as the *saxe-horn* now is in a *New York brass band.* Owing to the pressure of the times, especially on mercantile operations, his brother advised him to learn a trade, and at the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a brother-in-law, who was a hatter in Northfield, Mass., and began to compose tunes. His first one consisted of only two parts; and was soon followed by tunes in four parts, of which Montague was the first. During his apprenticeship he composed Poland and many other church tunes, which were copied and used in manuscript form over a considerable

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portion of New England. He composed them mainly while at work, writing the melody first, and then the other parts, jotting down a few notes at a time till the piece was completed. He at this time first heard of Billings, and was exceedingly desirous of seeing the man, who, strange as it may seem to modern musicians, for a long time gave direction to the music of New England. This desire was not gratified till some years after, when Mr. Swan met him in Boston.

At the termination of his apprenticeship, he went to Suffield, Con., where, at the age of twenty-five, he married a daughter of the Rev. Ebenezer Gay, D. D., of that place, and where he spent twenty-eight years of his life, during which was composed most of the music that he ever published.

At Suffield he, in connection with Ely, published the *Songster's Assistant*; most of the music was by Mr. Swan; and in 1801 he published the *New England Harmony*, the entire music of which was his own. In the publication of the latter work he suffered a pecuniary loss, as it never went beyond the first edition. His church tunes of greatest merit are *Poland*, *Flanders*, *Quincy*, *London*, *Spring*, *Verona* and *China*. The last one mentioned he regarded as his best, and in this, we believe, the public agree with him. In 1807 he removed to Northfield, Mass., where he resided till his death, which occurred July 23d, 1842, the very day which completed his eighty-fourth year. As a man, he is described as affable in his manners, prepossessing in his personal appearance, and of sterling worth. Of his musical productions we have not space to speak critically. "China" is pronounced by the *profession* to be one of the most "unscientific" tunes ever published, while the *people* regard it as the most effective. These verdicts, both of which we regard as in the main correct, indicate the force of that genius which could burst through the barriers by which it was surrounded and produce such results. That one could be "scientific" with the advantages Swan enjoyed, is not, of course, to be expected. Science did for him almost nothing—nature everything. When we consider the circumstances under which Billings, Wainright, and their contemporaries wrote music, we cease to wonder at its crudeness, and can hardly fail to be surprised and gratified at the unparalleled advancement which the science of music has made in our country during the last half century. Its friends can surely ask nothing more to inspire them with hope for the future, than a glance at its triumphs in time past."

"NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries,
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;
The bee comes sipping every eventide
His scanty fill,
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum;
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come.
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil,—
A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings;
"Not to myself alone I raise the song:
I cheer the drooping with my warbling t ngue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless church my anthems learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The encircling star with honest pride doth boast,
"Not to myself alone I rise and set:
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at heav'n's opened gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fete,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The pearly drop falls pattering on the lawn;
"Not to myself alone I seek the ground,
And haste to bless all nature in its round;
In evening's hour as well as early dawn,
I bless the rich, I bless the friendless poor,
I cheer the faint;
I aid the songster singing near the moor
In notes so quaint."

"Not to myself alone,"
O, man! forget not thou,—earth's honor'd priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part:
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God;
Not to thyself alone!

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A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY J. W. M.

The history of our Revolution has been written only in part. The chronicle of its events is by no means complete. The principal facts—the legislation and the battle-scenes, of that day which tried the souls of men—are indeed on record—are embalmed in the literature of our young Republic. These deeds of our patriot fathers, as they deserve, have received a proud recompense.

——"The historic Muse,
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them, and immortalize her trust."

But the half has not been told—never will be. Over many an instance of individual trial and suffering in that holy cause, the deep waters of an oblivious flood have passed. The living witnesses have disappeared; and with them has passed away the history of many a thrilling incident of suffering virtue—of many a noble sacrifice in the cause of our bleeding country. What remains, exists only in a skeleton-form, in the fading recollections of another generation. These individual sorrows, however, and these more private baptisms of fire, are parts of the same great sacrifice which was laid on the altar of American freedom—helped to make up the immense amount which was paid for our liberties. Would that we might gather up and save from oblivion these incidents of a once suffering patriotism—these examples of a confidence in God, which then triumphed over every fear and lifted the soul up above all the disturbing forces of the earth! Would that we might ever remember them; for often there comes from them a voice of wisdom—a lesson which moves the heart to a noble sympathy with what is great and good. Would that the one which we are about to relate, had been known by the sweet bard of Caledonia, when he sung

"Of Gertrude, in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore"

—that his magic numbers might have treasured up, and thus have immortalized, an instance of that "deep, strong, deathless love, which dwells within a mother's heart," and which held a mother back from a mistaken sacrifice, that else had been made for the seeming life of others!

In a distant part of Pennsylvania, and in the bosom of its lofty mountain ranges, there is a place called Wyoming Valley—remarkable for the fertility of its soil, the beauty and grandeur of its natural scenery, and the mildness of its climate—a bright Arcadian spot—

"Once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore."

Here, in 1763, some people from Connecticut commenced a settlement, which increased rapidly, and in a little time became the admiration of all who visited the place. Equally removed from the corrupting influence of excessive wealth, and of depressing poverty, the people of Wyoming Valley enjoyed that golden mean, which is always connected with the greatest virtue, and, consequently, with the highest happiness of men.

This people took a deep interest in the struggle for independence. Though in a remote part of the State and on the frontiers of the country, where, as the result proved, they might have felt that all their resources were needed for their own protection, yet there was a noble forgetfulness of themselves in efforts to promote the common cause. They furnished more than their proportion of men for the general defence, together with a large amount of provisions for the army. This fact, together with some other considerations, brought upon the place a swift and terrible destruction. The enemy saw its prosperity, its devotion to the cause of freedom, and the sustaining hand of its bounty to the American forces. They determined, therefore, to cut off this resource—to put out this light—to cover the place with utter desolation. Accordingly, in the summer of 1778, and on the very day which commemorates the declaration of our independence, the storm which for weeks had been gathering in the horizon, and darkening the heavens, burst, in all its fury, upon Wyoming. With the terrible scenes which followed, our readers doubtless are familiar. Seldom has the fire-surge of war swept over any place with such terrific desolation. The heart sickens even at the thought of that merciless havoc.

This sad event, as we have intimated, cast its fearful shadow before it. A general presentiment of the approaching calamity prevailed. The scattered families around fled for refuge to the forts of Wyoming. With one of these our tale of sorrow and suffering begins. They lived some miles above, in a sequestered spot near the river. Their humble dwelling was the home of affection—the abode of a most devoted piety. From its lonely altar there went up daily the incense of the morning and evening sacrifice. There the stranger had often tarried for the night, and enjoyed their hospitality. There the wild Indian, too, had found a shelter from the

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storm, and had bowed the knee with them before the Great Spirit. From the very first, the father had been enthusiastic in the cause of freedom. When his own State became the theatre of the war, and his services were wanted, he was ready, and marched forth with others to repel the enemy. The severities of that memorable campaign, however, greatly impaired his health, and a wound which he received, made it impossible for him to render any further aid in defending his country. He was conveyed home. His exposure on the way brought on a fever, which in a few weeks terminated his life. It was then a dark day in the history of American liberty. Some renounced the cause and went over to the enemy—others were full of misgivings. But this son of the mountains remained steadfast. He never doubted for a moment that success would crown the effort for independence.

"A brighter day," he would often remark to his wife, as she sat by his bedside watching the ebbing tide of life—"a brighter day is coming—God is with us—our cause is his." In language not unlike that of the persecuted, dying Vaudois, he said,

"Be strong! I leave the living voice
Of this my martyred blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood—
A spirit midst the caves to dwell,
A token on the air,
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

"Hear it, and hear then on, my love!
Aye, joyously endure!
Our mountains must be altars yet,
Inviolate and pure;
Here must our God be worshipped still,
With the worship of *the free*.
Farewell! there's but one pang in death,
One only—leaving thee."

His mantle fell. His wife was left with four small children, the youngest of whom was then an infant. In a few months the intelligence reached her of the approach of the Indians. To remain where she was, she felt would be to expose herself and her family to the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage. She determined, therefore, to follow the example of others living on the frontiers of the settlement, and to seek protection in the forts of Wyoming. With all possible despatch she made ready to remove. To the hired man who had charge of her little farm, she committed such things as could be removed by land, while she, with her children, embarked in a canoe, and floated down the stream. In the afternoon of that day she hove in sight of her expected place of safety. But she had been anticipated—the foe was there—was revelling in the midst of his merciless work. The flames of burning houses and the roar of musketry, told but too plainly that there was no safety there for her. What was to be done? If she should attempt to pass down the river on the opposite side, or through the middle of the stream, her destruction seemed inevitable. Lifting up her heart in silent prayer to God for direction, she determined to near the side on which the battle was raging—to slip along down under its lee to a place where the bank rose to a considerable elevation and rather overhung the water's edge, and there to conceal herself until the darkness of the night might enable her to escape to the settlements below.

Thither she came, and moored her canoe amid the shrubbery of the shore. She had not, however, been long in this place before her situation became exceedingly perilous. Her infant began to cry. The enemy were near. She could distinctly hear the yell of the savage, and the shrieks of women and children who were perishing under the blows of the hatchet. Her exposure now seemed inevitable. She tried to quiet her infant, but in vain. She thought not of herself, but there were her other children! She looked at them, and then at her babe. Opposite feelings began to struggle in her bosom. If perceived by the savage, certain destruction, she knew, would be the consequence. The interests of *three* seemed to her to outweigh the interests of *one*. The idea rose in her mind, 'Ought I not to sacrifice one for the safety of the rest?' She made the attempt, but could not withdraw her hands from her child. Again she tried to still it—but the attempt was fruitless; and the certainty of its exposing them to the merciless hand of the Indian, became more and more apparent. The carnage on the shore above was coming nearer, as the sufferings of the dying became more and more distinct. Again, therefore, the mother attempted to give up her babe to the waters: but her hands still clung to her offspring. No strength of hers could detach them. Dangers continued to thicken around her. Some youth, who had thrown themselves into the stream, and swam to a little island, were soon followed by an Indian; and she saw them fall beneath his murderous tomahawk. Still nearer to her, there came staggering to the water's edge a man covered with blood, and threw himself down, and with a trembling hand tried to raise a few drops of water to his burning lips. This gave a paroxysm to the fears of this distressed mother—led her once more to the attempt to still the cries of her infant beneath the

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wave. She held it over the side of the canoe—let it down into the water—but its first struggle disarmed her resolution. She drew it up, pressed it to her bosom, and fell back in her canoe, faint and prostrated with the excess of her emotions. In a few moments, she recovered herself, and determined to trust all to the care of Him who is the husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless children. In a little time her infant ceased to cry—smiled upon its mother, and sunk quietly to rest in her arms. The agony was over. The sun was fast descending behind the lofty mountain range, and soon night threw her sable covering over the land. The work of death ceased; and the mother loosened her canoe, pushed out into the stream, and glided quietly down its waters to a place of safety.

Years rolled on. The war ceased. Peace returned to bless the land. The mother, with her children and some friends, returned to the home she had left. But the storm which had swept over her, had dashed everything to the earth. Her trials had greatly impaired her constitution. The bow had been bent too far. Its recoil showed that its strength was broken—that its elasticity was gone. Her remaining energies were spent in the education of her children—in efforts to im press their minds with truth, and to kindle up in their hearts the same fires of liberty and of religion, that had glowed in the bosom of their departed father—the same devotion to the interests of men and the same love to God. When her end drew near, she called them all around her dying couch—gave them her parting counsels—and then lifted up her trembling voice for the last time, in prayer for them. She ceased, and casting a look of inexpressible tenderness and affection upon each, her eye rested for a moment upon her youngest—her loved Benjamin. A tear started from her eye. The scene of Wyoming came up fresh to her recollection. The thought of what she had there attempted to do, struck the chords of her heart too strongly, and they broke with the vibration.

Our Wood Cut—gives a fair view of the commercial town of Meaux, some thirty-six miles north-east from Paris, en route towards Chalons. It is situated on the Marne, in a department of the Seine, where corn and cattle abound. Merchants from Rouen, Beauvais, and Troyes, centre there to trade. Articles of merchandise are wool, grain, poultry, cheese, wood, coal, glue, saltpetre, and calico, which is manufactured there. The grain mills are employed to supply Paris. The number of inhabitants are 7,400, and are industrious and active in their various departments of business. In 1421 it sustained a siege against England of three months.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION TO THE MEMORY OF HELEN AUGUSTA.

BY CORDELIA.

Six weeks from the evening of the nuptials, her bridal dress was her robe for the grave.

Those who have read the beautifully touching poetry "The burial of Love," by Wm. C. Bryant, will recognize its lineaments in the following tribute to a departed, much loved friend.

Two sisters sad, at shut of day,
Bent o'er that form with tears of love,
Whose spirit pure had fled away,
To brighter worlds—to joys above.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
Bring forest blooms of name unknown,
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
For Helen's brow—*loved* sister—mild.

Come make her grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue-birds, in the mists of spring,
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

But we shall mourn her long, and miss
Her pleasant smile and ready kiss,
Her graceful tread—her walk discreet,
Her frowns—and modest phrases sweet.

And graver looks serene and high,
And chastened mind and speaking eye,
All these will haunt us, till the heart
Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall start.

Her pen and paper laid aside,—
Nor tells us of the happy bride,
Nor sacrifice for Jesus made,
As often in her plans she laid.
The flower—the robe shall fall to dust,
And death and time may do their worst,
But she whom now from out of sight
We hide— shall live enrobed in white ;—

Shall burst the clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and clearer sight,
And sweetly at her Saviour's feet,
All His commissions humbly meet.

THE MORAL CONDITION OF THE METROPOLIS.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is some religion in New York. The array of talent and moral force in this great metropolis for the evangelization of the destitute, of those not encircled within the embrace of any particular church influence, when all reckoned, is no inconsiderable amount in the aggregate. The churches which seem to possess the Spirit of Christ are numerous and potential. The truly benevolent institutions speak well of the Christ-like sympathy of many who seem to be actuated by a love to their fellow-men. City mis-

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sionaries are multiplied, and constantly amplify the sphere of their usefulness. Mission schools and mission churches are coming up gradually to perform their quota of service to the church and to achieve a conquest for human good over the strong legions of ignorance, bad passion, and religious superstition. The friends of a prudent reform are doing their work. The friends of temperance and the lovers of law and order are doing theirs. Our civil rulers, all connected with our judical tribunals, are standing upon the margin of the sea of transgression, only to beat back the waves of wrong-doing, and to prevent "worse coming to worse." Their power is legal and compulsory, not moral and persuasive, or as influential.

The ministers at the altar may wax eloquent and spare not. The faithful Sabbath school teacher may bless many of the youth by the toils of his vocation. The city missionary and tract layman may lead many to the prayer-meeting and to the house of God; but, then, what shall become of the masses—the masses among us?

We cannot go around and over this great city upon a Sabbath and behold the multitudes thronging the different avenues, walking, riding, driving, or gathered together in groups for frolic or sport; witness the numerous little shops, and larger ones, open for traffic in eatables, drinkables, and other things, see the hundreds of grog-shops, opened partly, and more rigorously patronized than on any other day, and learn as we may through different channels that the dens of infamy and houses of bad fame are unusually filled on this the Lord's day, without emotions the most painful and heart-rending. The great majority are continually unblessed with the vitalizing power of the Gospel.

The churches are journeying up-town, and this may be a part of the difficulty. But when were things in a better condition in proportion to the number of inhabitants? When were souls ever better cared for, by sending among them laborers who knew how to reach them? When were they oftener reached by the tract or the word of exhortation? Some have supposed there is no better agency than the City Tract Society, none more efficient, none better adapted to the spiritual wants of the masses, none surer of ploughing a deeper furrow in the moral vineyard of the great Husbandman. Their means and helpers may be multiplied fourfold. Good halls may be provided in every district for Bible instruction and gospel teaching, for the regular preaching of the word to the masses by plain, practical men. Every missionary may have his working men and women around him—minute-men who can draw in a host of hearers into "Chapels of Ease," or halls for preaching, and thus the salvation of great numbers be expected. Still thousands perish in sin.

Something more is demanded. Many have too much pride to enter a mission hall. The merchants' hotels are full of people, respectable ones, nearly half of whom would attend church were some eloquent man to be heard without too much trouble from walking or from securing seats. Then there are many respectable families down town who have no especial church interest, and who never will hire a seat in an orthodox church unless their hearts are melted by the Spirit of God, and they be thus led to view things from a different stand-point.

It strikes the writer of this article that the Presbyterians of the old and the new school, the Episcopalians, the Baptist, the Dutch Reformed, and the Lutherans, should have each a free church in the lower or more destitute part of the city, strongly served by a man well reputed and skilful in dividing the word. Some good and active men from different churches should give their countenance to the work by their presence regularly during a part of the day, and by Bible class and Sabbath school instruction, and make themselves efficient helpers in the noblest work. Wealthy Christians are in danger of losing their spirituality by ill-advised indolence.

Their armor must be kept bright by active service in the work of their Lord. If they sacrifice some of their sanctuary privileges by spending a half day in a mission school, or a mission chapel, every Lord's day, their loss will be their ultimate gain, besides the good imparted to the spiritually destitute.

I have not spoken of the Congregationalists, who out of the limits of New England are looming up in strength, munificence, and grandeur. They have a free church down town—the Tabernacle, which is a sanctuary for many strangers who are found at hotels and temporary lodgings on the Sabbath. This house of God is an honor to its purchaser, David Hale of blessed memory; and will stand as a monument of munificence to bless coming generations, and an example to our wealthy citizens, worthy of imitation.

The North Dutch Church, now rather thinly attended, might as well be a free church, and so announced—or, if more agreeable to the trustees of that accumulating fund now very large, let them build a free church on the plan of Thomas and Schieffelin. This plan contemplates a mission building, of sufficient capacity for a chapel, rooms for the missionary, and other rooms for families, or for stores; so that rent will come free to the mission and school, and the owner

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get a fair per centage for his property. A plan of this kind, with fifty feet front for a central and two side entrances, may be seen at our office.

Twenty of these might be built in different parts of the city by as many wealthy Christians, and if they did not choose to make them over to the cause of missions, they can get rent enough from other rooms in the building to give a free use of the mission-rooms.

Wealthy fashionable, and other churches, will continue their journey "up town," and something must be devised to meet the exigency.

A writer in the *N. Y. Observer* uses the following language:

"Must the Gospel be crowded out, and the lower wards given up to Romanism and Infidelity? Can nothing be done to carry the light of truth to these strangers who are cast upon us? Nothing to make our lower churches available? If they are *not attended* and *cannot be sustained* where they are, the case is clear. I hear within a few days that the 'Old Brick' is meditating removal. Yet it appears that this venerable Church is crowded on the Sabbath—by strangers too, attracted by the fame of the 'old man eloquent,' its incumbent for more than forty years. I know that *outsiders* have no business to interfere with the arrangements of the congregation: but may it not be hoped that those men who reside up town will rather undertake a new enterprise, and thus *add* to the number of churches,—and, if need be, undertake it under the auspices of the 'Brick Church,' with aid from its funds, if necessary?

"New York is moving up town—but New York is doubling also in population at a remarkable rate. And besides, New York is prospering in wealth. The churches are not increasing in proportion. Some of our 'first class' churches are greatly *strengthened*, but rather by *concentrating* overwhelming resources of men and means, than by *diffusion*. I advocate no process to *weaken* strong churches by colonization, but to *increase by scattering*. Neither do I advocate the building of Mission Churches for the poor. The rich and the poor should meet in the house of God. May there not be devised some better system than the present, by which some of our churches practically exclude the poorer class, and other churches are left to struggle hopelessly under burdens which they are too few, or of too limited means to bear?

"Among Presbyterians of the Old School, there is but little *enlargement* of late years. Only *one* first-class church (Dr. Potts') has been added, and one near extinction (Duane-street) preserved and greatly strengthened by removal and rebuilding. The experiment in both cases proves the *demand* for churches up town, and suggests encouragement for *other enterprises*. If, as I am informed, the rush into the new churches is so great as to fill them to overflowing, is not here a case to invite to new efforts?

"The success of other enterprises—the actual inability of them to meet the want which is still pressing in the up town district, for good class churches,—is a providential encouragement to 'Arise and build.' Now is a favorable time. Population is pouring upward to Murray Hill, destined soon to be the Crown of New York. Who, of those who are not yet accommodated,—who, of those now accommodated, but not forgetful of the claim arising both from the present want and the appealing future,—who, of these, sagacious and liberal hearted to devise liberal things,—will look at these things, emulous of the honor of the children of Issachar? 'Of the children of Issachar which were men that had *understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do;* the heads of them were two hundred; and *all their brethren were at their commandments.*'

"Removal *may* be needful; but is it not a time for *enlargement?* Removal may accommodate ourselves: enlargement will do this, and benefit others. Will it cost something? So it ought. Shall we 'serve God with that which costs us nothing?' This were bald selfishness. 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt break forth on the right hand, and on the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.'"

The above remarks are timely, and may do much good if properly considered; and will do, if our wealthy Christians will be moved to action by their cogency. The observations concerning the rich and the poor meeting together in the same church are well; but there is a variety among the poor, and the majority, I think, prefer to go where they can feel more at ease, more at home, than they would in the fashionable churches of the city. We need feel no apprehensions that Mission Churches would be unfilled, if they can be built, and Christian men and women found who will labor. Whatever is to be accomplished, let it be done without needless delay. The subject is now before the churches, and the wants of the city in this relation were never more imperative.

The changes in the physical condition of the

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city are projected on so magnificent a scale, and sweep over so vast a range of human interest, of mental forecast, and lucrative calculation, that we may well imagine the moral and religious complexion must be correspondingly affected, or there is danger that we shall become a modern Sodom.

An addition of a population equal to the whole number in 1843 must modify, in no small degree, the mighty currents of influence that flow over us, and around us, and from us to all parts of our land, and to all parts of the world. Our metropolis is indeed great—great in political and religious influence, but no less great in the facilities of propagating nameless vices, and of perpetuating the most abhorrent wickedness.

The effort of Christ's people to renovate and save the heterogeneous mass of our home and foreign population should be vigorously and untiringly put forth.

Editorial Miscellany.

Five Points House of Industry.—We have viewed with increasing pleasure the various changes and improvements at this excellent mission, under the superintendence of Rev. L. M. Pease, supervised by a most excellent board of good men from different churches. The House of Industry proper for the adults and the Industrial School for the young, is a capitally conceived plan for reforming those who can be reformed. When the vicious, who are puzzled to get an honest livelihood, find such an industrial home at their doors, and such facilities for earning a decent living, and such unexpected comforts in turning their feet into the paths of virtue, and such hopes of becoming healthful, sober-minded, and orderly citizens, they wake up to a new life undreamed of or almost unhoped for. Many pay their own way, and thus beget that feeling of independence so essential to true manhood or womanhood.

Boys and girls find work as well as something to learn from books, and can pay in part their daily expenses and learn habits of industry, honesty, and virtue. Between one and two hundred boys and girls, and over a hundred adults, are sustained at the establishment. So admirably is everything managed, so economically, that two-thirds of the expense of the mission is paid by the avails of the inmates' labors. The other third is usually cheerfully given by benevolent friends.

The visitors, especially on the Sabbath, who take an interest in the Sabbath school and other exercises are numerous. Some of our wealthy merchants, and other citizens, with members of their families, call and find that the "half had not been told them." It does one good to see what the right kind of benevolent effort can effect amidst an outcast population, the majority of whom sympathize with an opposing system of religious faith. We are glad to learn that the Episcopal Church is throwing in its influence in this same enterprise, and that Mr. Pease has lately engaged four additional buildings, taking Little Water street entire, so as to accommodate altogether an increased number, especially of the youth and children. Here is a juvenile asylum worthy of notice, of patronage, and endowment. Here is a house of industry where one is truly needed, and from which we predict great good must arise. The enlarged plans of the committee call for an increased liberality on the part of the benevolent. Funds must not be wanting for furthering so eminently benevolent a scheme. Funds to the amount of ten thousand dollars will be needed the ensuing year to give the proper impulse to the work and carry out the plans of the committee. If twenty-five thousand dollars is expended in rent, fuel, clothing, food, teachers, superintendents, and matrons, and the *et ceteras* of life, and cloth, and other materials, to make up for gain, over sixteen thousand may be returned by the industrial labor. This course will learn the poor to help themselves.

Public Affairs.—Within the last month a quadrennial event took place, which is of vast importance to the nation, and interests, more or less, other nations of the globe. The reins of government, which shields with its protecting ægis the rights of more than twenty millions of people, have quietly passed from the hands of one set of men to another, holding different sentiments. The Inauguration was, probably, the most striking ceremony ever witnessed in the Capitol. When the preliminaries of the pageant were over, Chief Justice Taney administered the oath, and President Pierce stepped forth upon the platform, and without note or manuscript, in

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a clear, firm, and eloquent voice, delivered that finished inaugural which has delighted so great a multitude in all parts of our country. Its tone was manly, earnest, and impassioned, and left no room to doubt that he meant what he affirmed.

But he has come to no bed of down. He will find a contrast to the quiet happiness of Old Concord, and may pass through many anxious days and sleepless nights in the four years that lie before him. In the brilliant blush of morning let us hope for the serene brightness of the setting sun.

THINGS UNSEEN AND ETERNAL.—Is there not something beyond the changing, passing scenes of this present moment of radical and soul-stirring importance to every intelligent being of God's creation? Should the pressing cares of the present objects, always "seen and temporal," overcast all the sublime themes, unseen and eternal, which are reached by the eye of faith? ONE has appeared who from the radiance of his own moral virtues taught us the excellency of a holy life. If we attentively read the Evangelists, we shall be impressed with the readiness of the Saviour at all times to separate himself from all objects of a mere worldly nature, and give himself up wholly to contemplations and acts having a relation to "the things unseen and eternal." These were the things in which he was habitually interested, and there were to him no opposing interests, no conflicting desires, which would render calls to communion with God, however frequent or long continued, distasteful.

Every follower of Christ must be conscious of an infinite and most painful inferiority to his Master in this respect. Too often worldly occupations, either of business or pleasure, so absorb the mind that abstinence from outward acts associated with them is a deprivation of happiness, and if compelled to yield to interruption for the performance of the outward forms of devotion, the thoughts and affections of the soul continue in their cherished associations with the world. Such is *sometimes* the unhappy experience of the Christian, while he can have no claim to the name, with whom such an experience is *habitual.*

It should surely be the object of every one who desires to become fitted for heaven, to acquire such a mastery over his appetites and his thoughts as will give evidence to him that such fitness has been commenced in his heart. If he finds it impossible, or even very difficult, to deny himself the ordinary pleasures of life, if the world has such possession of his thoughts and affections that it is a cross to him to go to the house of prayer and a weariness to unite in the worship of God, what fitness can he have for that perpetual communion with him, which will constitute the happiness of heaven?

To acquire the mastery over our spirits, to bring "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," to "keep under the body and bring it into subjection," it is not enough to abstain from acts of plain and palpable sin, to engage in occasional acts of worship with long intervals between. The regimen for the body which will answer well during the enjoyment of health, will often prove fatal when disease lurks within the system. We find it necessary to submit to the interruption of worldly business and the deprivation of ordinary enjoyments during weeks or months of confinement to the chamber of sickness. To hesitate whether or not to exercise self-denial in such a case would be madness, of which few could be capable.

And is not the soul, absorbed in worldly associations, diseased by habitual and indwelling sin, worthy of some SPECIAL and *long-continued* efforts to relieve it from the bondage of sin? Is it not an appropriate and necessary effort to break the train of ordinary associations, and bring the soul by *time* and *perseverance* into sympathy with spiritual objects, with holy beings of God's creation, and into communion with the "Father of Spirits" through our mediator Jesus Christ.

We regard all such efforts, of course, only as *the means*, which we expect that God will bless. They ought to be employed more or less at all times and throughout all seasons, but there are times when the providence of God and the services of the Church call us to special prayer and self-denial, and if there is no disposition to yield to them as a privilege not less than a duty, we can have little reason to expect that it will be found in us at any time or in any circumstances. The epicure called to a feast, or the worldling to his pleasures, requires no persuasion to bring him to the scenes in which he delights. "*Where the treasure is there will the heart be also.*"

SPRING.—Concerning this beautiful season, the talented Mrs. M. A. Dennison says—"Spring is coming, flinging first a sunbeam and then a snow-wreath. Season of newness, vigor and hope! how many thousands have sung of thee. And the theme is not worn, nor will be while the human heart loves beauty. The story of spring will never grow tame, so long as between the death of the flowers and their resurrection, meek-eyed babes are laid to sleep in snow-covered grave-

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yards. So long as the bride, the wife, the mother, the silvery-haired old man, are laid upon a couch on which Spring will weave many a wild-wood garland.

Spring has come. The river with its mossy fringe wears the blue livery of the season. The larch is just budding; large, moist and waxen, the pink clusters exude a pleasant gum. The path from the door shows its pebbly face, and in sheltered nooks, where solitude has nursed them, hide little tufts of soft, green grass. The water trickles pleasantly from the smoking roofs, and glad voices are heard, and warm sun-gushes enter through open doors and windows. How deliciously mellow the azure of the sky! how clear and white the tiny clouds that float by like bubbles, their edges goldened by the sun.

Spring has come to gladden the hearts of the owly. Sitting by the poor-house corner, yon old man can enjoy the scents of fields and meadow, can watch the kine with their brown noses r iling the ground, and see the thin vapors curl from the dew-distilling hills, with as happy a heart as the poet who sings 'they all belong to me.'

Every day the sky will gather blueness, and the fields a brighter emerald. From little crevi ces, invisible to-day, blooms, laden with the breath of May, will spring, and shoot into stems, leaves, and flowers. Thicker and brighter the fairy robes of summer-land will flake the limbs of the pear, peach and apple tree, all jewelled with blossoms. June will hang tassels on the larch, and embroider the willow till it droops rom very weight of beauty, and weeps that it cannot woo the sky.

Spring is here. Come, weary student; come, maiden, pale with heart sorrow, Spring will breathe the breath of life upon your languid frames, and with her magical dyes paint your cheek with health. Come, happy child, seek flowers bright as your youth; come matron, wearied with winter cares, come out in the broad sun-light, and repent that you have thought life all shadow, because its pulse beat under the frost.

Glorious Spring! exhaustless pleasures wait upon thy presence. Welcome! thrice welcome."

The People's Washing Establishment.—Concerning this very excellent modern enterprise, Mr. S. C. Brace thus writes in a New York paper:—

"There are probably thousands in this city who do not know that we have any such establishment—thousands who would listen to an account of such an establishment as found in London or Glasgow, and wonder why we could not have the same. But in Mott street, near Grand (No. 141), this steam-heated purifying operation is in full blast; and it is worthy of a visit from the ladies and gentlemen of our city, as one of the novel and noticeable things of New York. The poor family whose rooms are narrow, and not well situated for washing, can bring their clothes here, wash, dry, and iron them, and take them home ready to be worn, paying *three cents* an hour for the use of the place and utensils. The arrangements are such that the work can be done quietly, pleasantly and rapidly. It can also be done exceedingly well. Many who follow the business of washing do the whole work here, and they find a decided advantage in this course.

The establishment has thus far been used chiefly by the comfortable middle classes. The squalid poor do not use it either for washing or bathing. There are multitudes who have decided to live in filth and degradation, and no abstergent facilities have any attraction for them. Those who dream that degraded people will spring up at the invitation to a cleanly, industrious, virtuous and thriving life, have something to learn about mankind.

The bathing department is pretty well patronized, especially in hot weather. The prices are from three cents to ten.

The facilities for washing are such that we cannot doubt that as the plan becomes known, the present accommodations will be found insufficient, and other establishments of the same kind will be called for in various parts of the city. They will be of great value to the middle classes, and will yet be much employed by the rich. But we do not expect to see the miserably poor affected by them. The degraded state of mind which allows a vicious life, will allow a brutally filthy one in circumstances of poverty. Wash-houses will not allure such to cleanliness, any more than flattery will persuade them into virtue. We doubt not that some of the gentlemen who opened this people's establishment, have been disappointed at the reluctance of the poor to avail themselves of it. But still the institution has been useful, and we think the reform will not go backward."

The Family and School Monitor, by James Henry, Jun.—Modern school-books and their compilation form a distinct branch of literary labor, and we must say that, when we observe their number, variety, and nice adaptation to the great business of popular education, we are glad—glad that the youth of our day have such ample means and appliances for moral and intellectual progress.

Among the school-books which have fallen into our hands recently, we regard the "*Family and School Monitor*" *as one of the very best.* The compiler of such a work is a public benefactor, and this we would not dare to say of all the authors of the "Science made Easy" systems of juvenile intruction we have seen.

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M. Osborne Sc.

BOSTON COMMON.

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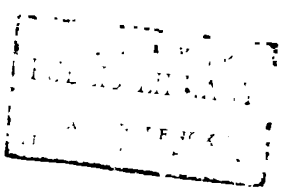

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This book is, indeed, a book of useful "knowledge made easy;" but it is so through no affectation of juvenile phraseology, or jejune illustrations of moral and scientific truth. Its English is right manly English, and its facts of vital interest. Add to this, its arrangement of subjects is comprehensive and systematic.

In short, it is an excellent *vade mecum* for every industrious and intelligent youth, who will study it earnestly and understandingly; and could it be introduced as a standard book in our curriculums of Public Instruction, it would do an incalculable good by furnishing materials for instruction more immediately necessary, and, therefore, more practical than any school-book of equal size we have ever seen. Its general use in all our schools would alike promote physical, moral and intellectual education. The book only needs to be introduced to intelligent instructors to secure its general use; and for the justice of our estimate of its worth, we appeal boldly to the pages of the book itself.

Monthlies are multiplying, and becoming ponderous. Putnam's is the new rival, beginning courageously to struggle for the mastery, and is giving the public some well-written articles on a variety of interesting topics, which are sure to render it a favorite magazine. It is neatly got up, and the articles are generally practical and stirring. Thus far it gives promise of richer festive viands, and purer intellectual and moral entertainment than the Harper's, which has run so strong a race, and is still so hard a competitor.

— Harper's Magazine is improved in the quality of its contents, and is much sought after by the lovers of good reading.

Our Wood Cut—Boston Common.—Engraving.—Those of our readers who have ever visited the beautiful Capital of the noble "old Bay State," will at once recognize the view which we have the pleasure of presenting to them this month, from the burin of Osborne, the gifted artist whose works have so often enriched the pages of magazines. Here are all the principal features of the far-famed "Common," the pride and boast of every true Bostonian, and one of the most charming spots in the world for moon-light walks and sentimental colloquies. The great elm-tree, under whose branches so many generations have sported, occupies a conspicuous place in the foreground of the picture, carefully enclosed to guard it from external injury—while in the left of the background is seen the State House, a noble building, from the cupola of whose lofty dome, the gazer enjoys a prospect so extensive, so varied, and so exquisitely beautiful, that every sense seems absorbed in that of sight, and the heart overflows with a strange delight that oppresses it almost to pain. The tall spire at the right of the engraving is that of Park Street Church, one of the strongholds of orthodoxy in Boston—and which forms, together with the State House, and the Bunker Hill Monument, one of the three prominent objects on which the eye of the traveller first rests, as he approaches the Athens of America.

The history of Boston is full of thrilling associations connected with the "period that tried men's souls," and its ancient spires and turrets are surrounded with a holo, more glorious in the sight of the lover of freedom, than the utmost *prestige* of antiquity or magnificence could furnish—for here, the grand principles of liberty were first practically applied, which have raised these United States to the summit of prosperity, and which, serving as a model for the nations of the old world, will yet elevate them all to the same high standard of individual, social, and political freedom.

MUSIC.

Hall & Sons, dealers in pianos and music extensively, are continually bringing out fresh and inspiriting music for amateurs. Among those recently published, we find upon our table The Signal Music, by F. Gumbert, words by G. Linley. My heart is thine, an excellent piece. Herkimer Quadrilles, by J. A. Fowler. The Indian Girl's Song, Come to the forest, music by J. G. Maeder. This is a beautiful piece from the grand fairy opera of the Pearl or Enchanted Fountain. The Children of Haimon, composed by Strauss. The Fascination Polka, arranged by J. Munck, and three Sentimentales, by T. Hünten. The Agatha la Serenade l'Eloge des Lormes.

Gould & Berry, 297 Broadway, New York, and in Philadelphia, with commendable enterprise, are serving the public with pianos and good sheet music. We can mention the Burial of De Soto as a pathetic and sweetly-soothing air. The Silver Bluff, written for Wood's Minstrels, and Leonora Polka, by Carl Merze.

We have received from Firth & Pond a few pieces, among which we can mention I love the Old, music by H. Kleber, words by L. Virginia Smith, and Old Folks Quadrilles.

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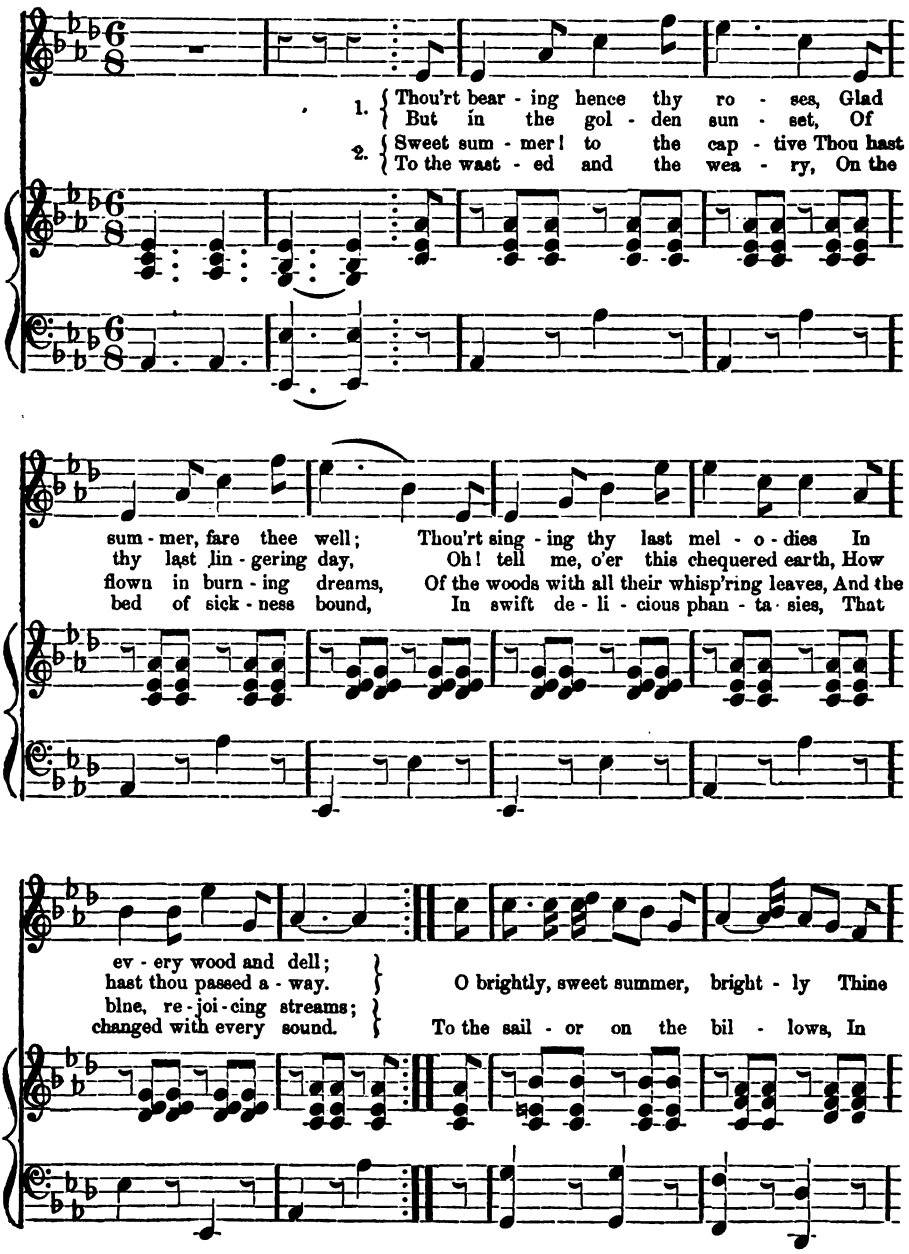
The Parting of Summer.

Words from Mrs. HEMANS. Music by Miss MARY H. SHIPMAN.

1. Thou'rt bear - ing hence thy ro - ses, Glad
But in the gol - den sun - set, Of
2. Sweet sum - mer! to the cap - tive Thou hast
To the wast - ed and the wea - ry, On the
sum - mer, fare thee well; Thou'rt sing - ing thy last mel - o - dies In
thy last lin - gering day, Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth, How
flown in burn - ing dreams, Of the woods with all their whisp'ring leaves, And the
bed of sick - ness bound, In swift de - li - cious phan - ta - sies, That
ev - ery wood and dell;
hast thou passed a - way.
O brightly, sweet summer, bright - ly Thine
blue, re - joi - cing streams;
changed with every sound.
To the sail - or on the bil - lows, In

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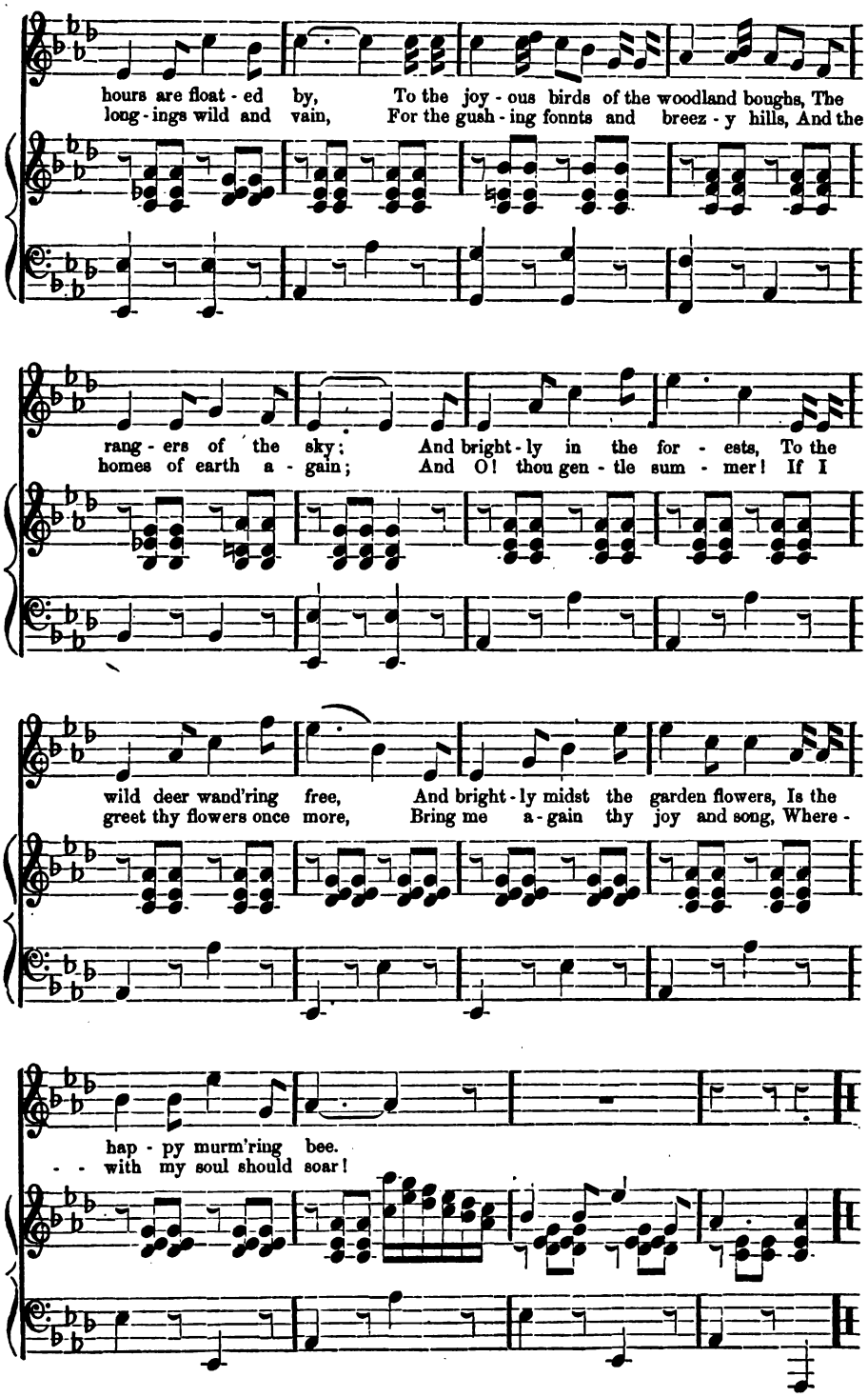
hours are float - ed by, To the joy - ous birds of the woodland boughs, The
long - ings wild and vain, For the gush - ing fonnts and breez - y hills, And the
rang - ers of the sky; And bright - ly in the for - ests, To the
homes of earth a - gain; And O! thou gen - tle sum - mer! If I
wild deer wand'ring free, And bright - ly midst the garden flowers, Is the
greet thy flowers once more, Bring me a - gain thy joy and song, Where -
hap - py murm'ring bee.
- - with my soul should soar!

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Book Notices.

BEATRICE; OR, THE UNKNOWN RELATIVES. By Catharine Sinclair, Author of "Modern Accomplishments," &c. Dewitt & Davenport.

This is a novel of special aim, and unusual importance. Its object is to expose the arts of the Popish ecclesiastics, by which they fascinate young minds, and beguile the children of unsuspecting Protestant parents. Miss Sinclair has obtained high reputation as a writer; and to this work she seems to have brought her best efforts. She has produced a volume which must have wide circulation, and make a deep and salutary impression. *Beatrice* has received very high commendation from Dr. Murray (Kirwan), Dr. Spring, Dr. De Witt, and many other eminent men. We trust it may open the eyes of many a Protestant parent, and save many a romantic, sentimental youth from the snare.

THE CAPTIVE IN PATAGONIA.—We do not often have occasion to notice a book which is better fitted to make its own way than this. A story of life as a captive among Patagonian Indians, is pretty sure of finding eager readers. The author of this narrative, Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bourne, sailed from New Bedford for California in 1849; and incautiously landing on the Patagonian shore, was captured, and made the slave of savage caprice and tyranny for three or four months. Watching his opportunity, he at length swam off to a boat which approached for his rescue, the natives pursuing with their naked blades, and even following him into the water. His accouut of savage life and manners and morals is truly valuable, as well as of absorbing interest. Those who imagine the heathen to be harmless creatures, acting according to the light they have, will do well to read Mr. Bourne's narrative, upon which we believe full reliance may be placed.

Published by Gould and Lincoln of Boston, and in a handsome style of typography and illustration.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1853. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Boston. Gould and Lincoln.

A volume to be relished by every man who loves to be comfortably "posted up" in the progress of scientific discovery, and who enjoys a general survey of man and his achievements. This annual is by no means designed for the student alone; it is well fitted to please every reader of ordinary intelligence. Indeed, there are few who will not find in it some practical hints of which they can avail themselves. We have passed along its pages with wonder at the range and power of human research in invention. The thoughts which such a compend suggests, in relation to the dignity and destiny of man—his control over matter, and his triumphs of mind, are far-reaching and absorbing. We should honor the young man who can find a thousand times as much to interest him here, as in any production of the story-teller's invention.

The volume is for sale by Mr. Fletcher, in Nassau street.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS: A Domestic Narrative, illustrating the Peculiar Doctrines held by the Disciples of George Fox. By Mrs. J. R. Greer, author of "Quakerism, or the Story of my Life." M. W. Dodd.

No one can say that this book is not *spicy*. Mrs. Greer, in laying aside her Quakerism, also laid aside her prudent reserve; and she has indulged rather freely in sarcasm and biting censure. It is not to be denied that she has spoken much truth. We trust her out-speaking may do good. But we must think she would have done more good by a milder method. The book, however, is wonderfully vivacious, pointed, and we may say *keen*. The Friends who hear of it, will hardly be able to refrain from looking at it; and others who are acquainted with the peculiarities of Quakerism will find great zest in this wire-edged style of writing. Mrs. G. undertakes to show that the system of George Fox was wild and fanatical, and that of his followers coldly Pharisaical, and opposed to evangelical religion.

PLEASANT PAGES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE; or, Book of Home Education and Entertainment. By S. Prout Newcomb. With numerous illustrations. Boston. Gould and Lincoln.

Here are more than four hundred very pleasant pages, containing information on a great variety of subjects, set forth in a pleasing way. Ten minutes a day on this attractive volume would soon make the boy quite a philosopher. We doubt whether most boys could be confined to the ten minutes. Curiosity would read on by the hour. Such books have a charming influence in the family. They occupy leisure time agreeably; they fill the mind with ideas which have corresponding reality; they accustom the children to look to books, and to useful books, for amusement. Here we have science and art made plain and captivating. The lessons in drawing and perspective alone are worth the price of the volume. And then a thousand questions which the intelligent young mind raises are here most pleasantly and plainly answered.

CHAMBERS' REPOSITORY of Instructive and Amusing Papers; with Illustrations. Boston. Gould and Lincoln.

The Messrs. Chambers have done a great work for their generation in the publication of popular useful works. They seem to have inexhaustible resources. The first volume of a new series comes to us with admirable articles on Australia, the Rhine, the Pilgrim Fathers, &c., &c. This volume is complete in itself. It is marked by the freshness and liveliness of instruction which have given to their other publications such wide popularity. We cannot but hope that the multiplication of such books, which combine the useful with the entertaining, will do much to lessen the rage for fiction. Surely there is an abundance of entertaining, and even sterling truth. The Messrs. Chambers seem to have strongly apprehended this, and to have resolved to do what they could to gratify the reading public within the limits of reality. Their endeavor has brought to them honor and emolument.

AMABEL: A FAMILY HISTORY. By Elizabeth Wormeley.—This is a novel from the publishing house of Putnam & Co., which furnishes 500 pages of stirring combination and event for the lovers of good stories. The general aim seems to be laudable, and the structure of the novel exhibits skill. But we cannot accord to it the praise of high originality or power. Like many other works of this class, it will be read with pleasure, and impress not a few useful lessons.

THE LIFE OF NERO. By Jacob Abbott. Harper & Brothers.

Another of those charming illustrated histories, without which no popular library (we may say no family library) is complete. The skilful author knows how to present

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veracious history with a singular charm. He makes no draught upon his imagination, but employs wonderful tact in relating the truth. By the preparation of these histories, Mr. Abbott has laid many a grown-up reader under great obligations; for they have been read with avidity by the mature, and even the well educated.

NELSON'S NORTHERN LANCET, published at Plattsburg, N. Y., is a one dollar medical magazine, which is conducted with evident enterprise. Certainly it is an age of the world in which men may learn if they will. The advance of all facilities for gaining information is truly astonishing. The medical journalist may employ with singular propriety the maxim, "Live and learn."

DAYS OF BRUCE. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This interesting production, by Grace Aguilar, presents a most interesting narrative of a period of Scottish history, itself a romance, and one perhaps as delightful as could well have been selected. In connection with the story of Scotland's brave deliverer, it must be viewed as an illustration of female character, and descriptive of much that its author considered excellent in woman. In the high-minded Isabella of Buchan is traced the resignation of a heart wounded in its best affections, yet trustful midst accumulative misery. In Isolene may be seen the self-inflicted unhappiness of a too confident and self-reliant nature. While in Agnes is delineated the overwhelming of a mind too much akin to heaven in purity and innocence to battle with the stern and bitter sorrows with which her life is strewn.

A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS. By P. Paxton. Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau street, N. Y. This is a very interesting narrative of facts, incidents, and occurrences in the (country) now State of Texas. The hunter's, the backwoodsman, and the soldier's life are all brought out in the sketches. The book will have a wide circulation, for it will interest a thousand readers with its quaint and amusing tales, its romantic and novel scenes.

NICK OF THE WOODS: A Kentucky Tale. By Robert Montgomery Bird. Redfield, Publisher.

This is a new edition, revised by the author, and designed to furnish a true picture of the Indian character and frontier life. The principal theme presented is Indian warfare. The bold spirits who met the savage, and retaliated in the shadows of his own wigwam a few of the cruel acts of his own butchery, forms the writer's *dramatis personæ*. The novel scenes are founded upon fact, and will afford entertainment.

THE SEASONS. By James Thomson. With critical observations of various authors on his genius and character; and Notes explanatory and critical. By James Robert Boyd, Editor of Paradise Lost, &c., &c. A. S. Barnes, 61 John street.

This book contains a store of instruction for the lovers of literature and the fine arts. The author's other criticisms on Milton, &c., with the explanatory notes, were well received, and furnish fine text-books for our seminaries of learning. They are the more valuable at the present day, since there is so much light and profitless reading.

ELEMENTS OF THE ART OF RHETORIC. Adapted for use in Colleges and Academies, and for Private Study. By Henry N. Day, Professor of Rhetoric in W. Reserve College. A. S. Barnes.

This is a text-book of great value, sweeping over a wider range of pure Rhetoric than any published, and more beautifully adapted to the wants of our age. The Theme of Invention is well canvassed, and the object of a theme as well as the subject is presented as claiming due importance. The author deserves merited praise for such a production, and herein commends himself to the good judgment of literary and able teachers.

A GUIDE TO ROMAN HISTORY: From the Earliest Period to the close of the Western Empire. By Rev. Dr. Brewer, Author of Guide to Science. C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway.

This is a manual of Roman History which both illustrates and instructs. Anecdotes and legends are introduced in smaller type to enable students to understand the allusions of ancient and modern authors, but great care has been taken to separate mythic tradition from authentic history. Roman history is here made pleasant and easy for every one who studies it with right intentions.

THE REPOSITORY OF WIT AND HUMOR: Comprising more than One Thousand Anecdotes, Odd Scraps, Off-Hand Hits, and Humorous Sketches. Selected and arranged by M. L. Byrn, M. D. Published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. This is a rich repository of the above-named articles, and will better repay a perusal than the novels and romances usually published.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY. By Ella Rodman. Published by John S. Taylor, 148 Nassau-street.

Fancy has as much to do in making up this novel as many others, and its flights are as airy. The fanciful tales are most beautifully sketched, and the writer, whatever her name, is adroit and skilful in the use of the quill; and her writings, if she produces many others of like beauty, will be read with great avidity, and, we might hope, with some profit.

ENGLISH ITEMS—VIEWS OF ENGLAND AND ENGLISHMEN. By M. F. Ward. Second Edition: By D. Appleton & Co.

These chapters present some caustic criticisms on mother country and her sons. It is an exhibit ventured upon by a fearless and independent mind, and may be of utility. The historic information is valuable.

THE LOFTY AND THE LOWLY. By M. J. McIntosh. In Two Volumes. D. Appleton & Co.

These are instructive volumes, and will disappoint those who regard the title as indicative of opposition to Mrs. Stowe's writings. The title may help its circulation, and the author's name equally. The style is fine, and the sentiments good enough to pay a perusal.

D. Appleton & Co. have also just issued, HARRY MUIR: A Story of Scottish Life. By the author of "Margaret Maitland," "Allesklland," &c. Three Volumes in One. The tendency of the tale is good, and is clothed with an interest peculiar to Scottish language and customs.

TRAVELS IN LONDON, by W. M. Thackeray, is another of Appleton's books for his popular library. Thackeray's works are very popular just now. His literary lectures have given him much eclat, and his powers of description are unquestioned.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN EMERSON, First Pastor of the Whitefield Church, Newburyport, Mass. By Rev. Rufus W. Clark.

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MARIE THERESE

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

MARIE THERESE OF FRANCE,

DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The life of the Duchess d'Angouleme has no connection with politics; it belongs to history, or rather to martyrology. We therefore write her biography without flowers of rhetoric, as we would a legend of the early days of Christianity. What phrases would not spoil this picture of heroism and of virtue, of grief and of resignation, which has no model in the past, and will, we trust, have no parallel in the future?

Marie Therese Charlotte of France was born at Versailles, on the 19th of December, 1778. She died at Frohsdorf on the 19th of October, 1851. She had therefore lived (if it could be called living) seventy-two years and ten months. She was the first child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, received the name of Madame Royale, and was confided to the care of Mesdames Rohan Guemenée, de Polignac, and de Tourzel. Paris gave magnificent fêtes on the occasion of her birth. On her baptismal day a hundred young girls received dowries, and were married at the Hotel de Ville. No one then saw the terrible fairy who hovered over her cradle, that revolutionary fatality, whose gifts were to be a triple scaffold, a triple exile, and misfortunes which the most gloomy imagination could not have invented.

Marie Therese, says M. de Pastoret, one of those who knew her best, grew up amid quiet study, beneath the eyes of the king and queen, and their worthy sister, Madame Elizabeth, in that palace of Versailles, where all is grandeur and memory, beneath the shades of Trianon, which her mother had made the colony of her poor; rarely at Marly, which, after the days of Louis XIV., was not royal enough for kings. She was slender of stature, grave and sweet of countenance, with decided features like those of Louis XVI.; superb hair of a blonde chestnut, fine eyes fringed with long lashes, an ingenuous but almost imposing expression. The king, notwithstanding her extreme youth, gave her a house, as Louis XV. had formerly given one to Madame Elizabeth. Madame Elizabeth received hers with timidity; Madame Royale, with as much dignity as grace. A youthful image of the uprightness and kindness of her father, she had inherited from her mother the consciousness of her high destiny; but she had also learned from them that the first attribute of greatness is duty. She saw the example of this daily before her eyes; whether she traversed Trianon with the queen, visited St. Cyr or Montreuil with Madame Elizabeth, or entered the great gallery of Versailles, full of courtiers and of homage, she beheld greatness so benevolent, virtue so amiable and so gracious, that she could not help loving both. When Madame Lebrun painted the queen between her two children, beautiful, graceful, surrounded with happiness and joy, it seemed as if the years about to open before her could but increase the pleasure of the mother, and add to the greatness of the queen.

But the bell of destiny had sounded the year 1789. October arrived, sad and gloomy. Marie Therese was playing with the little Dauphin, her brother, at Versailles, when a crowd of armed workmen and market-women besieged the palace. The people of Paris had come to seize the king, demanding with howls, *the baker, the baker's wife, and the little apprentices.* They thus designated Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and their

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children, whose presence they thought would restore the bread withheld by famine, and the commerce disturbed by their own vagaries. They penetrated the courts, they summoned the queen with loud cries, they fired at the windows; a ball buried itself in the wainscot above Marie Antoinette. The two children were there. Marie Therese beheld these misfortunes in the midst of her innocent sports. The heroic mother rose, detained the king who was about to go forward, took her son in one hand and her daughter in the other, and intrepidly advanced upon the balcony. There, alone, standing with folded arms, she saved herself by her courage. Her maternal glance rested on her children, praying at her knees; her queenly look awed the murderers who aimed at her life. Their imprecations ceased, but the king gave himself up to the populace, who dragged him with his family to Paris, bearing before him, on two pikes, the heads of the two guards killed in protecting the queen. You may still see at Versailles the floor stained with the blood of these victims.

From this moment the sports of Marie Therese ceased. She lived in terror, her eyes fixed on those of her mother, demanding of her what were to be the peril and the crime of each day. Closely guarded in the Tuileries, the royal family was at the mercy of the *emeute*. The Tuileries, says an eye-witness, were then far from resembling what they are at present. Their parterres and flowers reached, on the side of the garden, quite to the galleries of the chateau; but these parterres were public, and left no liberty to the princes whose property the chateau was. On the opposite side, three courts separated by walls; confused buildings, private houses, stables, were piled along these three courts, and gave to this façade on the side of the city, the appearance of a provincial chateau stifled by its village. There was then no longer at the Tuileries solitude, nor promenades, nor liberty of any kind. An era of privation and slavery opened before the family of Louis XVI.; there Marie Therese could, day by day, hour by hour, calculate the progress of her misfortunes.

She was at Varennes on the 21st of June, 1791; she was at the Tuileries on the 20th of June, 1792; she was at the National Assembly on the 10th of August, of the same year; she entered the Temple the next day with her father and mother: she was now thirteen, the age of pleasures, of happiness. When the door of the prison opened to admit the royal family, when a municipal guard stationed at the wicket recognized the captives sent him by the Assembly, he counted five; five in youth or in the flower of age, to whom all the prosperities of the world had been, from their cradle, promised in advance. Three years after this, one only of these five persons survived, and wept those who were no more. This was Marie Therese.

But would not death have been preferred by her to the sufferings of life? Judge by her own testimony, for she has written the narrative of her captivity with the simple modesty of a martyr. In order to appreciate this admirable confession, we must remember that Marie Therese was only sixteen when she traced it with a timid hand, without the knowledge of her jailers, without fire, without light, almost without sleep. M. St. Beuve writes of it thus enthusiastically: "In this exact, methodical, sensible and touching narrative, Madame has displayed her precocious reason and her good judgment. She appears to have been struck with the dignity of her mother, who, to the various words addressed to the noble captives, often opposed only silence. 'My mother, as usual, spoke not a word,' writes Madame respecting some insulting intelligence announced to them, 'and even seemed not to hear it; often her contemptuous calmness and dignified mien imposed awe; rarely did any one dare address her.' It was only on the first day of the trial of Louis XVI., when she saw him led away to be interrogated at the bar of the Convention, that Marie Antoinette yielded to her anxiety, and broke her generous silence: 'My mother made several attempts to learn what was passing from the municipals who guarded her; it was the first time she had deigned to question them.' In this simple recital, which no one can read without tears, there are features which make a profound impression which the pen that described them did not suspect. Madame had chilblains in consequence of the cold, accompanied by an inward malady. Louis XVI. was condemned. His family, who had hoped to see him once more, and to embrace him on the morning of his death, were in a state of desolation which may be imagined: 'But nothing,' writes Madame, 'could calm my mother's anguish; no hope could enter her heart; life or death had become indifferent to her. She looked at us sometimes with a startling pity. *Happily sorrow increased my illness, which served to occupy her.* The physician was summoned.' *Happily!* this word, escaping so strangely in this picture of grief, has a singular effect, which an oration of Bossuet could not equal."

Thus were registered by Marie Therese, one by one, and day after day, all the sorrows of the Temple; the privations and the miseries of the dungeon, the coarse laughter and infamous songs

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of the keepers, the secret devotion of some, the hard labors of the princesses, become seamstresses and chambermaids, the consolations of prayer and despairing caresses, the anguish of espionage and the awaiting the judgment of the Convention, the condemnations and executions of the king, the queen, and Madame Elizabeth: horrible sufferings, doled out like the tortures of the question; slow poisons, poured drop by drop, through a thousand filters, into the heart of the royal orphan.

Her three great trials were, the disappearance of her mother, the fruitless efforts of Chaumette to cause the mother to be dishonored by her children, and finally the degradation and slow death of her brother before the poisonous breath of Simon. These three trials deserve to be passed in review. The annals of innocence in conflict with crime present nothing like them. They are as a dream of hell, in which an angel is a prey to demons.

Marie Therese had contemplated at the Tuileries, in the person of her mother, "all that royalty, in its magnificent unfolding, had produced of beautiful, noble, grand." At the Temple she saw all this expire, fade, agonize, amid tears, terrors, sleeplessness, humiliations, destitution, and poverty. Listen to her own words: "The 3d of July, 1793, they read as a decree of the Convention, which ordered that my brother should be separated from us. He threw himself into the arms of my mother with loud cries. On her part, my mother defended against the municipals the bed where she had placed him. My mother was overwhelmed by this separation; but her desolation was at its height when she learned that Simon, the shoemaker, had been charged with the care of the unfortunate child. She incessantly demanded to see him, and could not obtain permission; my brother, on his side, wept two entire days, constantly asking to be allowed to see us. We had no longer any one to wait upon us, and we preferred it; my aunt and myself made our own beds, and waited upon my mother. We often ascended to the tower, because my brother was on that side, and my mother's only pleasure was to see him pass at a distance through a little crevice. She remained there entire hours, to watch the instant of seeing this child; it was her only hope, her only occupation. She rarely received intelligence respecting him. Simon maltreated my brother beyond everything that could be imagined, and so much the more because he wept at being separated from us; at last he terrified him so, that he dared not any more shed tears. My aunt engaged those who, through pity, gave us news of him, to conceal all these horrors from my mother; she knew or suspected enough. The rumor was that my brother had been seen on the Boulevard; the guard, dissatisfied at not having seen him, said he was no longer in the Temple. Alas! we hoped for a moment; but the Convention ordered that he should descend to the garden, where he might be seen. We heard him, daily, singing with Simon the Carmagnole, the air of the *Marseillais*, and a thousand other horrors. Simon put the red cap on his head and a *carmagnole* on his body; he made him sing at the windows, in order to be heard by the guard, and taught him to pronounce frightful oaths against God, his family, and the aristocrats. My mother, fortunately, did not hear all these horrors; ah, my God! what suffering would they not have caused her! Before his departure, they came to get my brother's clothes; she said that she hoped he would not lay aside his mourning; but the first thing Simon did was to take away his black dress. The change in his mode of life and ill treatment made my brother sick towards the end of August. Simon made him eat horribly and drink much wine, which he detested. All this gave him a fever."

The 2d of August soon came. Marie Therese was asleep in the chamber of her mother. She was awakened by the sound of keys and bolts. The bearer of the decree which cited Marie Antoinette before her judges, entered. "My mother heard the reading of this decree without emotion and without uttering a single word. My aunt and myself asked to be allowed to accompany my mother, but this favor was not granted. While she made parcel of her garments the municipals did not leave her; she was even obliged to dress in their presence. They asked for her pockets, which she gave them, and they searched them. My mother, after having tenderly embraced me, and recommended me to take courage, to have a care of my aunt and to obey her as a second mother, renewed the same instructions which my father had given, and throwing herself into my aunt's arms, commended to her her children. I did not reply, so much was I alarmed at the idea of seeing her for the last time."

She indeed saw her no more; she in vain interrogated her jailers during eighteen months. They replied only by silence or raillery, leaving her soul to float in an abyss of doubts worse than certainty. If the truth had been told her, she would have seen her mother in heaven; in adroitly concealing it, they condemned her to the perpetual dream of the scaffold. Nevertheless, a few days afterwards she knew that the queen still lived, by the examination of which she her-

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self was the subject. At this examination, humanity shudders, even after the lapse of a century. "It was resolved," says M. Nettement, "to wrest from Madame Royale and the Dauphin a deposition against the queen, to make the children participate in the decree of the death of their mother. A frightful, nameless crime was invented; for the prosecution here escapes indignation by infamy." And they flattered themselves, by submitting to a captious inquisition a young girl and a child, pure as the angels, to borrow from the illusions of this purity itself arms against virtue and maternity. The simplicity and firmness of Madame Royale defeated this abominable plot. Madame Elizabeth was afterwards examined: "the deputies saw," says Marie Therese, "that they could not intimidate her as they had hoped to do a person of my age; but the life that I had led during four years, and the example of my parents, had given me more strength of soul."

Chaumette compensated himself with the Dauphin, already enfeebled by the education of the shoemaker. But by what methods was this infernal success purchased? For a long time the poor child had been deprived of nourishment. Suddenly they lavished food upon him, gorged him with wines and cordials; then, amid the confusion of his brain, *Hebert, Daujon, and Chaumette guided his hand, under pretext that he did not know how to form the characters, and caused this captive of eight years to trace all that the perversity of vice could invent, of hideous words which he heard for the first time, words from the vocabulary of villains, dictated to a son against his mother!* And on the day of the queen's interrogatory, Hebert displayed this trophy before the revolutionary tribunal. The tribunal, which every body feared, was itself terrified. It timidly caused the deposition to be read by the clerk. It was then that Marie Antoinette, challenged, so majestically refused to reply, and that, summoned for the third time, she crushed the judges, the accusers, and the witnesses by this language, which awoke a cry of admiration from the crowd: "I appeal to all mothers!" Hebert, Daujon and Chaumette remained nailed on their benches, of which posterity has made a pillory!

In order to receive at the Conciergerie news from her daughter, the queen had sent to the Temple, some days after her removal, for a piece of knitting commenced for her son. "We sent her also," says Madame Royale, "all the silk and wool we could find, for we knew how she loved to be employed; we collected all we could, but afterwards learned that nothing had been conveyed to her, in the fear, it is said, lest she should injure herself with the needles." The queen succeeded in finding employment only by drawing the threads from some old tapestry which remained hanging here and there to the walls of her prison, and by the aid of two quills, commenced to knit a species of garter, which the Sieur Biault, concierge of the prison, preserved, and afterwards confided to M. Hue, who presented it to Madame Royale. It may be imagined with what respect the princess received this last work of her mother, "left unfinished because Robespierre caused it to be taken from the queen, saying, that by the aid of the strings she was weaving she might, by suicide, cheat the scaffold of its victim."

Marie Therese heard her mother spoken of two or three times more. Then silence ensued—and she was left to her filial conjectures! During eighteen months she could calculate her grief by the duration of her isolation.

Hebert at length withdrew from the Temple the person who served the daughter and sister of Louis XVI. "We were obliged to make our own beds and to sweep the room, which took us a long time, we were so little accustomed to it." This is all the revenge of Madame Royale!

All her other tortures are related by her with the same sweetness. These were the suppression of a sunbeam stealing through a crevice, of a friendly word, a benevolent look, the rigors of the cellular system, which the captives of to-day dread worse than death; the withholding of the sight of human beings and the sound of human voices from her solitude; food rudely introduced through a turning box; the retrenchment of a favorite chair, or a preferred dish; the substitution of pewter for silver, of earthen for porcelain, of the candle for the wax-light; of coarse and dirty sheets for fine and white ones. "The citizen * * * is authorized to furnish *la fille* Capet six coarse towels, and linen napkins for dish-cloths, with *draps d' ecurie* of unbleached cloth." And the insults went so far as to an ignoble *tutoiement*: "*On nous tutoya* much during the winter, (of '93 and '94,) which, notwithstanding we had become accustomed to vexations, made my aunt and myself blush."

"Alas!" adds this angel of resignation, "every thing changed once more, and *I lost my aunt herself!*"

You comprehend! It was because the executioner took Madame Elizabeth in her turn, and cutting off the head of this saint for the pleasure of cutting it off, left Marie Therese alone, at last, in her cell, with the three decapitated spectres of her family, at a few steps from the Dauphin, sep-

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arated from her love, and of whom they were making another living spectre.

In order to imagine the sufferings of the sister, we must know that of the brother, of which they took care to leave her in ignorance. Here is the official *proces-verbal*, written by the hand of the commissary Harmand, representative from La Mense, commissioned to ascertain, *too late* for the Convention, how Simon had metamorphosed the beautiful and radiant child of Marie Antoinette, the heir of sixty monarchs, the triple majesty of infancy, of royalty, and of misfortune, into a little sickly, suffering and degraded being, who might have been an object of pity to the lowest wretch in the kingdom of France! It is well to recall these authentic documents to those who attempt to justify, historically, such crimes.

"We found him," says Harmand, "in a little chamber, with no other furniture than an earthern stove, which communicated with the adjoining room. In this chamber was his bed. The prince was seated before a little square table, on which were scattered some playing cards, some folded in the form of boxes or little chests, and others used to build castles. He did not quit his play; his dress was a slate-colored sailor's uniform; his head was bare; a pallet was at the foot of his bed. This was the bed of the cobbler Simon, whom the municipality of Paris, before the death of Robespierre, had stationed near the child. It is known that Simon cruelly sported with the sleep of his prisoner; without regard to an age when sleep is an imperious necessity, he called him several times during the night. "I am here, citizen," the child would reply, bathed in perspiration or shivering with cold. "Approach, that I may touch you," Simon would say. The poor child would approach, the brutal jailer would sometimes give him a kick which would extend him on the floor, saying: "Go lie there, *louveteau*." I approached the prince. Our movements appeared to make no impression upon him. We tried to induce him to walk, to talk, to play, to reply to the physician whom the Convention was about to send him. He listened with indifference; he seemed to understand, but he did not reply. We were told that since the day when the commissaries of the commune had obtained from his ignorance, infamous depositions against his relatives, and when he had comprehended the misfortunes and crimes of which he had thus been made the instrument, he had himself taken the resolution not to speak a word, lest his language should be again abused. I have the honor to ask you, sir, repeated Harmand, whether you desire a dog, a horse, birds, one or many companions of your own age. Would you like to descend to the garden, or ascend to the towers? Not a word, not a sign, not a gesture, although his head was turned towards me, and he looked at me with astonished earnestness. This look, adds the commissary, had such a character of resignation and indifference that it seemed to say to us: After having made me depose against my mother, you doubtless come to make me depose against my sister. You have been killing me for two years, my life is extinct, what import your caresses to me to-day? Finish your victim. We prayed him a long time to stand. His legs were long and spare, his arms slender, his bust short, his chest stooping, his shoulders high and close, his head alone very fine in all its features, his skin white, his hair long, fair, curly. He walked with difficulty. After having taken a few steps he seated himself, and remained on his chair, with his elbows resting on the table.

"The dinner, which was brought him in a porringer of red earth, consisted of some lentils and six roasted chestnuts, a pewter plate, no knife, no wine. We ordered that he should be treated better, we caused some fruits to be brought to add to his repast. We asked him if he liked these fruits; if he loved grapes; no reply. He ate without saying anything. After he had eaten the grapes, we asked him if he desired more; the same silence. We asked if this obstinate silence really dated from the day in which this monstrous deposition against his mother had been wrested from him. All affirmed that only since that day had the child ceased to speak. Remorse had preceded intelligence."

All was soon over, as we know; and the Convention gave place to the Directory. The latter might perhaps have *forgotten* Marie Therese at the Temple; but France, raising its head, demanded the liberation of the captive. The city of Orleans had the glory of giving the signal, and MM. Barthemely and Benezech the happiness of exchanging the daughter of Louis XVI. for five deputies, two ministers, two ambassadors, four secretaries, and eight French domestics, prisoners of Austria.

Before quitting her prison, Marie Therese inscribed there, with her own hand, upon the wall, her cry of vengeance, that of her whole life: *Oh! my God! pardon those who caused my parents to perish!* Nothing more sublime can be found in the annals of humanity, or of the Christian church.

On the 19th of December, 1795, the anniversary of her birth, the daughter of Louis XVI. saw enter the Temple, at midnight, M. Benezech, minister of the interior. He respectfully conducted her to the carriage which awaited her, near the

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Porte St. Martin, monument of Louis XIV., by the light of torches reflected from a mirror of snow. He bent his knee before the princess, kissed her hand with tears, and confided her to M. Mechain, captain of the gendarmerie, who conducted her to Bâle, under the name of Sophie, with Mme. de Mackau, her son's gouvernante. The receipts were delivered on the 25th, but the exchange of prisoners was delayed; do you divine why? At the moment of leaving France, the victim whom it had tortured three years felt only the grief of exile. In vain was she reminded of her immolated family; in vain were the consolations and honors which awaited her at Vienna announced to her.

"What do these import to me?" exclaimed she: "France! France! my country! May I not pass another night on the soil of France?" Struck dumb with admiration, the commissioners could not refuse this favor, at the risk of seeing her safety at hazard one day longer. She slept on the soil of France, and was free only the next morning. As she crossed the bridge of Bâle she caused the carriage to be stopped, and did not cease to cast lingering looks behind, until she had lost sight of her country.

She appeared in deep mourning; what mourning! at the court of Vienna; and four years after was united to Louis XVIII. and to her uncles, at Mittan, in the ancient palace of the Dukes of Courlande. In the centre of the vast gallery an altar was raised, without ornament. The royal family surrounded it, with a few friends. The confessor of Louis XVI. on the scaffold, the Abbe Edgeworth, there blessed a kneeling couple. One was the Duke d'Angouleme, son of the Count d'Artois, (Charles X.,) the other was his cousin-german, Marie Therese, daughter of the martyr king. After the mass Louis XVIII. presented the bride with a watch and a ring, the watch of Louis XVI., and the ring of Marie Antoinette. On her death-bed at Frohsdorf, the Countess d'Angouleme kissed again these relics of the dead.

During the twelve years of the Consulate and the Empire, Marie Therese, driven from city to city by the triumphs of Napoleon, and having taken refuge at last at the chateau of Hartwell, in England, was preparing to return to France, by the exercise, in obscurity, of every virtue.

It is known how she returned in 1814 to the country so long deplored. She was received in triumph at Paris, beside Louis XVIII., and for the first time hoped for happiness. Vain hope, which was to deceive her even to the tomb! She passed her first night at the Tuileries, in opening her window, in breathing the air, in contemplating the sky of France, in looking at and listening to French faces and French voices. Throne, glory, power, popularity, all these were effaced for her in the joy of living in France.

And the year had scarcely ended, when the eagle of Napoleon, returning from tower to tower, drove the Dauphiness back to exile. While her family dispersed, she remained at Bordeaux. She remembered that she not only had the name, but the blood of Marie Therese. She would have resisted and defended herself; she summoned courage and devotion; she offered to march at their head. She refused to believe in cowardice and treason. Useless heroism! She was compelled to open her eyes and to see that she alone dared to vanquish or to die! She then yielded, and embarked, struck with a blow more terrible than she had yet received, for at this moment she lost her faith in France. Napoleon then understood her, and exclaimed that she was the man of the family!

She nevertheless returned to France after the storm of the Hundred Days, but disenchanted as a princess, consoled only as a Frenchwoman. Here is the explanation of the sadness and bitterness with which she has been reproached. The assassination of the Duke de Berri, her brother-in-law and cousin, was not calculated to restore smiles to her. She was, nevertheless, at once the guardian angel and the sister of charity of the Restoration. We cannot tell how much good sense, virtue, alms, and largesses she concealed behind the throne. Voluntarily a stranger to politics, she limited her empire to the suffering and miserable, but would not that one should escape her bounty. Multiplying her fortune, her time, and her person by an unparalleled system; rising before day, at five o'clock, she first prayed to God, the God of pardons; she regulated her household, reduced to the simplest habits; she waited upon herself, as at the Temple, to gain time, and to relieve others; she breakfasted with the king, read, received, passed in review the almoners of her charities, then went in search of the poor and unfortunate from morning until evening. The number assisted by her is the more incalculable that her left hand knew not what her right hand did. Those best acquainted with her good works, daily discovered new ones, "which seemed to spring from the ground." An exemplary Christian, she performed her good deeds noiselessly and discreetly. She never complained of her frightful misfortunes. She spoke of her enemies only to pardon them. The reserved frankness, the dignified grace, the elegant manners of olden time reigned in her circle and in her conversation. She would have been gay had gayety been possible to her. Those

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who demanded coquetry and levity had mistaken her. She would have thought her sorrows profaned by turning them into attractions. Before all that reminded her of her phantoms she could but turn away her head, murmur in a tremulous voice, and conceal herself weeping. Her sincerity and uprightness had something of bluntness, inherited from her father. Incapable of deceiving, or of acting a comedy to those whom she neither loved nor esteemed, it was impossible for her to allow them to mistake her sentiments. Her life had taught her to believe politically, if not morally, in the wicked, the ungrateful, and the traitorous. Who would dare to accuse her of injustice?

A sincere republican, M. Charles Didier, who saw her at Frohsdorf two years since, has revealed one of her most familiar customs: "She has," says he, "in her sleeping-room, of almost monkish austerity, the portraits of her father, her mother, and the Princess de Lamballe, and near her bed, which has no curtains, a *prie-Dieu* full of relics sacred for her: the black vest which her father wore on his way to the scaffold, the lace cap which her mother prepared with her own hands for her appearnnce at the Revolutionary tribunal. She alone has the key of these sad relics, and once every year, on the 21st of January, she takes them from the *reliquary* which contains them, and surrounds herself with them, in order to unite herself more closely with the cherished dead whom they represent. On this day she buries her tears in absolute retreat; she sanctifies the fatal anniversary by prayer and solitude."

It is known that the revolution of July, 1830, was prepared and consummated in the absence of the Duchess d' Angouleme. This would be her justification, if she needed any. Informed of it too late, she returned from the Bourbonnais to arrest the torrent. At Rambouillett, as at Bordeaux, she found only discouragement and treason, and always a victim of disasters caused without her, or in spite of her, the wave bore her away with her family, into the exile where she was destined to die.

She surrendered to God her spotless soul in the chateau of Frohsdorf, in the arms of the Count de Chambord, her nephew and heir, two days after her birthday, the third day after the anniversary of her mother's execution! The bleeding shades of the Temple surrounded her in her last agony. And yet we read in her will, as on the walls of her prison: "*I pardon with all my soul, and without exception, all those who have injured and offended me.*" And her last regret was that she must die far from her country. And her last words: "France is not closed to the dead; I hope my body will re-enter there!"

France, we hasten to say, has, to her honor, comprehended this last appeal. The government has ordered the portrait of Marie Therese for the Musée of Versailles.

The exiles of Claremont have expressed their sympathy with the exiles of Frohsdorf. The public journals have with one voice honored the memory of the princess. And all classes, without exception of party, ministers and representatives, generals and soldiers, proprietors and laborers, rich and poor, men and women, have thronged with enthusiasm to the funeral services of the daughter of Louis XVI.

We must not forget to mention two anecdotes completely characteristic of the Frenchwoman and the Christian:

The day after the battle of Waterloo she awaited in England the news which was to close or re-open to her France. Well! she could not conceal her joy and pride on receiving from a friend in Belgium a letter which related the first part of the combat, that glorious episode of La Haye Sainte, carried by Marshal Ney after three hours of a terrible conflict, over the corpses of General Picton and two English divisions. Marie Therese saw there only an immortal page of the bravery of her cotemporaries; and when succeeding couriers brought the news of the annihilation of the French army she almost swooned, and went to conceal her tears at the foot of her crucifix!

Another unknown episode of her life is revealed by the best informed biographer of the princess:

It was in 1807. The daughter of Louis XVI. was at Mittau with Louis XVIII. A contagious fever broke out among the French prisoners who thronged the city, for at this moment the theatre of war was situated between the Vistula and the Niemen. The Abbe Edgeworth, who had come to rejoin the royal family, recoiled no more from the dangers which awaited him at the bedside of his sick countryman, than he had before the perils which surrounded the scaffold of the 21st of January. On the contrary, he redoubled his zeal and his charity. Very soon he was attacked with the prevailing malady, and his life was immediately in danger. On learning the condition of the holy priest who had exhorted her father in his last moments, the daughter of Louis XVI. believed she owed him a similar devotion, and declared that she would repair to the bed of suffering, and take care of him with her own hands. It was in vain represented to the princess that the malady was contagious, and that she exposed

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herself to imminent danger. Madame declared with firmness that her resolution was taken, and that nothing could induce her to change it. A person who witnessed the entreaties that were made her, reports that neither prayers nor representations could determine her to quit the chamber where the venerable priest was contending with death, even in the moments when the spectacle of dissolving nature is so sad and so fearful. "The less he is aware of his wants and of his situation," said Marie Therese, "the more is the presence of a friend necessary. Though all others should avoid the presence of the contagion, I will never abandon him who is more than my friend. Nothing shall prevent my taking care of the Abbe Edgeworth; I do not ask any person to accompany me." The daughter of Louis XVI. kept her word. She remained beside the bed of death until the last moment. As long as there was succor to give, she gave it, and her royal hand presented to the dying priest the prescribed potions. Then, when the last hour had come, she found words to console the last consoler of her father. The Abbe Edgeworth, about to expire, thanked God for bestowing on him what he had formerly given to another. A spectacle worthy of eternal remembrance! The orphan of the Temple watching and praying beside him who had received her father's last sigh; the daughter of the martyr king paying, in the distant chateau of Courlande, the debt of the scaffold of the 21st of January; and the descendant of monarchs braving death to watch over him who, after having risked his life to bear the last consolations to the king of France dying on the scaffold, at last lost it in taking care of Frenchmen, soldiers of Napoleon, sick and prisoners, at four hundred leagues from France! The Abbe Edgeworth died on the 22d of May, 1807, and the daughter of Louis XVI. received his last sigh! The royal family deeply felt this loss. The great witness of the martyrdom of the 21st of January had passed away, and the daughter of Louis XVI. had lost a second father.

DOMESTIC DUTIES OF GIRLS.—The elegant and accomplished Mary Wortley Montague, who figured in the fashionable, as well as in the literary circles of her time, has said "that the most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined, when they are ennobled by sentiment; and they are truly ennobled when we do them from a sense of love. These necessary occupations viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachment, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows of the world."

SPRING-TIME.

BY F JANES.

See Engraving.

THE smiling Spring has come
To throw his zephyrs through the clear, blue sky,
While whisp'ring pleasures gayly float along,
While hopeful youth so fondly pour their song,
And happy birdlings all about us fly.
The bee at morn comes sipping every flower.
The butterfly
Will bask in air, then quickly seek his bower
In gayety.

How altered is the scene
Since Boreas went with his dismal roar!
The days seem'd graceless, rough, wet, cold unkind,
Impatient men have murmur'd and complain'd;
But the warm days in sweetest plumage soar,
And months shall neither see nor feel his blast.
The frost king yields,
While verdure spreads o'er plain and sward so fast,
And upland fields.

'Tis time for laborer's work.
The hand of care its duty fondly tries,
And they who till the soil, will hail the day
When summer breeze shall softly come to stay,
When hope of good shall plume its wing and fly;
Where peace shall pour its portions fully round,
And warm the guests;
When rays of warmth do hasten from above,
How welcome rest!

'Tis time to scan the stars.
In moonlit hours, when all is fair and bright;
When hosts seem leaning from their airy towers,
And wand'ring comets stray from out their bowers;
When radiant planets sparkle through the night.
How full the heart of love and throbbing joys,
As clouds flit past,
Like missioned doves whom man so oft employs,
With message haste!

'Tis time for trellis'd vines.
The jasmin twines her snowy star-like wreath;
The lily through the lattice bar exhales
The sweetest breath before its perfume fails;
The grape twines round the friendly tree-like sheath,
And morning-glories nightly gain more strength
For heat of day.
These all in turn teach kindly truth at length
In joyous lay.

Now children, as you tread
The meadows green, or by the crystal stream,
Tarry awhile where flowers their fragrance shed;
Where rosy-bosom'd hours have softly fled,
Stay and recount what are thy childish dreams;
What are the forms ye'd always love to wear,
Thy goodness prove;
What work thy little hands shall choose to share,
What duties love.

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SPRING-TIME.

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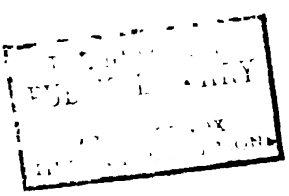

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THE HOME OF BEAUTY.

BY LIELIA LASCELLES.

The king of day rose in majestic splendor, tinging the light fleecy clouds, which were floating here and there in the cool atmosphere of morn, with beautiful belts of crimson and yellow; driving his triumphal chariot over the vast fields of space but lately occupied by his enemy—darkness.

The fresh, cool breeze, that sported among the green waving grain, and bright, sweet flowers, wafted on its airy wings a thousand delicious odors.

Charmed by the inviting prospect which on all sides lay stretched out to view, I almost involuntarily followed the windings of a little brook which hurried along, in its course before the cottage door, till I found myself in what seemed another Eden. In the distance rose a "cloud-capt" mountain, clothed almost to its summit with luxuriant verdure; while a thousand sparkling springs, gushing from its craggy sides, after sundry pranks and capers, such as kissing the lovely flowers which grew upon their banks, throwing misty spray at the trees and shrubs, whirling and twirling in little eddies, sparkling and falling in cascades over the rugged rocks, united in one broad clear stream, and flowing half around the mountain, they glided into the silvery lake, which lay stretched out like a pure transparent mirror in the mead beyond. Here innocent birds and gorgeously painted butterflies were sporting through the arbors and among the flowers.

I stood in quiet contemplation of the beautiful scene around me, when I heard some one singing a light merry song, apparently near by. Stepping forward a little, I saw a little white cottage half covered with jessamine and eglantines; while two or three graceful elms, with their branches widely spread, protected it effectually from the rays of the sun. On a bank of flowers near by reposed the *gem* of Elm Cottage. She was none of your pale-faced, proud, imperious *city belles*, but a real rustic beauty, dazzling, brilliant, wild, full of mirth and fun; and as I looked at her, and then at the beautiful landscape, I knew not which most to admire; but methought I heard a breeze, as it passed me, say: "This is the home of the *Rustic* Beauty!"

It was evening. The crescent moon rode high in the heavens. The busy, noisy hum of the city of N—— was subsiding, and as my carriage rolled through its streets, only a few stragglers and the watchmen with their heavy clubs, taking their various stations. I had fallen into quite a revery, from which I was aroused by the stopping of my carriage on the flag pavement in front of one of the largest mansions in the city. It was beautifully illuminated; for wealth, youth and beauty met there to display their several charms. and pass the evening. I soon found my way into the splendid apartments. Its owners had not spared the golden ore in furnishing for the pleasure of the evening. Scores of mirrors reflected back the lustre of hundreds of lights from every direction, while from the open door of a conservatory poured the rich fragrance of thousands of bright exotic plants. As I was passing along I noticed a proud, rich and beautiful young lady, who seemed to be the centre of attraction for a whole tribe of butterfly gentlemen, who are usually found hovering around flowers of wealth and loveliness. In a few moments she took her seat at the piano, and as now spoke through its keys and now her voice in rich strains floated through the rooms, methought I heard a voice from the murmur of applause say, "This is the home of the Fashionable Beauty."

I visited the hall of learning, where the youthful mind is gradually expanding under the careful instructions of teachers. Those things which were years ago attributed to the works of the "gods," were now found to be but the necessary results of certain natural causes, and as such were explained in so simple a manner that even the youngest might understand. There was no expense spared to render it a place of interest as well as of improvement to all those who might wish to attend. And as I saw the youth there assembled, "toiling deeper, still deeper in the mines of knowledge," I said, "Surely here dwelleth Intellectual Beauty."

It was evening. Twilight had spread her sombre gray over the face of nature. A cool breeze, particularly grateful after the burning heat of day, was fanning the forest trees, kissing the flowers, but at the same time stealing their fragrance. The robin, perched on the branch high above me, whiled away the evening hours with his plaintive song. Released from the toils and cares of the day, I wandered out by the little rill which sparkled oft in the beams of the queen of night, till I came to a place which seemed fitted by nature for a retreat. The little brook was here enlarged by the emptying of another mountain rill, forming by their entrance a beautiful little knoll which was almost entirely separated from the land. It was covered with trees and flowering shrubs, and the moonbeams were dancing among the leaves of the wild luxuriant vines which had sprung up there. As I approached this lovely spot, I heard a low, sweet voice en-

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gaged in prayer. The voice was low but musical, and the petitions which ascended to the throne of grace seemed to come from a sincere heart. I stepped forward to gain a view of the speaker, and there, kneeling on Nature's carpet, clad in plain white muslin, with her hands clasped, and her soft blue eyes raised to Heaven, knelt a beautiful girl, who, though poor in this world's goods, was rich in faith, and methought I saw written on the moonbeam, as it glanced on the water, "Here dwelleth the Beauty of Holiness."

Reader, which of these places wouldst thou occupy? Wouldst thou roam as free, as wild as the zephyr that fans thy cheek and tosses the light curls on thy sunny brow? Wouldst thou have the fresh morning breeze paint thy cheek with roses, and have thy eye sparkle with health and enjoyment? If thou wouldst, go dwell with the Rustic Beauty.

Or, dost thou despise country life? wouldst thou be seen in the splendid saloon, the crowded ballroom, the centre of attraction, envy and admiration? if you would, go dwell with the Fashionable Beauty.

But if thou canst not occupy either of the dwellings, there still is one which is free to all, both rich and poor, and if thou choosest to be an humble, prayerful *Christian*, thou mayest dwell in it all the days of thy life, and there shall be nothing to make thee afraid, for thou shalt dwell in the Beauty of Holiness.

To the young, I would say, that although thou canst not be a rustic, or fashionable beauty, yet with the privileges of the present day, thou mayest live both in Intellectual and Religious Beauty, and by combining these mayest enjoy thyself in contentment of mind, which is better than any earthly treasure.

A RECOLLECTION.

I saw her die.
The march of Death had warn'd me, but I did
Not take the token. Slow, wasting sickness;
Because 'twas slow, was full of hope. I watch'd,
I pray'd, I trusted she would live again.
Even when I took her in my arms, and she
Could scarcely whisper:—"softly"—her spirit
Resting on God, and her emaciate frame
Leaning on me—even then I was deceived.

She told me she must die, and so did others.
In such a prospect we had talked and prayed.
Often at her request I kneeled beside
Her bed, when utt'rance failed me—and I wept
And sobbed my prayer:—Preserve her life, O God!

Once I stood beside her bed,
And saw and felt the sweat of death come on.
Hope vanished, anguish, expectation mocked.
She sunk into my arms—she looked unearthly—
She gasped—and all was hushed as death—'twas death.

I bent me o'er her, pressed my lips to hers—
Her lips which felt no press. Ne'er did I ask
That boon before—a kiss—but she did quick
And lovingly reply. I called her name—
She heard me not, and ne'er since then has made
Me answer. Away I turned me from that bed
Of death, and sought where I might weep alone:
And when again I saw her, she was dressed,
As many kind and tender hands had dressed
Her, for the grave.

I had indulged fear
To look upon her dead, lest it might mar
Her loving semblance, by recollections
Of what death had made her. I thought
That I might see her pleasantness,
For she was pleasant, even in death. Serene,
Intelligent, and sweet was every look.
I thought—and so it still doth seem—she smiled,
As if to say, "'Tis well, and well with me."

I looked and looked again to see a change,
But still that pleasant countenance remained.
It stayed till she was coffined—till she was
Laid beyond my sight. And still I see it.

Dear brother, who didst pray with me that hour,
I thank thee. Thou didst come to comfort me,
And I was comforted. And on the day
Of burial, when friends and all who knew
Her worth did come to weep, and weep with me;
And while the prayer went up, unconsciously
I gazed upon the coffin's head,
Where hers was laid, all beauteous within.
And then it seemed companionship too dear,
Too intimate, too much akin to heaven,
To suffer interruption. It were strange
To think of such a scene. Yet so it was.
Ne'er have I seen an hour so blessed as that.
Could I again be comforted as then,
I'd seek it any where—even at the grave—
The grave of her I loved. I have been there.

Ah! little didst thou think, dear, sainted wife,
What change would come to me when thou wast gone;
As thou didst challenge me, I made thy grave
Where thy brother's dust is laid.

Ah, now! whose ear will bend to me—whose heart
Will sympathize when I rehearse the tale
That forms thy latter end? Like the reft bird,
On some lone spot bemoaning its lost mate—
So I may tell my sorrows to the winds.
Time was when thou didst grieve and joy with me.
Thy joy and grief were mine, and mine were thine.
O blest remembrance of far other days,
Remembrance of days blessed, myself how blessed!
That stroke of heaven which laid my dear one low,
Left me sad upon the sea of life.
The blessed privilege, the sweet enjoyment
Of weeping o'er her grave comes not to me.
Tread softly, all ye friends that wander there.

I have no home, no fireside of my own—
No bosom where to rest my weary head,
And ease my cares, and tell my grief or joy.

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I cannot meet that welcome look, nor see
That smile, nor hear that voice which ever said
When I returned—"Why did you stay so long?"
* * * * *
This would I learn :—If we shall know in heaven
Whom God had made our duty here to love?
There may we meet where angel sympathies
And angel forms shall blot from memory's scroll
The husband and the wife, and we shall be
As angels.

EXCERPTA—NO. III.

ÆSTHETIC EDUCATION, OR MORAL USES OF ART.

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

APART from all the mysteries of metaphysical philosophy, there seems to be an obvious, natural, and necessary division, or classification of the human faculties; and in educating and developing a human being, we must do it with exact and constant reference to these manifold capacities, and the thence resulting needs for special culture. And *first, man is a physical or material being*, and bears important relations to the earth he walks on—to the air he breathes—the food he eats—and the electric and vital forces which make him an organic, living, moving thing. In some systems of education, and in highly refined states of human society, these relations have been either overlooked or entirely neglected; but that is not the tendency of things *now*. The laws of life and health are coming to be well understood. In our day *hygiene* has became a science, and physical education is receiving the attention its importance demands; and even if it were *not* so, it is not *now* our purpose to speak of defects in this department of popular education. *Again, man is a knowing, reasoning, intellectual being.* The whole vast circle of the natural sciences—the exact demonstrations of mathematics—the treasures of history, language, and literature are at once the results and the memorials of the mind-power of the men who have lived before us.

Old books are the mummy-cases which preserve the embalmed intellect of dead ages; and *new* books are the living, breathing, and speaking witnesses that man thinks, investigates, knows, and reasons. And this distinct capability of our nature our popular institutions of learning recognize. For its needs they provide by presenting in their curriculum an encyclopedic array of all science to be studied, and everything to be learned in order to reach, after four years of studious probation, the literary prize letters A, B. Again—man is a moral and spiritual being. There are ties which link his nature to unseen worlds and deathless destinies. This is man's better part—his higher nature—his nobler self—that which constitutes the very interior esse and selfhood of his immortal being.

Here is the truest and loftiest region of development and self-culture. Here, if anywhere, are we to regain our likehood to God—to recover our long lost, but inalienable birthright to be sons of God and heirs of heaven; and here it is most emphatically true that every human soul must be the architect of its own fortunes.

In other words, spirit-culture, as it is the most important interest we have, requires the most strenuous individual, personal effort; and that effort directed to the full, free, and harmonious development of every spiritual capability of our nature. This being acknowledged, we must next ask ourselves—In what *manner* or *how* is soul-culture to be attempted and successfully achieved?

Now, the whole ground of reply to this comprehensive and vital question we have no idea of going over in this fragmentary essay.

Indeed, the compilation of a complete "vade mecum" for pilgrims on their heavenly way belongs not to the week-day teacher; therefore we waive here the consideration of the more direct modes of religious culture which the church and the positive institutions of Christianity afford, and take lower ground upon a field well nigh unoccupied and unappropriated so far as religious purposes and results are concerned. Our design is simply to point out what much observation and experience of the working of our common modes of family and school-room education have compelled us to note as a radical defect. In our efforts to develop the moral and religious element in youthful character, that which softens, refines, and harmonizes, we do not avail ourselves of a most powerful auxiliary in a subordinate, but yet not *lower*, class of faculties than the *religious*, which belong to human nature.

This is imagination, fancy, taste, sense of beauty, or whatever else mental philosophers may choose to call that faculty or combination of faculties which is purely æsthetical—that which makes a savage or a child admire a flower, a picture, or a summer sunset softening with its fading light a lovely landscape. Now this faculty is so easily susceptible of a directly moral and religious bend, that it makes one sad to see the gay imaginations of the young left to run riot without rule, and feed itself to unhealthful stimulation or absolute satiety on stories, novels, and romantic poetry.

Instead of being so prostituted, fancy and feel-

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ing could just as easily be trained to admire the really admirable;—to love the *good* and the *true*—and to find expansion and exercise in communion and real sympathy with the most beautiful objects in nature, and the noblest productions of art. Knowledge, instruction, example, and the subtle inspiration which comes from contact with more mature and cultivated minds, can easily do this; and if intelligent parents and teachers would only avail themselves of this instinctive tendency of the human mind, they could easily teach their children to admire and love every beautiful and good thing; and to admire and love it too because it *is* good and beautiful; because the wisdom of God created, and the love of God clothed it with celestial beauty as with a garment. We can early accustom their minds to such habits and modes of observation, and admiration, that every beautiful thing they see in nature or art will appear to them a direct and tangible, and therefore an undeniable revelation of God—a *faint*, though real and true adumbration of what the Infinite Creator of the Universe is. Everywhere they will see His love and wisdom embodied in a thousand varying forms of light and life and joy; and hence a loving and worshipful admiration of nature because it is God's handiwork; and an intelligent and enthusiastic love of art because it embodies the highest conceptions of human genius, which is *His* gift, will become the fixed habit of the mind.

It is because we overlook the *moral uses* of art, and the sweet influences of nature, that we undervalue æsthetic culture, or make it merely subservient to social or personal display.

Now, we do not complain that the admiration of nature is not encouraged, and art not sufficientl ystudied in our systems of youthful training; because this is not so; but we *do* complain that it is not pressed into the science of religion, and made to subserve moral or soul-culture. It is tritely fashionable to be filled with rapture when a beautiful scene in nature is presented; and as to art, in its various forms of music, painting, sculpture, &c., half the time and effort devoted to attaining mere mediocrity of execution that it may be used solely for drawing-room and social display, if devoted to reading and study would thoroughly educate the intellectual faculties, and thus open up the way and facilitate the process of subsequent moral and spiritual development; for we hold it that as man's moral and spiritual nature is the flower and fruitage of his being, its healthful and perfect development can be arrived at only in the natural order of human growth, which is the *physical first—then* the intellectual—and *afterwards* the moral and spiritual in its divine beauty. Now, while this necessary process of intellectual development is going on—while the mind is filling its storehouse of memory with facts, and exercising its reason in combining, arranging, and deducing its conclusions, and searching through all nature and all art to find the secret whys and wherefores of all things that are, we urge that the æsthetic faculty, which may or may not be a combination of all the others, should be so cultivated that the emotions of wonder, admiration and love should spontaneously arise whenever a *good*, *noble*, or *beautiful* thing is presented, either before the mind's eye or the material vision. But this admiration to have any moral significance must not be coarse, affected, and indiscriminate; but on the contrary, intelligent, rational, and really appreciatory. It must come from the mind and the heart, and be accompanied by moral emotion, and not through the eye or the ear as mere organs of sense.

It is true that a mere glance of the eye can tell us how a picture is colored; and the natural automatic action of the phrenologic bumps of form and order will help us to something like a right conclusion as to figure and collocation of parts; and so Peter Bumpkin may be able to pronounce *this* a pretty picture, and *that* a handsome statue, and yonder a nice landscape; and perhaps his sister Sally may even reach a higher pitch of instinctive appreciation, and exclaim *beautiful*, *perfect*, *superb*, *magnificent!* which epithets, as everybody knows, are but unblushing plagiarisms from the smooth-worn vocabulary of politer school-girls. Now, although the admiration of beauty in nature and art is instinctive, still a delicate and persistent culture is needed before the higher results—the moral uses of art—will appear in its elevating influences upon the mind.

We do not now refer especially to that professional or artistic culture which it is the business of the professor in his chair or the master in his studio to afford; for an exact knowledge of the artistic rules and principles of any department of the fine arts is not necessary in order to acquire that correct critical accumen which enables the observer always to recognize beauty and goodness in whatever form and wherever it is presented. Now, if a thorough knowledge of the *technics of art* and the *canons of criticism* were needed for this, the majority of us must forever forego the delight which art with its varied treasures, and nature with its exhaustless store of beauty and wonder, offer to their admirers; for many have no time—some have no money, and others want opportunity, to acquire the executive

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skill and critical power of the professional artist. It is an elegant accomplishment; and like all elegancies it costs *money*—but *all* during their whole lifetime have abundant opportunity, without either trouble or expense, to observe, admire, and study the beautiful; and thus by habit to render the soul sensitively alive to such impressions. Wherever we go, whether in town or country, we daily see objects which solicit the exercise of this faculty. At every museum, picture-gallery, and print-shop—in public saloons and private parlors—in the green-house and the garden—by the way-side—above our head—beneath our feet—and around us on every side—in the sunshine and the shade—on land and on sea, this beautiful earth, with its overarching heavens, furnishes us amplest material for the exercise and improvement of æsthetic taste; and to attempt to educate the young without presenting or drawing out their attention towards objects which awaken wonder, admiration, and love, is a distortion—a perversion—a dwarfish and one-sided development of mind, causing the *knowing* faculty to grow by the absorption and utter extinction of the higher and nobler.

Mere *schooling* is not education. We give a book and a lesson, and we hear a recitation; and this process repeated for six hours every day makes the regular routine of a well-ordered school-room; but might we not find the mind of the young scholar bounding out more spontaneously and joyously if we sometimes substituted a picture—a statue—a flower—a tree—a bird, or any beautiful object in nature, and would not the consequent enlargement, expansion, and refinement of mind, more than repay us for this casual departure from the stereotype process of hearing lessons, and going through the regular mathematical drill on the black-board and slate?

We were some time since more than usually impressed with the utility of such a course by observing the effect produced upon several ingenuous and enthusiastic young minds just let loose from school, by an exhibition of a *chef d'œuvre* of sculpture. It was the *Greek Slave*, by Powers; and while attempting to help these young admirers to analyze their own emotions, and find out the corresponding element of beauty in the statue which produced such gentle yet animated transport, we were not a little amused as well as instructed by their naive and ingenuous, but most natural and truthful criticisms. To the question "Do you like it?" it was replied, "Oh! yes—it is almost faultless;" but then changing tone to one of less assurance, and a timid look of appeal to an older friend for the confirmation as well as a reason for what she uttered, the speaker continued—"Would it not be perfect if it had a different name?" All showed by a responding look how fully they shared her admiration and delight, and how entirely they concurred in the justness of her criticism as to its *name*. All felt grateful to the artist as towards one who had uttered for them in chiselled marble their own unspoken thought—who had given objectivity and form and substance to a hitherto dim, impalpable and shadowy vision of celestial purity and beauty floating through the airy chambers of the brain in dreams. Yes, such delineations of the human form are purely *ideal*—"they are such stuff as dreams are made of"—but our best and holiest dreams—our dreams of Eden bliss and Paradise and angel purity and Heaven. And it is because this statue suggests such ideas and imaginings—because it so perfectly realizes our *ideal*, and is so infinitely removed from the *actual*, that one does so much dislike the *name* which the distinguished artist chose to give to this most distinguished work of art. "To christen Cæsar's busto Homer," were not in our view so dreadful a misnomer as to call this statue, wrought in the highest heaven of invention—imaging to our minds the purity and beauty of celestial spheres—by a name, the very mention of which causes our Pegassus, though he were careering in mid-heaven, to flap his wings, and drop flat into an Oriental slave-market amid Circassians, Turks, and Ebonies.

The chain and manacles, when the eye does steal a glimpse of them, produce strange contrarieties of feeling and emotion. If the earnest, but not eager gaze of that calm and holy countenance heavenward, does beckon our minds away into other spheres of conscious life and being, where all imaginable forms of grace and beauty meet, commingle, intermix to form those glowing shapes which people it—the iron links are sure to translate us back to earth again; to this plodding, buying, selling, work-day world, where the "*almighty dollar*" has a higher value than human bone and blood and muscle—a world—or rather a demon-land, where money can buy a *body*—and a body living and ensouled—where sentiment is smothered quite in sense—where reason, intellect, and will—and what is more awful still, the sweet and holy sensibilities of woman's soul, can be struck down under the hammer of the noisy auctioneer. Such ideas are all *wrong* obtruded in such a place. They are thrust upon us by an unwelcome compulsion. We are absolutely chained to the contemplation of scenes and ideas which are utterly unconsonant to the peculiar frame of feeling which this wonderful statue has the power of producing by

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an induction as real as that by which the contiguity of the magnet throws common iron into an electric state. But fortunately, it is not in the power of an unfortunate name to fasten our contemplations to the earth; and to that little spot of it called Greece in particular, while we gaze on such a beauty-breathing statue. Our minds instinctively leave this visible diurnal sphere, when they would seek a living counterpart for what we there behold forthshadowed in dead marble. Should we ever meet the artist in propria persona, we know not but we should dare to ask him (though with deference), "Why—having realized in your marble our highest idealized conception of female loveliness, did you choose to pull down our fancy, when the cunning of your hand had elevated it to celestial spheres—to abase it even lower than the heaven of the Houris and Peris of Oriental fable, and chain it to the dull and sensuous and senseless existence of a Turkish harem? Knock off the manacles, and call it a Venus or a Dian; for although these words are far from meaning what that *marble* means, they still leave room for idealization—they allow us at least to mount as high as Olympus—to expatiate over a scene of being whose home, though in classic Greece, was above the clouds, in a region made grand and awful by the nod of a thunderer, the shake of whose ambrosial curls had power to rule the mighty circlings of the spheres. Call it what you *will*; but let it image something ideal. If it must be *mortal*, let it be the unsinning maidenhood of Eve in Eden. It is fairer and holier than Eve's daughters. It is not Greek—nor Jew—nor Gentile. It is *celestial*, (we don't mean *one* of the Celestials. It is no China woman, but undoubted marble,)—and in its contour, its proportions, and expression; or rather in its calm placidity, amounting almost to utter expressionlessness, we behold perfect mirrors, in which is imaged somewhat *divine*—something which does not assimilate with earth or shadow forth terrestial beauty. But if it must image something *human*, let it be that latent soul-form which, according to the teachings of a certain modern school of religionists, is *now*, during this earth-life, incarcerated and hid beneath our grosser physique; for though in the main we cannot sympathize with the religious system to which we have respectfully alluded, we would not object to having an idea of their theology which is so essentially poetic, done into marble. Indeed, we could welcome with hearty enthusiasm to its appropriate niche in the Temple of Fame, this modern Psyche, so perfect in its peerless beauty, that a dead Pygmalion statue might be enlivened and ensouled by it. If we could ever admit the possible truthfulness of the doctrine taught by the Swedish seer, that the *human* is the type of the form of all intelligences from the Infinite to man, it would be while gazing on the noble and soulful lineaments of that matchless form and countenance."

We have thus expressed in connection with our subject, and as illustrative of it, our admiration of this inimitable work of American artisanship; *faultless* in itself, but *faulty* in its name; not because relatively it is superior to other works by the same or other artists, but because we have accidentally had many opportunities for studying it, and of observing also the effect which such exhibitions have upon young, enthusiastic, and growing minds. But every noble production of art has in like manner its moral meaning. Nature, too, offers her sublime and solemn lessons; and the true educator seizes upon these, and fires the young soul with ardor, enthusiasm, and love in the study and contemplation of the *grand*, the *good*, the *beautiful*, and the *true*.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY D. C. LOGUE.

Yes, fold her arms across her breast,
And part her golden locks,
And scatter roses round the room—
Wild roses from the rocks.

And draw the curtain from its folds,
To shade away the light;
I never looked, in all my life,
So anxiously for night.

For darkness most befits my grief,
At best I can but weep,
For every cherished hope was crushed
When Lizzie fell asleep.

Asleep, alas! no more to wake
Responsive to the call
Of her young playmates gathered round,
And weeping in the hall.

Ah! yes, they'll miss her in their sports
Upon the grassy lawn,
And on the hills when twilight falls,
And in the rosy dawn.

And *I* will miss her! Oh! how much
No human voice may say:
The sleepless rest, the midnight watch,
The trembling all the day;

The dreary stillness of the room,
The vacant chair, the bed,
And every thing she loved on earth,
Will tell of Lizzie dead.

Father in heaven, forgive the sin,
I cannot help but weep,
For all my darling hopes were crushed,
When Lizzie fell asleep.

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LUX IN TENEBRAS.

OR, A CHAPTER OF HEART HISTORY.

BY GEORGIANA M. SYKES.

It was a beautiful winter-morning. The fallen snow lay light and fleecy about the porch and on the evergreens before the door, and cushioned and covered all the thousand minute branches of the trees, till they stood forth as if traced in silver on the deep blue of the sky. A sparkling, dazzling scene it was, which lay spread out before the windows of that comfortable family parlor, where the morning sunshine and the blazing wood-fire on the hearth seemed to feel a generous rivalry as to which should be most inspiriting.

There were children in the room, a merry group of all sizes, from the boy of ten years old to the little one whose first uncertain footsteps were coaxed forth by a lure, and cheered onward like a triumphal progress by admiring brothers and sisters. It was the morning of New Year's day, which had always been held as a high festival in the family, as it is in many families of New England, all the merriment and festal observance elsewhere bestowed upon Christmas having been transferred by Puritan preferences to this holiday.

It was just the weather for a holiday—brisk and bracing. Sleigh-bells were jingling merrily, as the deep drifts of the road having been overcome, one after another of the families of the neighborhood had commenced their round, bearing baskets filled with gifts and pleasant tokens of remembrance, with the customary wishes and salutations of the day.

The young mother sat in the group of happy children, but she did not smile on them. Her hand rested fondly on one little head and another, as they pressed to her side with eager question or exclamation. She drew the little one with a quick, earnest clasp to her heaving bosom. Her tremulous lips refused to obey the impulse of her will; she left Edward's question unanswered, and abruptly placing Willie in the arms of his careful nurse, she rushed away from the gladness she could not bear to the solitude of her own chamber. There she fell upon her knees and covered her face, while the storm of sorrow she had striven so hard to stem, swept over her. Amid groans of agony, came forth the low murmur—"'Write his children *fatherless*, and his wife a *widow!*' Oh, my God, why must this be? *His* children fatherless, *his* wife a widow!"

Soon came the quick sobs which told that the overcharged heart which had seemed ready to burst, had found temporary relief in tears; then followed the low moans of calmer endurance, and the widow's heart sunk back into all it had yet found of peace under this great bereavement, though it had been months since the blow fell; the peace of submission—"Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" This time it expressed itself in the quaint words of Herbert;

> "Do thou thy holy will,
> *I will lie still.*"

Then came the mother's habitual recollection of her children. They must not bear the weight of this great sorrow in the days of their tender youth, lest the hopefulness and energy they would certainly need in after-life should be discouraged and disheartened out of them. Edward is naturally too reflective; he dwells too much on his loss, and evidently begins to ponder already how so many children are to be taken care of without a father. Sensitive Mary feels too deeply the shadow of the cloud which has come over her home; her face reflects back her mother's sadness.

So, rising, the mother rang the bell, and gave directions that the children should be prepared for a visit to their grandfather's, and that the sleigh should be brought to the door.

"They must go," thought she, "I cannot bear them about me. I must spend this day alone;" and she bade Mary replenish the fire, and seated herself in the arm-chair by the window. What a sickness fell upon the sad heart as the eye roved over the cheerful winter landscape! Here were the hurryings to and fro of congratulation, the gay garments, such as she and hers had laid aside, the merry chiming of the many-toned sleigh-bells, all so familiar to her ear that she knew who was passing, even if she had not looked up. Here is Thomas with the sleigh for the children, and preceding it is Ponto in his highest glee—now he dashes forward with a few quick bounds, and turns to bark a challenge at Thomas and the horses—now he plunges into a snow-drift, and mining his way through it, emerges on the other side to shake himself vigorously and bark again.

Has Ponto forgotten his master? Ponto, who lies so often at his mistress's feet, and looks up wistfully into her face, as if he understood much, but would like to ask more, and seems, with his low whine, to put the question—Why, when his master went away so many months ago, he had never come back again:—Ponto, who would lie for hours, when he could steal an access to them, beside the trunks which came home unaccompanied by their owner, and which still stood in a closed room, which was to the household like the silent chamber of death. There had been for

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the mourner a soothing power in Ponto's dumb sympathy, even when, with the caprice of suffering, she could not bear the obtrusiveness of human pity.

Out trooped the merry, noisy children, well equipped with caps and comforters. Good Thomas arranged them on the seats, and wrapped the buffalo-robes about them, and encircling his special darling, a prattling little girl of three years old, with his careful arm, away they went, down the hill and out of sight.

With a sigh of relief, the mother drew her chair to the hearth, and resolved, for that one day, to give over the struggle, and let sorrow have its way. She dwelt on all the circumstances of the change, which so suddenly had darkened her life. She permitted her thoughts to run upon themes from which she had sedulously kept them, thus indulging, and as it were, nursing her grief. She recalled the thoughtful love which had been hers till it seemed as natural and as necessary to her as the air she breathed. She had been an indulged wife, constantly cared for, and lavishly supplied with everything that heart could wish. The natural sensitiveness of her temperament had been heightened by too much tenderness; she had been encouraged to cling like a vine, and to expect support from without herself. She was still young and beautiful. She was accustomto be loved and admired by many, but that was nothing to her in comparison with the calm, unvarying estimation in which she had been held by one faithful heart. How was she to live without this essential element of her life?

Then the darkened future of her life rushed over her like an overwhelming flood: the cares and duties which were henceforward to devolve on her alone; the children who were never to know any other parent but herself; never to know any stronger restraints from evil or incentives to good than she in her feebleness could exert over them. What would become of her boys as they grew older, and needed a father's wise counsels? She saw with grief that she was even less qualified than most mothers to exercise the sole government and providence over a family. She had been too much indulged—too entirely screened from contact with the world's rough ways.

How were the wants of her large family to be provided for with the lessened income she could now command? Pecuniary loss had followed close upon her great bereavement, and though this constituted but a small element in her sorrow, yet now that it came before her on the morning of this new year, it added yet another shade to the "horror of great darkness" which encompassed her. She knew that it must have a direct bearing upon her welfare, and that of her family.

Then she reverted to the New Year's Day of last year; the little surprises she had helped to plan; the liberal expenditure by which she had sent pleasure, for one day at least, into the dwellings of the poor; her generous gifts to her servants, which it had been a pleasant study to adapt to their several tastes and wants; the dependencies, near and remote, which she had used as channels for conveying a measure of happiness to many a heart. Now there must be an end to all this; she could be generous no more. Even her children, partly from her pre-occupied mind, had no gifts provided for them to-day. Was she not a "widow and desolate?"

"Desolate, *desolate!*" she repeated in bitterness of soul. She paused. A voice within her seemed to say—"Now she that is a widow and desolate *trusteth in God.*" A moment after there came into her mind another verse, "And *none of them that trust in Him shall be* DESOLATE."

Could it be that she remembered the passage aright? Her Bible lay open on the table before her. She had that morning earnestly sought strength from it, and from communion with God before she could nerve herself to meet her children, and bear their reiterated salutations, heart-rending to her, "Happy New Year, mother"—"Mother, dear mother, I wish you a Happy New Year."

Now as she drew it towards her, and turned over its pages to verify the exactness of the words, it soon opened to *the blessed thirty-fourth Psalm*, which has proved to many an anchor of hope when they cried to God "out of the depths."

"I will bless the Lord at all times!" Oh, surely not!—How could any one bless the Lord at such a time as this? Yet there it stood:—

"I will bless the Lord *at all times;* his praise shall continually be in my mouth." If others could do this, and had done it, God helping her, she would do it too. She, too would bless the Lord, and speak his praises.

"My soul shall *make her boast in the Lord.*" A feeling of exultation began to rise within her Something was yet left to her. Her earthly "boast" was indeed broken; but why might not she, too, "*make her boast in the Lord?*"

Touched with living light, verse by verse stood out before her, as written by the finger of a present God. Humbled to the earth, overpowered by a deep self-abasement and contrition of soul, she clung as with a death-grasp to the words that were bearing her triumphantly through these dark waves.

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"They looked unto Him *and were lightened.*" Was not her darkness already broken as by a beam from His face?

"This poor man cried, and *the Lord heard him*, and delivered him out of all his troubles."

"The angel of the Lord encampeth about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry."

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but *the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*"

Who was this, that under these comfortable words, looked peacefully upward? It was one who was learning to *trust God;* taught it, as most of us are, by being placed in circumstances where there is *nothing else* to trust.

It is not for us to portray all that passes in the human soul, when it is brought into vivid communion with its Maker. It is enough for us to know that this sorrowful heart was made to exult in God, even in the calm consciousness of its irretrievable loss; and that before the sun of a day specially consecrated to grief had attained its meridian, the mourner came cheerfully forth from her place of retirement, while a chant, as of angelic voices, breathed through the temple of her sorrowful soul, even over its broken altar.

"*Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good;* blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

"Oh, fear the Lord, ye his saints; *for there is no want to them that fear Him.*"

The group of banished little ones was recalled, but while the messenger was gone for them, the mother, in the strength of her new-found peace, had brought forth from that closed chamber the gifts which the fond father had designed for each of his children, and had spread them out in fair array on the parlor table. So it was New Year's Day to the children after all.

The trust of that mother *in the widow's God* was never put to shame. Her children grew up around her, and hardly realized that they had not father and mother both in the one parent who was all in all to them. She was efficient and successful in all her undertakings. Her home, with its overshadowing trees, its rural abundance and hearty hospitalities, lives in the hearts of many as their brightest embodiment of an ideal, a cheerful, Christian home. The memory of that mother, dispensing little kindnesses to everybody within her reach, is a heritage to her children worth thousands of gold and silver. Truly, "they that seek the Lord *shall not want any good thing.*"

And what is Hope?—The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flow'ret of its gem,—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

FAREWELL.

BY W. T. P.

There is a significance in parting with loved ones which takes deep hold on the heart. Especially is it seen in the eye suffused with tears, and the settled melancholy of the face, expressing with more potency than words, how near is the tie that links the heart. Nature renders mere worded expressions very mockery, and the free beating of two hearts is a fit contrast to the keen anguish which the thought of separation would produce. Within the mirror of each soul is reflected what language would fain give utterance to, but cannot; an actual realization that we have held the hand or pressed the lips of a loved one for the last time, and the final saddening "adieu," has been breathed. It leaves the heart in loneliness and despondency, and often the immense desolation which hovers around, will cause the fountain of tears to open, when that "farewell" comes back with the freshness of its first impulse, and we involuntarily sigh for the joyous, halcyon bowers where memory lives. But they are gone, like a "garland of flowers, to dwell on its bright and blushing page," mingling the sympathies and hopes of to-day with the "happy past," and leaving us to rejoice in the pleasing illusion that as we thread our weary way in the intricate paths of life, the simple word "farewell," will oft convey to our hearts the memory of those whom we have loved.

Life is full of "farewells," and each day witnesses a new enaction of scene; a something which it is hard to part with, yet retain our wonted freedom and buoyancy of thought. From the simplicity, yet deepness of the word, we live in a new existence; even "the life of memory" and "by-gone" scenes rush back to enliven the cares of the present by teaching us to view the "farewells" of each day as messages to teach the transient nature of all earthly companionship. I love the word, but not when destitute of the pleasurable emotions that are intimately associated with it, which breathe the heart's devotion in a diffusion of smiles, which as they vanish retain deep-seated the impress of sadness and reflection. Then how full to repletion is its association! How affectionately it calls to mind the loveliness of kindred sympathy and regard! And never will the last lingering smile be forgot! Like cadences of music it floats in upon the heart in saddest hour, bringing pure and holy delight! Thus its mission is made conductive of a noble sphere of happiness, even one which it takes but a simple expression to delight us with.

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Who, then, would not say "farewell," though it cause for the present bitter tears, if in the pure inspiration of hope we may live many a joyous hour? Gloomy is the thought, but a brighter one beams upon us, "for the hope of return takes the sting from adieu."

I could wish it was more a reality, something tangible, whereby the vagueness which often surrounds it was done away with; but in my purest conceptions it resembles a jewel of precious worth, on which, as oft as I look, I see reflected the image of some trusting friend, whose whole enigma of life is solved by the effect of the parting scene. And then as the surges of the "mysterious future" roll in upon me with the vividness of actual life, I cannot think that all the "idealities" I have formed of meeting again may be severed, leaving the heart like a beauteous tree, which sways its green leaves to fan the hot breath of summer, in the autumn blasts, barren and drear, in whose naked branches the wind moaneth a sad requiem. Yet such are the thoughts often forced upon us by the word "farewell." There is a darkness and shadow into which our vision cannot peer, and as we soliloquize oft to ourselves, the echo resounds from the depths of eternity. When we least expect, our hearts are made to drink the bitter cup of sorrowful reflection, that to many we have bidden a last "adieu," and no more in the limits of time can we hear the response. Did you ever strive, "my friend," to recall the "farewells" you have given, and reflect how many were never repeated? If not, 't would profit thee well thus to do, and though it be a sad volume for thy heart to ponder, it cannot but awaken within thee desires to be wiser and better. Then the voice of conscience which speaketh in every human heart will lead thee to endeavor to gain a clearer view of life as day succeedeth day; and as thou dost strive after a still brighter revelation, that view will not partake of the indefiniteness of time, but describe a field of greater orbit, and thou mayest gaze with thy spiritual eye on the glories of a purer and holier development, and revel in the boundless expanse of eternity. Then the friends with whom thou art called to part will, through the infinite workings of a mysterious Providence, be the instrumentality whereby thy soul is caused to look beyond this vale of shadow to a land where no dark clouds obscure, no barriers obstruct thy full and joyous communion! Around thy pathway shall a beam of heavenly light ever illumine the darkest of mortal separations, and thou wilt look to the unfading glories of that future world as affording a blessed and never-ending enjoyment, where the pang of "farewell" will not be known. Canst thou, then, fail to see even in separations which cause "the heart alone to know its bitterness," a tendency, if improved, to link thee nearer to the "Throne of the Eternal?"

"O DEATH, I WILL BE THY PLAGUE"

Written on the anniversary of the awful catastrophe in a public school, in this city, by which some fifty children met with a sudden and terrible death.

BY MRS. MARIA C. TRACY.

HEARD ye the fearful shriek—the piercing cry,
That from a thousand voices rent the air,
And rose portentous to the echoing vault
Of heaven! Heard ye the deep sepulchral sound—
The bursting groan—the smothered, stifled sigh—
The plea for mercy—the despairing moan,
From yearning spirit, struggling to retain
Its hold on mortal life!

Saw ye the *pile*
Of helpless, bleeding, crushed and mangled forms,
The living, breathing forms of prostrate ones,—
Of beauteous childhood, prattling infancy,—
Commingled with the dying and the dead;
The "heaps on heaps"—a dark and struggling mass—
A sepulchre of life—of living death—
Of gasping, desperate, agonizing strife
For God's pure air—for breath—for help—for life!

Felt ye the thrilling wail, that to the air
Gave tremulous motion—yea, the bursting grief
From anguished bosoms, in the deep despair
Of certain desolation, when they laid
The bleeding, lifeless forms of loved ones there!

O, day of anguish! day of deepest gloom!
Whose morn rose bright and cloudless, without sign
Of coming tempest in the noonday sky.
In darkest lines thy chronicle is writ
On human memories, ne'er to be effaced
By time's dim shading, or oblivion's wave.

Yes, beauteous rose the morn of that sad day;
And like a panoramic scroll was spread
The city, with its dwellings and its spires,
And busy throngs of life beneath the sun;
And many a little one the morning meal
Partook; full many a lovely, prattling child,
And tender youth, in joyous, playful mood,
Had given the parting kiss and word of love,
And bearing book and satchel, sped their way
To join their mates in academic hall.
From street and avenue they gather there,
Full nigh a hundred score;—a sight, how full
Of promise and of hope!

Ah, little dream
That youthful band, that, in terrific form,
Is stalking in their midst a fearful foe,
Whose very name would change the mantling bloom
To pallor on their cheek,—would check the tide
Of life that circles in their veins, and turn
It freezing on the heart! And little dream
They on whose brow is sealed the dooming sign,
That their brief day of joy is well nigh done.

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Unseen the mark—the signal touch unfelt—
Till sudden falls the stroke!

How fragile, as
The spider's web, the thread invisible,
That bears the mortal destiny of man!
How brief the step from unsuspecting bliss
To the deep, whelming tide of untold woe!
From joyous, buoyant, earnest, active life
To the embrace of death,—the cold dark tomb!
Mysterious are thy workings, mighty foe
Of human race! Insidious the guise
With which thou weavest thy design to add
New victims to thy wide and dark domain.
A tongue is paralyzed at thy behest,
And fails to do its office. In thy guile
Thou makest it the occasion of thy dark
And direful purpose, giving wings to fear:
And thus at one fell swoop thou gatherest
The fair, the loved, the bright and beautiful,
Beneath thy dreaded and resistless sway.
In desolation thy own hand hath wrought,
Malignant spoiler! thou dost love to revel,
As loves to riot in putrescence foul
The slimy worm;—a partner meet for thee
And for thy work.

The conflict and the groan,
The struggling breath of dying agony,
The shroud, the knell, the pall, the coffin gloom,
The horrors of the noisome charnel house,
The severance of dearest human ties,
The wail of broken hearts, the scalding tear,
The anguish and the woe and mute despair
Of hearts and homes bereaved and desolate,
Are dearer to thee than the softest strains
Of sweetest melody to child of song.

And thou art terrible! yea, even when,
Unseen, unfelt, with gentle, noiseless tread,—
As falls on buds at eve the silent dew,
And wraps them ere the morn in icy vest,—
Or, angel-robed, with music in thy voice,
Thou takest from the mother's yearning breast
The tender nursling or the cherub child,
Enshrouding it in thy cold winding-sheet,
And bearing it to thy dark home—the grave.
But, oh, what tongue can tell thy fearfulness,
When glorying in thy terror, thou dost come,—
Like thunderbolt from out the cloudless sky,
Or like tornado wild where zephyrs played,—
And fiercely sweep the young, the beautiful,
All unsuspecting and unwarned, by scores
To thy cold bridal bed!

Yet what art thou,
O fearful terror to a sinful race!
Boast not thy power, insatiate slaughterer;
Thy kingdom hastes to its decline. Though leagued
With hell and all its maddened, raging hosts,
Against the God of heaven with fury armed,
Yet shalt thou not prevail. For Death and Hell—
Hear it, thou boastful conqueror!—DEATH AND HELL
SHALL BE DESTROYED! Yea, verily, by Him,
Who, yielding to thy delegated power,
Resigned his life, and all the powers of hell
Sent up a shout of triumph to the skies!
Dying, the Son of God hath conquered thee,
O Death! thine arm hath broken; burst thy bonds;
Thy grievous yoke destroyed, and captive led
Captivity, strong with its bars and chains.
Thy dart envenomed leaves a soothing balm,
Thy cup of wormwood bears a healing draught,
The tomb becomes a bed of peaceful rest,
And thy dark wing a cloud that softly shades
The glory, unrevealed to mortal eye,
Ere the full vision bursts upon the soul.
Yea, immortality is brought to light,
By Him, the Resurrection and the Life.

Where, then, O Death! is now thy sting, and where,
O noisome Grave! is now thy victory?

REVERENCE FOR THE PAST.

NATURE requires that we should venerate or honor the past, whether it be in the persons of those who are our parents according to the flesh, or whether it be in any form, or in any other relation. Nothing can be more justly exacted from the child than regard for its parents. They were the instruments in God's hands, through which he received life and temporal happiness; and under God they should also be the principal source of his earliest and choicest spiritual blessings. They watched over him with a thousand cares and anxieties, when he was not yet able to support himself, and to guard his most sacred and solemn interests. In a word, they are the source and media of his existence, and to him they ought to be objects of the most sincere regard, and the most profound veneration. But this is after all a small matter if compared with the general bearing of this injunction; for the disregard of this injunction by the child against its parents may induce serious consequences to the individual or individuals concerned, but the general bearings of such disregard are by far more serious, since they may be connected with important and most significant consequences to the whole or at least a large portion of the human race. No generation stands independent of that which has gone before, nor any age of that which preceded it. One generation gives birth and existence to another, and one age is the source from which another flows, so that we have a course of constant, continual, and regular development and growth from the lower to the higher, from the old to the new, from the past to the present, and from the present to the future. And this is not only the case in the physical, but also in the moral and religious world; for morality and religion are not exempted from the laws of gradual growth and development. One age here gives rise to another as well as in the physical world. We need but consult history to discover the correctness of this assertion; for it is a historic fact, supported by all the testimony of both ecclesiastical and profane history. The

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world is evidently no more, either in a religious or moral sense, what it was in the days of Christ, or even in the days of the Reformation. It has advanced, made progress, and now stands on a higher degree of perfection. I have here no reference to the religion and morality of the New Testament, at least as far as principle and substance are concerned, since these are not the product of nature, but of divine revelation; but to the realization and manifestation of the same, in the world, through the ordinary course of its history, for which purpose Christianity has been divinely maintained and preserved until this present hour, though it has entered into and made progress with the history of the world.

This, then, puts all significant revelations both in the Church and the State, both in the political, moral, and religious world, on a historical basis, that is, it makes them all grow and develop themselves gradually from one degree of perfection to another. This appears to be in full harmony with the ordinary course of Divine Providence, and also to be necessary to justify any change, either in form or substance, in politics, morality, or religion. For if the world is yet what it was two or four thousand years ago, how then can we justify the abolition of the Jewish law; the downfall and abolition of their theocracy; the institution of Christianity; the political recollections of the middle ages, and of the last century, both of Europe and America; as well as the glorious Reformation of the sixteenth century itself? The only way to justify these changes and revolutions appears to be on the principle of historical development, for thus they become the proper and lawful manifestations of that internal struggle to higher and more consummate perfection, which is always at work in the life and history of the world; or in other words, a desire or longing of the world to be wiser, and better and happier; an actual growing of the same into a higher and more perfect state. And in fact, Christianity itself is a historical fact from its very start; for it was not brought into the world before the world was prepared for its reception, and prepared too by historical development, both politically, morally and spiritually. Before Shiloh came he had first to be hoped for, believed in, and silently expected. The promise and the law had to serve their respective times in the way of preparing the world, in a positive sense of the term, for the coming of Messiah. Meanwhile a course of preparation was also going on among those heathen nations, at least, which occupy the most prominent position in the world's history, for the same end; for though they were not especially under the positive direction of God's divine government, yet were they at least under the general direction of his Providence prepared, in a negative way, for the coming of that great King which was to establish "Peace and righteousness" in the earth. Hence Christianity, though a divine revelation, the very substance, spirit, and life of the glorious God-man himself, is a continuation, of course in a fuller and more perfect sense, of the same divine life and principle which had ruled the world for four thousand years. Christianity embraces more than any foregoing period, and yet it is the fulfilling only of what has been foreshadowed by all ages that went before.

If such an epoch in the world's history, as the birth or incarnation of the Son of God, and the introduction of the Christian religion, which may be considered a purely divine fact, was not brought about independent of the world's natural and historical preparation, what then shall we say about those changes and revolutions, which seem to be more particularly the result of the course of historical evolution, or the natural products of the ordinary course of the world's life? If Christ even did not ingore the past, and plant his kingdom on an altogether different ground or basis from that which was already laid, and laid too on the rock of ages, the law and the prophets on the one side, and the hopes, the desires, and the silent expectations of the Pagans on the other, then, of a surety, must we acknowledge some principle of organic, of historical growth and development in the history of the world, and of the Church, to which we can refer all these changes as their proper ground and key. In this manner all changes and revolutions in religion or the Church may be plainly understood, and properly vindicated. Christ introduced Christianity in the world, in itself perfect, but not yet perfect in the world. It now goes forth conquering and to conquer. It breaks down, reproduces, and renovates, all the existing orders, powers, and principalities. It flows on through one main channel, the Church, age after age, passing through different phases of growth, assuming now this and now that form or aspect, till it reaches the grand epoch of the Reformation, and thus is brought down to us in its present form. Nations rise and fall again; great changes are wrought both in the political and moral world, and all the powers of hell rise up against the Church, and yet she is preserved, and though she is sometimes wrapped in darkness, the mother of harlots and of abominations, yet is she and has always been the bearer of divine grace and salvation to the world, the mother of martyrs and saints, thus verifying the promise of

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Christ, that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her, and that he will always be with her, even unto the end of the world; as it was in the days of old, now is, and ever shall be, Amen.

With this view of Christianity we can easily account and make allowances for changes and imperfections in the Church. For we now look upon the kingdom of Christ as a mustard seed, or a leaven; which grows from small to great, and spreads itself as a leaven throughout the world's life, and hence it must of course adopt human elements, and be clothed in the habiliments of earth, but the leaven is still there, and ever shall be there. But if we ingore this all-important fact, then of course, we have no reliable medium through which we can unravel the mysterious workings of the past, and we are in danger of rejecting it altogether on account of its vices and imperfections, without doing justice to its virtues, and its time-honored customs. This we have daily demonstrated before our eyes; for in these days of progress the most sincere and well-meaning men very frequently fall, unwittingly no doubt, into the erroneous habit of overlooking this highly important fact altogether, and hence they base their creed on the most arbitrary and untenable theories. Christianity in general, as well as Protestantism in particular, are facts brought into the world, according to the favorite theory of some who lay claim to the most consummate Protestant orthodoxy, entirely independent of all real and historical preparation, by organic growth and development of the world's life as it stood before; or without reference to a real development of the views, the morals, the religion, &c., of the world and the Church, till it at last naturally produced such effects as the Reformation. Hence no wonder that we hear these men railing out against the most sacred and time-honored customs of the past, as "relics of popery," or "Romish superstition" and "Romish vagaries," and of course, any thing that comes from this source must be condemned as puerile and anti-christian. Catechetical instruction and infant baptism, and even Church government in any other form than Baptistic independency, or some such radical form, all fall under the ban of this same unreasonable school, and while they thus make havoc with the most sacred treasures of the glorious Reformation, they boast themselves of being the most faithful and orthodox Protestants in the world, and consider themselves called upon to raise the alarm cry of "Romish tendencies," against every one who dares to attempt anything like doing justice to the past. But is this manner of disposing of bygone ages really honest and fair? Does it really stand the test of sound reason and logic?

Now what reason have we to break with antiquity altogether, or to ignore all the virtues and customs, and productions of the past, merely on account of its imperfections, or even errors and vices? Will it suffice to say, that the past did not do full justice, or rather no justice at all, to the nature of Christianity, as some think proper to assert, and that many of its doctrines, customs and usages are contrary to the Bible, or at least not directly required by the same? Now if they are found to be really contrary to the teachings of the Bible, they of course should be abolished; for the teachings of the Church dare not contradict those of Christ and his apostles; but if they are in harmony with the spirit of the gospel, though they are not directly inculcated in the Word of God, I am utterly at a loss to know why they should merely, on this account, be abolished. For if all those customs of the past, which are not positively instituted in the Bible, must, on this account, be rejected and condemned, I see no reason why those of the present day which fall in the same category, should not be subject to the same doom, though even they be of bleak blue Puritan origin.

PASSING AWAY.

BY A. A. M.

The passing away of all earthly things is a fruitful theme for the pen of the poet and the moralist. And well it may be; for though the hand of Nature is ever busy repairing the ravages of time;—though she makes the brown buds swell and burst to clothe the trees made bare by the autumn blasts, and sends up the slender sapling to fill the place of the fallen oak;—though man removes the unsightly ruin, and rears in its stead the stately temple or the quiet home, we cannot disguise the fact that decay is constantly, though silently, doing its work. Beauty smiles in the flower; but in vain,—the flower fades. Strength exults in the mountain masses of adamantine rock; but the rock crumbles to dust. We, too, are passing away. We feel it in every pang that shoots through our frames; we have proof of it in every newly-opened grave. Shall we sit down weeping, to indulge a sickly sentimentality, because everything bright, everything strong perishes; because we, too, are going to our long homes? No; while we shudder at the apathy of the stoic, let us look reasonably upon the changes of time,

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and learn the lesson they are fitted to teach; to do with our might what our hands find to do, knowing that the night cometh.

But in order to the successful accomplishment of anything, we must have an end distinctly in view, and direct all our energies to its attainment. What then shall be the end for which we live? Not one but has at times at least an intense desire for some species of excellence. We see the face radiant with beauty, the form endured with grace, the exquisite taste which so arranges the rich fabrics of the loom, that every natural charm is heightened, and we long to possess such magic talismans.

We read of the Roman Cornelia, the brilliancy of whose intellect brought philosophers and statesmen, as well as princes and nobles, thronging about her; of Mrs. Sommerville, of whom La Place said, "she was the only woman who ever understood his great work on Astronomy;" of our own Mrs. Sigourney, whose chastened spirit has found an answering chord in so many hearts throughout the length and breadth of the land; and we vainly raise our longing eyes to the lofty pinnacles on which they stand.

We see a Harriet Newell turning away from the home of her childhood, and for the love she bore to perishing souls, setting at defiance the contempt and ridicule of the world, and almost before her twentieth summer had ripened her into full womanhood, sealing her mission by her death, and lying down to her last rest beneath the green branches of the Hopia tree, on a lovely island of the ocean. We see the noble heroine of Ava's dungeon toiling on, month after month, amidst trials and sorrows almost overwhelming, doing and suffering all gladly that she might give to some perishing heathen the bread of life; and we feel for the time that nothing is so desirable as such Christian excellence of character,—excellence that could incite to such deeds of noble daring.

What shall we choose to be? Shall we not all, with one accord, check, as unworthy of our destiny, the transient wish to shine in the walks of fashionable life; and though we may not become a Mrs. Sommerville or Mrs. Sigourney, a Harriet Newell or Mrs. Judson, make mental, and, above all, moral excellence our aim, and like the swift and strong-winged eagle, "bear onward, right on?"

"Passing away." Yes, *we* are passing. Soon other footsteps will re-echo, other voices be heard in our accustomed places.

Families are passing away. If death does not come to break the golden chain that binds parents and children to each other, some go out into the busy world, and some go to gladden other hearth-stones. It is well that it is so. Society should be a living stream, not a stagnating pool; but yet, when the parental roof is almost deserted, a feeling of sadness, a yearning for the restoration of "the old broken links of affection," will sometimes come over those who still linger there, which none can fully realize but those who have experienced them. There is nothing which can then fill the aching void in the heart, but the hope that these links may yet be re-united,—not here, indeed, but hereafter. If anything can lead us to feel that we are pilgrims here, and to raise the eye of faith to a Heavenly home, it is this experience of the passing away of its inmates, one by one, from the home of their youth, till the "olive plants" are all removed to other soils, the "stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," have become foundations of other structures of grace and beauty.

But though we live in a world of change, it is tending to one unchangeable, and there are things that pass not away. Mountains waste—the world itself shall perish; but invisible thought is undying. Every action of the mind moves the wires of a telegraph which vibrates throughout eternity. The influence of every word spoken spreads like the ripples that follow the fallen stone, and will spread and deepen until minds cease to exist. The consolations of the gospel are unfailing; the Christian's hope passes not away until hope is lost in full fruition; and the bliss of Heaven is everlasting.

But as the fearful words, "Arise; let us go hence," were heard on the doomed city of the Jews,—when the white-winged messengers of mercy were turning sorrowfully away, so do these words of solemn meaning, "passing away," quiver on our air, and none but the assured Christian has a right to be cheerful while they sound in his ear. He may indeed rejoice, for the changes of time do but work for him "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and his "passing away" shall be like the melting of distant music—lost to earth, only to swell the full sweet chorus of Heaven.

In woman's nature rests a sweetly soft spiritualism which has the power to absorb the stern and gloomy shadowings of the masculine mind, into the gayer and brighter channel, and reflect its thoughts in a spray of temporal happiness that feeds the torch of hope through the dark labyrinths of life.

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THE CLOSING HOUR OF DAY.

BY C. A.

The tinted fleecy clouds do sail
Slow, through the ether sea;
The breezes waft from spicy dale
Its fragrant odors, free.

The little birds of plumage gay
Are thronged within the bower,
And sweetly chant their grateful lay
Throughout the sunset hour.

Gay flowers of every form and hue,
At every turn, are seen,
Bestudding, far as eye can view,
Earth's robe of living green.

All, all around is charming fair,
Is harmony and love;
All things around a shadow wear
Of that bright world above,

Where Love, in fadeless beauty spreads
Her petals gay to view,
And by the ceaseless zephyr sheds
Her sweets the ether through;

Where tunes *eternal* of delight
The spheres are heard to play;
And Truth, immortal, amber bright,
Creates an *endless* day.

OLYMPUS AND THE VALE OF TEMPE.

BY E. M. D.

After a cold, stormy Sabbath, which, in these lodgings, with a feeble, ailing body, shut the soul up to spiritual comfort, the sun rose on Monday morning, bright and clear, and my mercurial temperament passed from one extreme to the other. We were on our way by sunrise, ascending the face of the mountain behind the city. We continued ascending till noon, till we could look far down upon the plain covered with verdure near Berea, while close to our right rose the snow peaks. Again we descended by a zig-zag path down a precipitous slope, which almost made us dizzy as we looked far, far down to the green pastures, and the cattle scarcely visible, in the distance, grazing upon them. This was the valley of the Heliacmon which finds its way through the valley and gorges of the Olympian range and empties into the Gulf Thessalonica—the "*sinus Thermaicus*," (hot gulf) of ancient geography.

We had breakfasted at half-past five o'clock, and hoping to reach a village in the mountains by two o'clock, had brought no bread with us; but no village appeared, and we toiled on through the solitude. Our path still led up and down the mountains, along precipices, and through forests, with the snowy back of old Olympus, glistening in the sun, constantly before us. At nightfall we reached the Turkish village, where we were to *dine*, ready to drop from our saddles with hunger and fatigue. We inquired for the *Khan*, and we were shown into a stable, filled with horses and donkeys, having a space about six feet wide slightly raised across one end. This was to be our bed-chamber. As I was feeble, and fearful of being taken sick from the excessive fatigues and fastings of the day,—(I had walked, leading my horse many miles, down some of the steepest declivities)—I sought better accommodations. We at last found a room where our three rugs just covered the ground; but it was *enclosed*. About eight o'clock we succeeded in getting some bread and rice for *pilaf*, and after the chief men of the village had been to pay their respects to us, we lay down to sleep.

The next morning we crossed the Heliacmon, which was swollen with the melting snows, and muddy as the "Yellow Tiber." Not being well, I stopped at the village of Yerbidja about noon, where we found a clean new Khan, a beautiful prospect, and bracing air, and stopped till morning to enjoy them. Olympus was not in sight as we were skirting the sides of his brethren to the west. All day Wednesday we travelled through some difficult and very muddy passes, and frequent showers of rain, to Alesonja. Some of the way we travelled upon the old Roman road, indeed we were upon its track all day; but much of the way on the mountain sides it had been washed away, and in the valleys been buried; but for many miles it was sound, just as when the Roman chariots rolled over it, nearly 2,000 years ago. It was five or six feet wide, paved with round stone, like the streets of our cities, and pursued its way over hill and valley, and often cut into the solid rock along the side of a precipice.

On Thursday, we emerged from the mountain labyrinths into the great plain of Larissa, supposed by some to be the Vale of Tempe, though this is doubtful. Here we came in sight of Olympus again to the northeast of us. As we rode over the plain towards Larissa, I was delighted with the evidences of industry and neatness in the cultivation of the soil, beyond what I had usually seen in Turkey. The road was lined with elm trees and skirted by a green hedge; beyond which, as far almost as the eye could distinguish, extended thrifty vineyards and olive plantations. We crossed a branch of the Peneus by fording, and then the Peneus itself by a bridge, and en-

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tered Larissa, which is upon the river. We spent several days in Larissa, preaching the Gospel, but for the reason given before, I will not dwell upon it.

We were now to the south-southwest of Olympus, having come from the north across the mountains west of it. We were to return by the south and east, thus making the circuit of the Monach. We left Larissa on Monday morning, and following the banks of the Peneus northeastward, soon after noon, entered the narrow gorge between Olympus and Ossa, through which the Peneus flows. It is so narrow most of the way, that there is barely room for the mule-path by the river's side, and sometimes the path ascends the rocks. The precipices rise almost perpendicular on either side. Occasionally the gorge widens slightly, leaving a small patch of rich soil in a nook beneath the precipice. Two or three such nooks I noticed, planted with tobacco! Did the gods smoke or chew? The mule-path is on the southern side of the Peneus, at the base of Ossa. The swollen, turbid river almost washed our feet on the left, and the steep rocks of Ossa rose perpendicularly on our right. Several times we waded across a brook, five or six feet wide, rushing out suddenly full grown as Minerva, from under the precipice at our right, and as suddenly emptying its pure water into the muddy Peneus at our left. In two or three hours we emerged into the *Vale of Tempe*, as most locate it. Olympus and Ossa diverge the base of the former, sweeping in a graceful curve to the north, and leave a pleasant, quiet vale through which the Peneus gently pursues its way to the sea.

As I said, some travellers give to the plain of Larissa this honored name. This plain is bounded by Ossa on the east, and by the lower peaks of the Olympian range on the north. To the south and west it extents indefinitely. It is a beautiful, fertile and well-cultivated plain, watered by the Peneus, but it seems too large and indefinite for the classic conditions. The other valley, at the mouth of the Peneus, is bounded east by the sea, south-west by Ossa, and northwest by the Olympus, and contains properly but two or three square miles. It is a much more beautiful valley than the other, much of it covered with trees, (quite rare in this country) from whose branches many birds of varied and beautiful plumage filled the grove with their sweet notes. I slept in the vale, and lay awake much of the night listening to the nightingale.

From here our road lay northward, between the Olympus and the sea. Again we passed over several miles of Roman road through a swamp. From Katerina, where we spent the next night, was obtained the finest view I had enjoyed of Olympus on the way; for directly beneath his sides you cannot appreciate his grandeur as well as at a distance. But still I think the view from Thessalonica, fifty miles distant, is superior to any other.

We reached home on Thursday, four days from Larissa.

THE UNATTAINED.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

How often do the loftiest soaring thoughts
That ever in our minds find nestling-place,
Elude most subtly the detaining grasp
Language would lay upon them!
High and clear,
Through the pure ether of our silent souls,
Swells the ecstatic music—circling still
With fuller utterance to our inward sense,
Lower and lower, till the voice drops deep
Within our thrilling bosoms. When we haste
To seize the lark-like singer, and to frame
And fit it round with words whose wiry bonds
Shall hold the captive fast, that other ears
May hear what we have heard,—we lift our hand,
And lo! the place is empty! We had set
Our deftly woven cage, with nicest art;
Then with exultant feeling looked to see
The airy thing a fluttering prisoner there,—
But find we only have the soft-lined nest,
Without its occupant.
The quick-wing'd thought,
Too subtle for our snare, is safe escaped;
And far above receding, upward—on—
Through the mind's radiant atmosphere, we catch
Whatever more we fail to others' sense
To render audible. Some ruffled down
Snatched all too rudely from the silvery breast—
Some feathers, azure-tipt, dropt from the wings
Beyond us spread—alone are left to prove
The presence of the singer in our souls!

THE ROYAL STUARTS.

ROBERT II., the first sovereign of that family, succeeded to the throne of Scotland on the death of David (Bruce) II., without issue. Robert was the son of Margery, daughter of the great liberator of his country, Robert Bruce, and his direct representative in default of male descendants. The lineage sprang from the Anglo-Norman race of Fitz-Alan. This pedigree has been distinctly traced by late antiquaries, to the suppression of many fabulous legends. The surname of Stewart, or Stuart (it is spelt both ways by learned authorities), supplanted that of Fitz-Alan, in virtue of the dignity of seneschal, or steward of the royal household, which had be-

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come hereditary in the family. Robert II. reigned nineteen years, without any signal disaster; and though not possessed of brilliant talents, or much personal activity, was a reasonably good monarch, and on the whole, better and more fortunate than many of his successors. Robert III. died of a broken heart, in consequence of the murder of his eldest, and the captivity of his second son. David, Duke of Rothsay, and Prince Royal of Scotland, was confined in the palace of Falkland, and cruelly starved to death, through the machinations of his uncle, the Duke of Albany. James, his younger brother, succeeded to the throne, after a long imprisonment in England. He put to death, under judicial prosecutions, several of his nearest kindred; and was murdered in a conspiracy, headed by his uncle, Walter Earl of Athol, who, for perpetrating this act of regicide, was executed with dreadful tortures. James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon, at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was called James with the fiery face, from a red spot which disfigured his otherwise handsome countenance. But he merited the title of fiery more justly from the natural violence of his temper, which led him to slay the Earl of Douglas with his own hand, and under his own roof, at Stirling Castle; much after the manner in which the Roman Emperor, Valentinius III., assassinated his great general and deliverer, Ætius, in a private conference. James III., flying from a battle with his rebellious nobles, his horse started at the sight of a woman drawing water from a well, and threw him to the ground. He was borne into the neighboring mill, and incautiously proclaimed his name and qualities. Some of the enemy who followed, entered the hut, recognized and slew their monarch, whose body was never found, neither were the murderers ever identified. He was a weak and unfortunate, rather than a bad sovereign, although suspicions rest on his memory of having participated in the death of his brother, the Earl of Marr. James IV., his son and successor, was forced into the rebellion against his father, as a penance for which he ever after wore an iron belt next to his body. He fell in the forty-first year of his age, and twenty-sixth of his reign, with all his principal peers and knights, on the fatal field of Flodden. His death in this battle was long disbelieved and disputed by the Scottish chroniclers; but the accuracy of modern research has placed it beyond an "historic doubt." James V. died of vexation for the ruin and dispersion of his army at Solway Moss—he was then only thirty years of age. His two male children had expired within a few days of each other in the preceding year. His last words, on being told when on his death-bed, that his queen was delivered of a daughter, were long remembered and often repeated—"The crown came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." Mary Stuart, a widow before her nineteenth year, was deposed and imprisoned by her own subjects, and compelled to take shelter in England, where she was beheaded, after a lengthened captivity, by her rival, Elizabeth. The fretful valetudinarian, Pope, called his life "a long disease." The existence of Mary Queen of Scots may be designated one accumulated calamity, with scarcely an interval of enjoyment, after she grew to womanhood. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, her cousin and second husband, was blown up by the conspirators in his own country residence, near Edinburgh.

In the person of James VI. of Scotland, and first of England, the only child of Mary, the hereditary claim to family misfortune appears to have been suspended for a time, to descend with increased weight on his posterity. But James sustained the domestic affliction of losing his eldest son and heir apparent, Henry Prince of Wales, whose early death extinguished a brilliant promise, and whose dawning excellences might (had it been so permitted) have removed the bane from his house. The unhappy father was even accused of hastening the end of his son from jealousy; and his own demise has been imputed to poison, through his favorite, Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham. But neither of these charges rest on sufficient grounds. We are not to believe such secret histories as that of Sir Anthony Weldon. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., and direct ancestress of the house of Brunswick, was one of the most unfortunate princesses that ever lived. Her life reads more like a romance than a reality.

The sufferings, privations, and domestic afflictions she endured, are almost equal to those of her grandmother, except that she was not brought to a violent end, but lingered through a neglected old age, in obscurity and dependence. Of the two lots, it is difficult to say which is the less enviable. Charles I., after a stormy life, in a great measure produced by his own obstinacy, perished on a scaffold. With all our monarchical propensities, we hesitate to call him a martyr. Charles II. endured ten years of poverty and exile without reform; returned, set an example of unmatched profligacy, equally regardless of national honor or private reputation, and died suddenly of apoplexy, without time for reform or repentance. Bishop Burnet states, in his history of his own times, "that there were apparent sus-

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picions of his having been poisoned." Churchill echoes the opinion, and points directly at the object of suspicion; but a professed political satirist is always doubtful authority. He sums up his biting philippic against the Merry Monarch, thus:—

"To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which through his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim,
He re-assumed a bigot brother's claim;
And having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly died—that brother best knew *how*;
No matter *how*—he slept among the dead,
And JAMES, his brother, reigned in his stead."

James II. was driven from the throne in the third year of his reign, and consumed his old age in poverty, in "hope deferred," and in fruitless efforts to recover what he needed never to have lost, but for his unprovoked bigotry. His eldest daughter Mary, consort of William III., died childless, of the small-pox, in her thirty-eighth year. Anne, after a reign of twelve years, which, though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the loss of a numerous family, and the quarrels of her favored servants. Prince James, known in history as the Old Pretender, or Chevalier de St. George, in attempting to recover the throne from which he was excluded by the Act of Settlement, occasioned only his best friends and most devoted adherents to perish by the executioner. His life was inglorious and unfortunate; he died an exile at Rome, having lived to the advanced age of seventy-eight. His son, Charles Edward, after the failure of his chivalrous attempt in "forty-five," endured incredible hardships and misfortunes, and finally gave himself up to indolence and low debauchery, which enervated his constitution, and weakened his intellect. Henry Benedict, his younger brother, became Cardinal of York, lived at Rome on a pension badly paid, and died at the advanced age of eighty-two, in 1807. With him the race became extinct in the male line. The tomb of the last Stuart in St. Peter's, at Rome, bears the futile and ostentatious inscription, "*Henricus IX.*"

REAL LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

The following facts from one of the city papers excited considerable interest in a circle of philanthropists a few days since:

During the researches of one of the philanthropic gentlemen who were engaged in the moral renovation of the Five Points, and other parts of the city in the same condition, a family of colored persons was found occupying a most miserable and filthy tenement, in a state of great destitution and intemperate habits. In the centre of the room was an old coal-scuttle, elevated upon a few loose bricks, and partially filled with burning coal. Through the bottom of it was a hole, which supplied the draught. Upon scanning the dusky group, one of the number, a girl about five years old, was noticed as having straight hair, and a more close examination revealed blue eyes, and indications of a skin naturally white and clear. Inquiry was made as to the girl's parentage, &c., when it was learned that her father was dead, and the mother was an inmate of Blackwell's Island Hospital, suffering from a loathsome disease, the result of an intemperate life. After some persuasion, the colored people were induced to part with the child, and she was taken to Mr. Pease's Mission rooms, washed and clothed. Thus metamorphosed, she appeared as a girl of rare beauty, adorned with graceful ringlets, and possessing an intelligent countenance. The missionary who found her finally adopted her as his own. The additional fact was disclosed that she had a sister living somewhere within the moral wilderness where this child was found. Diligent search was instituted, but so much falsehood and deception were used by the vile persons among whom she was concealed, that the search was near being abandoned. Finally, however, she was found in a house of bad repute in Wooster street, kept by colored persons. This sister was not inferior to the other in intelligence or personal beauty. Her age was three years, and her name was Tunny. She was found about three months ago. The first mentioned was named Ella. She was soon adopted by one of our most distinguished musical composers and vocalists. The names of both are now changed. About a week ago the time was appointed to restore these sisters to each other, for they had long been separated. The meeting was arranged to take place at Mr. Pease's, in Little Water street (Five Points). About forty ladies assembled. The little ones met in one of the apartments, and almost instantly recognized each other, with ardent expressions of love and joy at the restoration. The scene is spoken of as having been very affecting. This is one of many instances where good has been accomplished by self-denying laborers in the abandoned and corrupt parts of the city. These reclaimed ones now promise to be ornaments to society. It is known that their parents at one time held positions of respectability and honor among our citizens.

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SPEAK GENTLY.

BY MINNIE MORTON.

"SPEAK not harshly!—much of care
Every human heart must bear."

"By thy childhood's gushing tears!
By thy grief in after years!
By the anguish thou hast known,
Add not to another's woe."

SPEAK gently! O, speak gently! Let not a harsh word from *thy* lips, call forth a burning tear, or bitter sigh, from the hearts of the "loved ones at home." Speak gently! that in after years, should they sleep in dreamless rest—and thou a lingerer here—there may be no unkind words—spoken by thee, linked with their memory, to rankle in thy heart—in undying remorse. What would you not give then, should such time come, that those passionate words had never been spoken!

Speak gently! that should you be first called to the "Holy City," where floweth "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal," thy memory may linger in the hearts of thy loved ones, and be—

"A refuge from distrust;
A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust
With flowers divine."

Yes! let the memory of thy gentle words be a memory which will cause thy young brother to pause and think of the touching and gentle reproof you had given him long ago, for the same offence which now tempts him to pass along in the "broad road which leadeth to destruction," till the memory of thy voice, now hushed forever, calls him back, and the gentle tones still lingering in his ear, lead him safely through the "straight and narrow way which leadeth to life everlasting."

Speak gently! not only to those whose hearts are linked with thine in thy household band, but give gentle words and kindly smiles "to those who suffer and are sad," for as the gentle rain of summer gives new life to the fading flower, causing it to re-open its half-closed petals, and send forth a sweeter fragrance than ever before; so does a gentle voice, speaking sweet words of hope, lift up the crushed and bleeding heart; for, perchance, thy gentle voice awakens the memory of—

"Voices that have left the earth—
Long ago."

And with that memory comes to the weary heart thoughts of the sunny time of a young life whose beauty has departed, and the long sealed fountain of tears bursts through the flood-gates of coldness and distrust, refreshing the soul, even as the summer shower refresheth the drooping plant.

And yet again, I would say—Speak gently! and it would be to those over whom the foul breath of slander has passed with its blighting touch; it may be that it has spoken truly, and yet, if so—speak gently! even if the erring one turn aside from thy outstretched hand, and call thy gentle words a mockery.

Speak gently! for after the many cruel taunts, and bitter words, which have fallen so heavily upon his heart, when in his yearnings to be a better man, he has sought in vain for *human* aid and sympathy. After all this, he can scarce believe that the sweet music of gentle words was meant for *his* ear.

Speak gently to him once again! and it may be that thy gentle voice will cause the golden harps of Heaven to sound sweeter than before, for "there is joy among the angels in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

THE KINGDOM OF SIAM.

THE King of Siam is very friendly, liberal and tolerant to all foreigners. Their presence is not merely *tolerated* for the commercial advantages which may result therefrom, but they are received on terms of great cordiality and friendship. The inhabitants have made great advances in civilization and refinement, and cultivate the arts and sciences to an extent which would surprise many who are in the habit of associating everything of the kind inseparably with European and American society. The productions of that country are those common to Southern Asia, and might be made a source of commercial profit in our East India trade. The present seems to afford a very favorable opportunity to enter into a treaty of amity and friendship with that power; and it is hoped the Government will empower the new Commissioner to China, or add to the instructions of the Japan expedition, power to visit and treat with the King of Siam. Such an act of recognition would encourage and strengthen a high-minded ruler, and open a wider door of usefulness to the American missionaries who, we are glad to learn, are prospered in their labors and efforts to build up the kingdom of their Redeemer.

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Editorial Miscellany.

ANNIVERSARIES.—By this caption we allude to the approaching festivities which usually occur about the first of May, when the various Christian benevolent societies sum up the doings of the year, and make their appeals to the churches of the land for the aid they need to prosecute vigorously the work for another year.

We have often thought these meetings might be much improved by shortening a little the more windy speeches, and give more freedom of discussion to the different points of the Report, and the general plans for future endeavors.

We hope the present season will be rich in all that appertains to spiritual progress, and the wide-spread influence of the Christian religion. A new impetus will doubtless be given to the discussion, growing out of the persecutions in Tuscany, and the false pretensions of Romanists in relation to civil and religious freedom. The political power they have gained, or are gaining, and the different phases the system assumes, will make it imperative, on the American and Foreign Christian Mission, to enter largely into the discussion of topics in which they are intimately concerned and *capitally* embarked.

Let our subscribers improve the opportunity to forward the money due for their subscriptions, by clergymen and others, who may come to the city at this season, and send new names in compliance with the terms proposed on the last page of the work, if convenient.

CARLOTINA AND THE SANFEDISTI.—This is, in part, the title of a new book published by John S. Taylor, written by a French gentleman of some genius, who was himself a thorough republican connected by pleasant relations with numerous friends of the liberal party in Italy; who understands well the nature of the Jesuitical principles he would expose, and the diabolical nature of that system of wrong and outrage which has so long held the world in the iron chains of ignorance and superstition.

The romance of the characters and the scenes are striking, but true; the heroes and the heroine are real characters, under fancy names, now residents of Lombardy; and all the transpirations are quite natural, though they might have been a little improved. The book is intensely exciting, and will be read by thousands, who will, we hope, be much profited as well pleased by following through the plot to its consummation. Jesuitism, under the character of Signora Savini, is most capitally presented. All Jesuits are not as debased; some may be more so. The delineation of all the characters is from nature. If the character of the feminine agent of a Jesuitic priesthood is too marked to suit the neuters in a Protestant country, still it is no exaggeration. The unwavering and decided patriotism of Adrian, that girded him with strength to die for his compatriots, was a noble exhibition of love for republican liberty; the fervent and inspirited devotion of Jeronimo to political and religious freedom, imparts to the mind a token of the resistance of the youth of our times fast coming upon the stage of action. The innocence, the love and the recantation of Carlotina is in perfect keeping with facts, and is true to nature, possibly a little overdrawn. The author uses the historical name of Ciceroacchio, the Danton of the Roman revolution, to portray the character and principles of the republicans, who are the intelligent portion of the Italian people. The priest, Father Francisco, endowed with talent, carried forward by the current influences around him, modelled by the omnipresent touch of the finger of the church, carried almost resistlessly into the vortex of corruption, instead of the path of virtue and honor, represents the priesthood, who are neither destitute of talent, ambition, nor the impulses of wicked passions. We cannot learn that the author had any motive for painting too highly the picture, or that there is any one fact mentioned that is inconsistent with the time, the locality, teachings of history, the records of the church, and the late events of the Italian Revolution. Some may regard it only a tale of love, a high-wrought fiction, to give the lie with greater power to the adage "Ignorance is the mother of Devotion," and to warn the young against the vile hypocrisy of the *Holy Catholic Church*, the mother of harlots and the scourge of the ungodly. The destinies of the world have been wonderfully swayed by the influence of Romanism. Where is the country, whatever its government, its peculiar interests or spirit, its varied customs and manners, or whatever its degree in the scale of civilization, that has not been strongly acted upon by Catholicism? Whatever it has failed to do in blotting out civil and religious freedom, is the result of no tender mercy or religious honor, but the result of God's executed edict, wherein he has

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declared, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Beatrice has had an opportunity, and is running a swift race. Carlotina is buckling on the harness for as swift and as strong a race, and if its thrilling sketches are widely announced, and brought under notice as they should be by the press, we think the number of orders will be very large, and the circulation of the work very extensive. The great and important facts connected with the scenes of the late revolution have been only partially developed. No efforts have been spared to suppress the truth, in relation to the origin, the necessity and the result of the late Italian struggle. The world is not allowed to sympathize with the crushed spirits of balmy Italy. A strange anomaly—a sister republic arrayed in a warlike attitude to crush a weaker sister. The world strides on, though defenceless and unfortunate ones continue to grind in this prison-house of bondage. The weaker must be submissive. There is sin in murmuring at the hard lot. Let the beast rush on rough-shod over the world; those who live for passion or for fashion care little. We, over whom the genius of Righteous Laws presides, think too little of the degradation of the multitude who bow their reluctant necks to the yoke which an ideal something called a church (not pure religion) imposes. The men of free countries, who never dreamed of diminished freedom, know little of the crushing power of a system that cannot flourish without the aid of concealment and hypocrisy. Only permit the people to become intelligent, allow them to know the great principles of the Bible, which teach the equality of men, and the divine right of listening to and obeying the dictates of conscience, and the mighty sweep of public opinion would soon brush every such cobweb-system from the face of the earth. The bristling bayonets of the most powerful Catholic countries, and the guns of St. Angelo, will prove powerless in the war of intellect, in the struggle of mind with mind. That Truth, which is mighty, shall prevail, and our prayer is that the young and blooming may be secured from the fatal snare set for their feet; that they may be delivered from the influence of a fashionable or vain wish to be romantic, or a worse wish to abandon society for imaginary and uncertain delights that never follow a course so devoid of wisdom, and of the sanction of the Word of God.

Let every one who can obtain this work read it, if for nothing else than to thank God for our security against so dreadful a snare, and the good fortune of living in a land where civil and religious liberty are enjoyed unmolested. May the author of this volume be spared to produce another as interesting and as profitable.

Bible House—Bible.—A magnificent superstructure, well worthy of its design, has been erected at the head of the Bowery, adapted to the amplified wants of the American Bible Society, with a large number of rooms finished in modern style to rent for various purposes, which will greatly reduce the interest of the money invested.

This noble structure speaks forth clearly the wisdom and foresight of the managers and their advisers, who projected and executed so excellent a plan for the ultimate weal and prosperity of the Society.

It may be looked upon as a monumental token of the estimate the Christian world set upon this precious book, the word of God, the word of eternal life.

Where can there be seen such an edifice for any benevolent society; one that does such honor to the enterprise of any Christian people? Here is the depository of that sacred Book which we receive as our chart and guide through the wondrous changes of our passing life.

How wonderful a book is the Bible when we consider how many millions of souls it has gained to heaven; to how many it has been a day-star from on high! It has been the book of the living and the book of the dying, the book of martyrs and confessors. How it has been valued by many of our ancestors! what tears of penitence and thankfulness have been dropped upon the Bible! Its very blank leaves have been filled with the history of the family, in the great events of life and death, so that they have become enduring records of a household's joys and griefs. Men have sought to bind up their history, and that of their families, with this book of God, and to embalm them, as it were, by this connection. Could a family Bible speak, how could it tell of comfort and patience communicated to the soul in the great water-floods of life, the soul kept steady in sorrow and sickness by its truth, the eye looking upon it with inexpressible interest, the hand clasping it, the finger resting upon some great and precious promise!

When viewed as given by the inspiration of God, how wonderful a book is the Bible! It is a more powerful witness to his existence, wisdom and benevolence, than the whole solar system. It spans like a rainbow the wide gulf of time; beginning with time, it ends also with it. It is wonderful for its antiquity. Its first book is older than any of the works of man's hand, or of his mind. The great objects of nature alone surpass it in age. It is now upwards of three thousand years since it began to be written. Time has destroyed already most of the works of man—his solemn temples, his gorgeous palaces, his

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cloud-capped towers; but it has not injured the Book of God. It has seen the proudest works of man sink into the dust. Many are the persecutions which it has suffered. Sometimes it has been burnt. Once the Law was lost for more than fifty years, till found by King Josiah. It has been at the peril of men's lives to read this volume. Often it has been reduced to a few copies, so that we might have feared its extinction, but a divine hand has preserved it through many perils, and transmitted down to our times, and it is to last, we are assured by our Saviour himself, to the end of the world. It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail. It is then to go down through all the ages to come, the hope of our children's children, and of unborn generations. It is to survive the last fire, and translated to heaven, from whence it came, it shall be one of the books opened on the judgment day. The word of our God shall abide forever.

Death in High Places.—Wm. R. King, the Vice-President of the United States, died, at his plantation in Alabama, on Monday evening last. He left Mobile in a steamer on Sunday, and scarcely had he reached his home ere his immortal spirit took its flight. His death was not unexpected, as his health had been gradually sinking under the disease with which he was afflicted, and all hopes of his recovery had fled before he left the Island of Cuba for his home.

It is a little singular that since the nominations for President of the United States were made, less than one year ago, death has visited the family of five of the candidates. Webster is dead; Gen. Pierce lost his little boy soon after the election, by a most distressing accident, when his own and wife's life were almost miraculously saved; Cass, Douglas and Fillmore, have each had to mourn the loss of their wives since the canvass. Surely death strikes in high places.

Harpers' Magazine.—This splendid monthly shines out twelve times a year with increasing popularity. It is so beautifully illustrated with cuts, and so well sustained in its original articles, that it has become a great favorite in all circles. How it can be afforded so cheap is surprising. It can be accounted for only on the ground of its immense circulation. In the April number there is quite a history of the Mormon religion, with various cuts and views of Salt Lake City, and their ceremonies. Abbott's history of Napoleon is continued with unabated interest. Indeed, all the articles are well prepared, and richly worth a perusal.

Dates.—The great difficulty of treasuring up historical incidents, is surmounted by fixing in the mind some of the most important dates, and connecting with them other and great events, which are always retained easily in the memory. Many persons could thus recall facts which would otherwise escape the mind, leaving no impression whatever.

The following furnish some very interesting eras to the student, and are worthy to be remembered.

They may be separated into two divisions—Ancient and Modern.

ANTI AND POST DELUVIAN.

The calling of Abraham,	(B. C.)	1921
Escape of the Israelites from Egypt,		1492
Building of the Temple,		1004
Battle of Marathon,		490
Reign of Alexander,		336
Destruction of Carthage,		146

Modern history is divided into early, middle, and recent. Perhaps the first remarkable epoch in early history is the Reign of Constantine the

Great,	(A. C.)	306
Fall of the Roman Empire,		401
Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina, (called the Hegira,)		622
Charlemagne crowned Emperor of Germany,		800
Greenland discovered by the Norwegians		982
Landing of William the Conqueror in England,		1066
The end of the Saracen Empire,		1258
Constantinople taken by the Turks,		1453
America discovered by Christopher Columbus,		1492
Abdication of Charles II.,		1656
Restoration of Charles II.,		1660
Revolutionary War in our country,		1776
Bonaparte dethroned,		1814

When these are well established in the mind, other events can be associated with the nearest period of the occurrence, and ever after easily located.

Lux in Tenebras, from the pen of Mrs. Sykes, we are allowed to quote from the Magazine for Mothers, by Mrs. Whittlesey. We are willing to select occasionally an article so well written, until Christian people patronize more generally religious and moral magazines, instead of the vapid and flowery. What is done for the interests of Religion, should be respected by those who have any respect for the church, and for revealed truth; but, we fear, the mass of Christian professors rush with greater eagerness for profitless tales, than for substantial truth.

Putnam's Monthly continues to rise in popularity and favor. The Dauphin story excites curiosity, and has produced a profound sensation in certain circles and sections.

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Modern Inventions.—Horace Mann thus sums up a few of the advantages of modern invention: "One boy, with a fourdrinier machine, will make more paper in twelve months, than all Egypt could have made in a hundred years, during the reign of the Ptolemies. One girl, with a power press, will strike off books faster than a million scribes could copy them before the invention of printing. One man, with an iron foundry, will turn out more utensils than Tubal-Cain could have forged, had he worked diligently till this time."

The Granite State.—Among other invited guests, we recently had the pleasure of a passage on the first trip of this splendid new steamer, which has just been completed to run between New York and Hartford. We were made duly sensible of the hospitalities usual on such occasions, and were much pleased with the whole interior arrangements, as well as the fine model, and strong and steady movement which this noble steamer made through the water. She is owned by C. W. Chapin & Co., of Springfield, and was built by Samuel Sneeden, at Green Point, and received her machinery at the Morgan Iron Works in this city. Length, 270 feet; 35 feet beam, 11 feet hold; diameter of wheels 35 feet; engine, 300 horse power, 52-inch cylinder and 12 feet stroke. Besides a spacious cabin, which is unusually well ventilated, there are forty state-rooms contiguous to the splendidly furnished saloon above deck, all arranged in the nicest manner for human comfort. The boat has accommodations for 500 passengers; and, in case of fire or shipwreck, there are life-preservers within every man's reach, and force pumps in different locations for extinguishing fire. It is a gratifying fact that the commerce between these two cities is so steadily growing as to require so soon another boat on the line, equal in magnificence and capacity to the City of Hartford, which took her place last June, and runs on alternate days. Capt. Joseph King is to command the new boat, a thorough seaman and most efficient officer. Success to the new enterprise.

Beautiful Clothing.—Mr. Foster, whose advertisement is on another page, can be commended as a gentleman and a workman, as reliable and fashionable in the apparel of different kinds which he gets made by faithful workmen for the trade. Ready-made clothing, as he gets it up, seems equally as good as that made to order. He is constantly filling orders for all parts of the country, and such has been the public demand for his beautiful garments, that he is compelled to increase the facilities of his manufacturing department.

So clever and accommodating a gentleman is not always to be found. We ask our friends to try his clothing.

Boys' Seminary.—Mr. R. E. Rice, A.M., of Stamford, Ct.. has a most excellent classical and mathematical school for boys, which from personal acquaintance with its management we can commend most cheerfully and heartily. There is room, we understand, for three or four more lads in the family, which accommodates a limited number. From the healthy locality, the Christian refinement and intelligence of the society, we think our city and Southern friends will be pleased to offer at once their patronage.

If fidelity, perseverance, and talent merit reward and patronage, certainly Mr. R. E. Rice deserves it.

Hudson River Railroad—Is becoming more prosperous than ever. The gentlemanly Superintendent and Directors are determined to lend every possible facility to perfect the road, and facilitate the safety and convenience of the travelling public. The comparative safety of Railroad travelling induces many to elect it, notwithstanding steamboat travelling is cheaper. Success to these iron arteries of our Republican country. May they carry healthy blood to every part of the body.

Harlem Railroad.—We enjoyed a pleasant ride over this road to the junction at Chatham, and should be dull not to admire the scenery, and notice the advantages of the road, when slides or freshets prevent the passage over other parallel roads to points east or west from Chatham. The cars are new and good, the officers are gentlemanly, and the time made is satisfactory. The road deserves, as it will enjoy, prosperity.

Myer's Universum.—This is a monthly issue, making at the end of the year a book of steel engravings, with their descriptions, about equal in size and shape to the common choir, singing, or tune books. The plates are all beautifully executed by skilful artists, and exhibit many views familiar to the eye, and some never before engraved.

The Messrs. Carter, of New York, announce that they will issue D'Aubigne's fifth volume of the History of the Reformation early in May. It will treat of the Reformation in England. Of course, everybody will be eager to read it.

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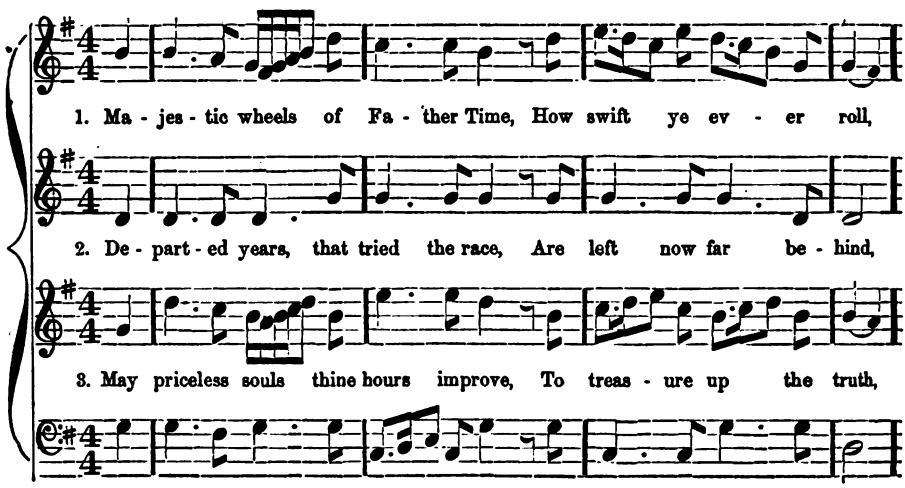
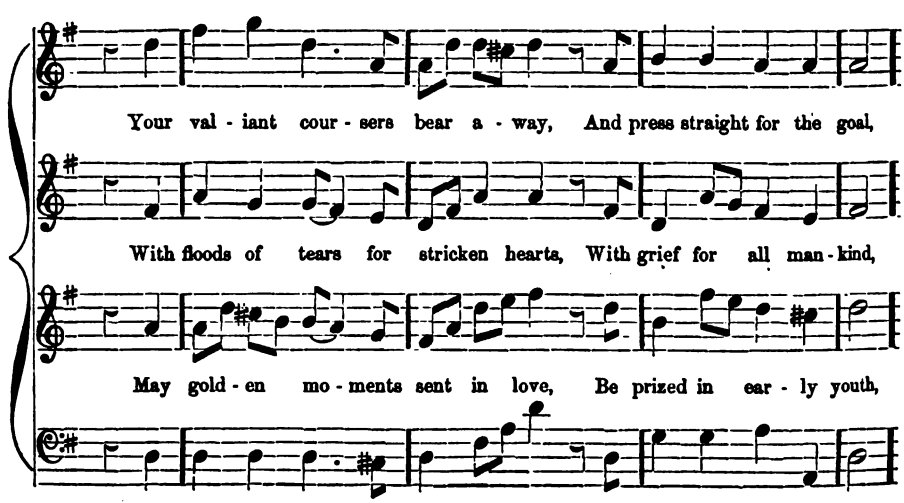
The Value of Time.

Words by F. JANES. Music by THOMAS CLARK.


1. Ma - jes - tic wheels of Fa - ther Time, How swift ye ev - er roll,
2. De - part - ed years, that tried the race, Are left now far be - hind,
3. May priceless souls thine hours improve, To treas - ure up the truth,

Your val - iant cour - sers bear a - way, And press straight for the goal,
With floods of tears for stricken hearts, With grief for all man - kind,
May gold - en mo - ments sent in love, Be prized in ear - ly youth,

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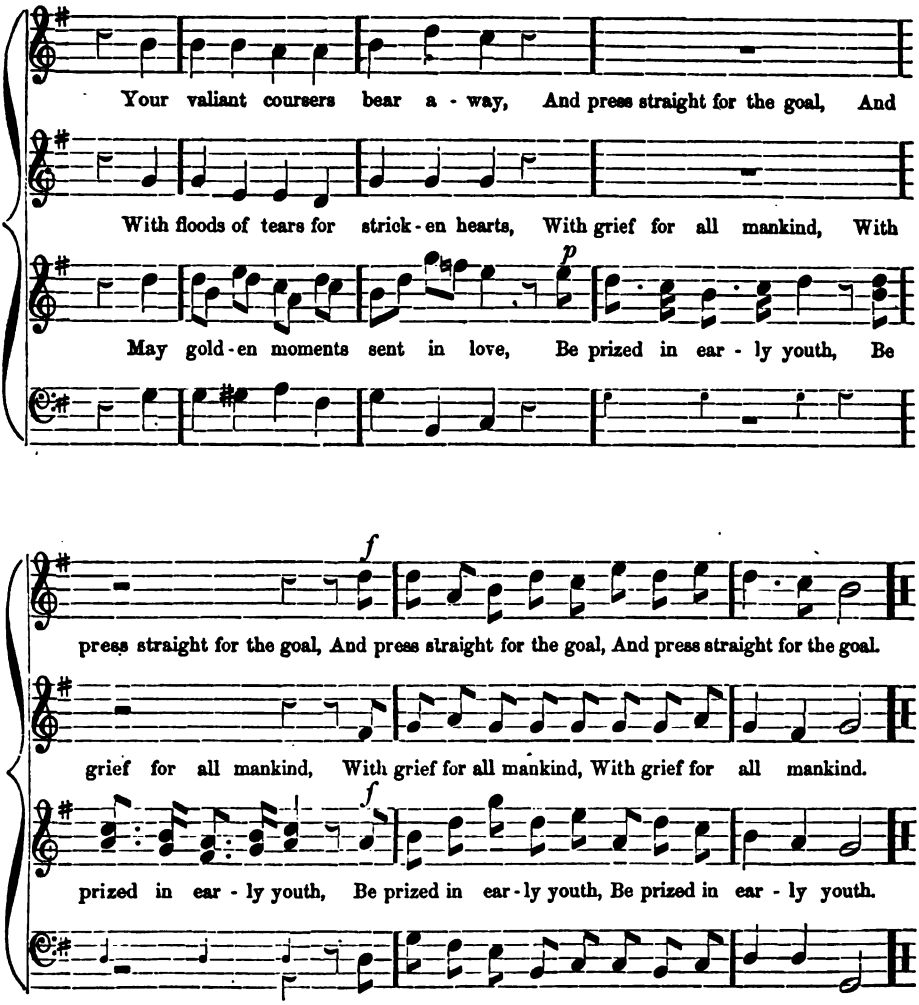
Your valiant coursers bear a - way, And press straight for the goal, And
With floods of tears for strick - en hearts, With grief for all mankind, With
May gold - en moments sent in love, Be prized in ear - ly youth, Be
p
press straight for the goal, And press straight for the goal, And press straight for the goal.
f
grief for all mankind, With grief for all mankind, With grief for all mankind.
prized in ear - ly youth, Be prized in ear - ly youth, Be prized in ear - ly youth.
f

4.

Nor earnest prayer by mortals made,
Nor groans, nor sighs, nor tears,
Nor toils of friends for souls unsaved,
Can keep them from their fears.

5.

The grace of life, if in thine heart,
When scenes of life shall close,
When time and ye must ever part,
Will be as Sharon's rose.

6.

Such power of greatness and of might,
As saved the soul with love,
Now beautifies a world of light,
Shines radiant from above.

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Book Notices.

A Gospel Glass, Representing the miscarriages of professors; or a call from heaven to sinners and saints, by repentance and reformation to prepare to meet God. By Lewis Stuckley. Robert Carter & Brothers.

This work was first published in 1667. The author was one of the ejected ministers who were willing to "suffer the loss of all things" for the service of Christ. The design of the work is, (to use his own language,) "to reduce professors to a more awful, humble, serious repentance towards God, and singular conversation before men." Dr. Ryland pronounces it a very valuable assistant in the duty of self-examination, and an "excellent, pungent, and heart-searching work"

Startling Questions. By Rev. J. C. Ryle. Carter & Brothers.

A series of most clear, direct, earnest, awakening addresses to the reader on the great things of the soul's salvation. We could wish to see it widely circulated. It speaks with no muffled voice. It brings home to every man the most weighty questions, and urges them with kind and faithful plainness.

Christian Titles: A Series of Practical Meditations. By Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. Carter & Brothers.

In these familiar lectures, which were delivered to his congregation, Dr. Tyng contemplates the various names by which the people of God are described in the Scriptures. Each of them presents a distinct view of human duty. We need not say that the volume is full of excellent thought and instruction. It is published in handsome style, and is ornamented with an engraving of St. George's Church and Rectory. Perhaps the name does not fully set forth its object. It is entirely a practical description of the titles which the christian bears; and affords help and assistance in the pathway of life and holiness, and is as well adapted to family reading, as almost any work published at the present day.

Clara Stanley; or, a Summer among the Hills. By the Author of "Aunt Edith." Carter & Brothers.

A very attractive little book, and one fitted to make good impressions. It is written in an unusually clear and pleasing style, and its influence is directed to the object of showing the preciousness of evangelical piety.

The Bible Hymn Book. Edited by Rev. Horatius Bonar. Carter & Brothers.

A collection of hymns illustrating passages of scripture. To the familiar hymns, many have been added by the editor. The book will be found a pleasant one for family use, and suitable for a gift book. It was prepared in consequence of the death of a beloved son who had loved these hymns, and had wished that what he enjoyed so much might be put within the reach of others.

The Bible Companion, designed for the assistance of Bible classes, families and young students of the Scriptures. By Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway.

There is, we are happy to believe, increasing attention to the worth of the Bible, and the importance of its prayerful study. This is an 18mo, 150 pages, and is all that the caption indicates. It is a fit companion for any and every student of the Bible, and will impart a vast quantity of information for the elucidation of various passages of the divine word, and serve as a key to many obscure things which can be more profitably examined with such help. We hail it as a most charming auxiliary to Bible instruction, which teachers should not fail to possess.

Memoir of Mrs. Harriet N. Cook. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 18mo, 200 pages. Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway.

This is a valuable little reminiscence of a devoted christian lady, who died in the midst of her hopes, her enjoyments and usefulness. We see the tokens of christian refinement, and excellence of character, which adorn the fireside, which fitly fill the place of wife and mother, and qualify for usefulness in every intelligent circle. No one can read this attentively without his heart being touched, and earnestly coveting the enjoyment of a holier life. Let it have a wide circulation.

Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, with other of his Poems, are published by the Carters, in a beautiful and attractive style; well illustrated with excellent wood-cuts.

It makes a neat gift book, and will probably have a large sale.

Carlotina and the Jesuits. John S. Taylor, 17 Ann St.

This profoundly interesting narrative is written by E. Farrance. The typography and paper are very good, and the work is issued in good style.

A novel in such an attractive form, so true to nature, so correctly drawn in matter of fact, will be inquired for, purchased and read. The whole tendency is so happy, the moral and religious tone is so unexceptionable, that we earnestly hope it will gain a wider circulation than even Uncle Tom's Cabin, that now goes rapidly even in foreign languages.

Reflections on Flowers. By J. T. Harvey. John S. Taylor.

This is a beautiful little 18mo, illustrated with a great variety of Flora's most charming flowers.

It is a beautiful little epitome of botany in flowers, and imparts lessons of heavenly wisdom, by drawing moral instruction from the delicate flowers bending before the soft breathings of sunset. Through this medium we look on the works of God in a new and improved light. In flowers there is a metaphorical import of things unseen and eternal. We have a perception of property in hill and dale, in field and flood, through our general heirship with Christ our elder brother.

Salander and the Dragon: A Romance of the Hartz Prison. By F. W. Shelton, M.A. John S. Taylor, 17 Ann Street.

The world is full of distraction and envy. Can any medicine cure it? Nothing but a looking-glass for slanderers to see themselves in their ugly and hateful colors. This little allegory is neatly got up, and beautifully written, and aside from the practical truths it enforces, it is enchanting like Pilgrim's Progress; it will equally interest the youthful reader, and should be in all the Sabbath school and family libraries.

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OURNAL OF A POOR VICAR. From the German of Zchokke. John S. Taylor, 17 Ann Street.

Many a touching tale more exciting and strange than romance might be written concerning the chequered scenes in the life of a Vicar, or Clergyman and his family. There is much that is pathetic and tender in the rehearsal, and well calculated to excite the holiest emotions and tenderest feelings in the heart of the reader. Let the work be read, and it will long be remembered as a fragrant reminiscence, and the characters will be much admired.

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD AN AMERICAN FRIGATE. By N. P. Willis. Just published by Chas. Scribner, 145 Nassau Street, N. Y.

The authorship of this book is a sufficient guarantee of its value. His usual entertaining style, the vivid pictures he draws, and the peculiar interest of the subjects themselves, all conspire to render this one of the most attractive volumes. It is a panorama of the Mediterranean. The reader seems to visit every place of interest, and permitted to gaze minutely on every ancient city and town. It is worthy of a place in every man's library. We hope it may have as extensive a sale as it deserves.

THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE. By S. T. Arthur. Published by Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street, N. Y.

A highly entertaining and instructive volume, teaching a most important social lesson that is too often unheeded. It is written in a very fascinating style, and yet with a directness and earnestness of purpose that keeps in view the grand object to be attained. That object is gained in the sequel, with a power that ought to warn all against mercenary marriages. Those who make a life-bargain on the money principle commit an error that often proves fatal to their social happiness. Read this book and see it exemplified.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY, in Twelve Lectures. By J. B. DODS. FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau Street.

Let what will be said of the philosophy, the lectures are instructive, and the phenomena are of a most interesting nature.

The fact that our most distinguished senators invited Prof. Dods to the Halls of Congress to give a course of lectures, speaks well of the author's reputation.

The lectures are valuable, and will be examined thoughtfully by a large and increasing number of disciples to this theory.

But aside from the peculiarity of the subject, there is commingled with the lectures more or less science, for the interest of the reader.

SERMONS. By Rev. H. Melvill. Stanford & Swords, 137 Broadway.

These Sermons were written and delivered by England's most gifted and popular pulpit orator. They are superior models for young divines, and fraught with rare instruction for families and private readers. Spending his fullest energies upon one sermon during a week, and possessed of towering native intellect, it is not to be wondered that the audience, drawn together from different parts of England's Great Metropolis, should be immense, and composed of lovers of eloquence, both infidel and christian.

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS. By Jane G. Swisshelm. J. C. Riker, 129 Fulton Street, N. Y.

These Letters are no less amusing than profitable. The style of the celebrated author is unique and popular. The plainest and most profitable every-day truths are told in a quaint and nonchalant manner, and the readers who need these home thrusts are kept in the best possible humor to the end. Let every one who desires to know about the practicals of life, how to be contented, happy and useful, buy and read this volume.

PARADISE LOST. By John Milton. With Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By Rev. James R. Boyd, Author of Elements of Rhetoric, &c. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

The notes by Boyd are valuable for the student and the private reader. They contain important information concerning times, places, and historic events, and critical notes of superior literary merit. He seldom fails in giving the meaning of the author.

This beautiful edition is well printed, on fine paper, and illustrated with steel engravings. It is an octavo of over 550 pages, with copious notes from other literary men besides the author, who have made the book a careful study.

Milton's great thoughts sweep over so wide a range, and encircle so vast a sum of ideas, ethical and spiritual, that it cannot be read without a deep sense of its profound and exalted excellence.

Prof. Boyd and the publishers deserve well of their country.

MY HOME IN TASMANIA. By Mrs. C. Meredith. Bunce & Brother, 134 Nassau Street.

Is a very entertaining and romantic history of the author's residence in Australia, during the time her husband was connected with the police magistracy.

The work was first published in England, and from its great literary merit, will be much sought after in this country. Those who are going to Australia, or who have friends there, will feel an interest to learn more about the peculiarities of the country, the climate, the productions, and the inhabitants. This pleasing narrative will richly repay a perusal.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE; with an outline of the origin and growth of the English Language, illustrated by extracts. By William Spalding, A. M. D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway.

This is a text book for teachers, and an excellent work for such students and others who may want a treatise on the origin and history of the English Language.

The origin of the English Language is too little known. This work makes up a deficiency long desired and necessary.

KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By H. B. STOWE. J. P. Jewett & Co., No. 17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston. L. J. BATES, Agent, 48 Beekman Street, New York.

These are said to be the facts and documents on which the story is founded.

The Key displays considerable research, and exhibits the testimony of many southern men and southern prints; beside letters from various individuals who once resided south.

MATRIMONY; or, Love Affairs in our Village, Twenty Years Ago. By Mrs. Caustic. M. W. Dodd.

A series of sketches from private life, designed to call the young, and especially young Christian Professors, to a consideration of the follies which pervade fashionable circles. It is a book full of zest, true to the living manners, abounding in valuable hints, and holding up the standard of true religion. It will be eagerly sought after by those who have a hint of its character, and it will richly repay the perusal.

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THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, a Scientific Treatise on Agricultural Chemistry, the Geology of Agriculture, on Plants, Animals, &c. By J. A. NASH, Instructor of Agriculture in Amherst College, &c. C. M. Saxton. Price 50 cts.

This work is all it professes to be, and as a guaranty of its excellence, it should be remarked, it is adopted by the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, after a thorough examination by its intelligent members.

It should be in the family of every one who pretends to be acquainted at all with farming, or who lives a country life. It is full of practical instruction to gardeners and others, as well as farmers, and in very concise and systematic manner, brings to notice many things that will contribute to the comfort and welfare of the human family.

EVERY-DAY SCRIPTURE READINGS. By Rev. John L. Blake, D.D. G. P. Putnam & Co.

This volume is designed to furnish the beauties of the Bible, and to present also a pretty well connected outline of Sacred History. It contains nearly 500 large 12mo. pages. It may be used as a class book in schools. The chapters are accompanied by brief reviews and practical observations. The author states that the work is not designed to supersede, or even to diminish the habitual use of the entire Bible. But he thinks that these selections may be acceptable in many schools where the entire Bible will not be read in course; and that the influence of the book will be to increase the amount of Bible reading in the community. The selections are judiciously made, and the observations gathered from the writings of Scott, Henry, McKnight, Horne, and others.

WOMAN IN HER VARIOUS RELATIONS; containing practical rules for American Females, etc., etc. By Mrs. L. G. Abell. R. T. Young, 140 Fulton Street.

This very practical work is from the pen of one of the excellent among American females, who lately deceased. There is a straightforward clearness and simplicity in her style which is pleasing, and an honest aim and utility about her writings which will cause her to be long remembered. The fragrance of her charming influence as an author will be continued a long time after others are forgotten. In the whole range of works on domestic duties and home life, we know not where to look for a better or more useful one.

We hope it will be extensively circulated and read.

CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATED, INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF THE PANAMA AND NICARAGUA ROUTES. By J. M. Letts. With 48 Illustrations. R. T. Young, 140 Fulton Street.

This is the second thousand of this interesting book. Mining life comes nearer to barbarism than Christianity in its practical bearings, but in the mines of this new El Dorado there are many who endeavor to and doubtless do lead moral and Christian lives. The author has seen and recorded facts that passed under notice. The illustrations are pronounced true, and give a glimpse of the *interior life* of a miner. Lovers of good reading, especially those fond of reading exciting stories, will devour this book. Fifty years ago, such adventures and such rehearsals would be marvels. The wood-cuts of the different ports, places, and scenes, give unusual interest to the narrative.

All who think of emigrating there, or who have been there, or have friends there, will be entertained especially.

MARBLE YARDS.—We seldom see rarer specimens of Marble from Italy than Mr. Joseph Lippitt can show from his Vermont Quarry. We have seen beautiful pieces of Statuary, Monuments, and Mantels from this American Marble, and it is confidently affirmed that no Quarry of Marble in any country can furnish that which will as well endure this climate when used as Gravestones or Monuments. Mr. Lippitt may be seen at his office, corner of Greenwich and Clarkson streets, where he will take pleasure in showing his elegant specimens.

TUTTLE'S EMPORIUM,

345 BROADWAY.

Why TUTTLE makes the nursery
A paradise of pleasure,
And with the nurses far and near,
His name's a household treasure.

The babies lisp it, ere they know
A coal-pit from coal-scuttle;
Mamma's the first word that they speak—
The second one is TUTTLE.

MUSIC.

We have lately received from the well-known firm of Hall & Son, 239 Broadway:

1. "Sweet lady, speak those words again," by Percival Carleton. Song.
2. Naiad Schottisch, by Wm. Jucho.
3. Aramanda Schottisch, by F. Rietzel.
4. My Aunty's Polka, by J. G. Maeder.
5. Trot Gallop. No. 7 of Dressler's Musical Scrap Book.
6. "They've sold me down the river," by G. F. Wurzell.
7. Woman's Rights, by Fanny Fern.
8. Little Sis Polka, by Eugene W. Baylor.

No. 2 is very new and pretty—will doubtless be a favorite Schottisch.

No. 4, a well arranged and pleasing Polka.

No. 5 is quite pretty, and well adapted to beginners.

KNOX & JAMES, HATTERS AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF HATS AND FURS, ETC., 128 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.—The business of this establishment is so very prosperous, that Knox & James are constrained to open another branch house for their business up town, under the Prescott House, opposite the Collamore. In their new and elegant store they are doing a fine business to accommodate the lovers of good hats. The beauty, ease, and gracefulness of their spring hats exhibit high artistic taste, and should be worn to be appreciated.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SHOES, BOOTS, &c.—From a long business acquaintance, we can cordially recommend Mr. Wm. Wright, who keeps a Boot and Shoe store on the North-east corner of Greenwich and Murray streets, to the patronage of those of our out-of-town readers who may have occasion to visit the city, and be in need of articles in the boot and shoe line. We also recommend him to our town subscribers, who have not the good fortune to know of a fair and gentlemanly shoe dealer. He has just opened a new and fashionable stock of ladies' and gentlemen's boots and shoes, of all kinds; and his motto *always* is, that "the nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling."

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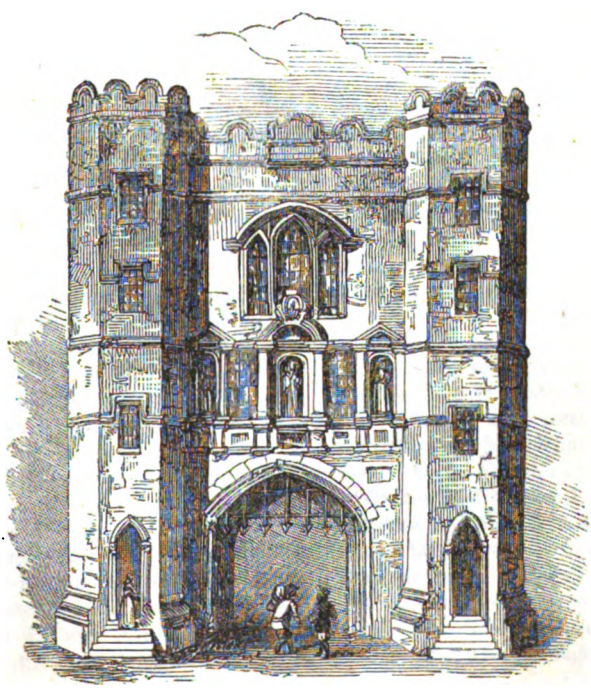
SWARTHMOOR HALL.



OLD NEWGATE PRISON.

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

PILGRIMAGES TO ENGLISH SHRINES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

From the London Art-Journal.

A DISTINGUISHED American observed to us, not long ago, that "of all lawgivers there are none whose names shine so brightly on the page of history as do those of George Washington and William Penn," both of whom he claimed for his country. The former was, indeed, truly a great man; perhaps of all patriots who ever lived he is the one most "without spot or blemish"—pure, faithful, unselfish, devoted: yet, all things considered, it may be that William Penn is entitled to even higher admiration: the one nurtured in liberty, became its high priest; the other cradled in luxury, lived to endure a long and fierce struggle with oppression: and yet amid sore temptations and seductive flatteries, he passed, with the innate consciousness of genius, and a human desire of approbation, conquering not only others but himself, and finally doing justice among the "Red-men" of a new country whom all his predecessors had sought to pillage and destroy. The sense of RIGHT must indeed have been of surpassing strength in the nature of William Penn. In an age fertile of slander against every act of virtue, and of calumny as regarded all good men, the marvel is how his reputation has descended to us so unscathed; living, as he did, with those who make us blush for England, and often in contact with the low-minded and the false who were ever on the watch to do him wrong, still the evil imputed to him is little, if it be any, more than tradition; while his goodness is to this day as a beacon, casting its clear light over the waves of the Atlantic, and his name a watchword of honor and a synonym for probity and philanthropy.

It is a joy and a comfort to turn over the pages of this great man's life; to view him as a statesman, acting upon Christian principles in direct opposition to the ordinary policy of the world; and it was to us a source of high enjoyment, to reflect upon his eventful career, while spending, during the past summer, some sunny days wandering amid scenes in Buckinghamshire,—in places which bear his honored name. In Penn Wood there are trees yet in all the vigor of a green old age, beneath the shadow of which the peaceful lawgiver of Pennsylvania might have pondered on the true and rational liberty he would have gladly died to establish.

There is one spot—the most hallowed of them all—of which we shall write presently: a simple, quiet, resting-place, for those who have gone to sleep in peace; but, ere we pause at this Shrine, we must recall the lawgiver, amid the billows of life, buffeting the waves which in the end floated him into a haven of rest.

The family of William Penn were of Buckinghamshire, and from them sprang the Penns of Penn's Lodge, on the edge of Bradon Forest; from the Penns of Penn's Lodge *our* William Penn came in direct descent. His father was, by profession, far other than a man of peace. He was one of England's rough bulwarks, braving

"The battle and the breeze;"

obtained professional distinction while almost a boy; commanded (in 1665) the fleet which Crom-

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well sent against Hispaniola; and, after the Restoration, behaved so gallantly in a sea-fight against the Dutch, that he was knighted, and was "received," runs the chronicle, "with all the marks of private friendship at court." Charles II.'s "private" friendship could have been of small value to Admiral Penn: indeed, he seemed to have cared little which was in the ascendant —King or Commonwealth; but his sailor-nature *did* care for the glory of England, and he improved her navy in several important departments. Admiral Sir William Penn married Margaret, the daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam, and in due time the fair Dutchwoman's son became the "PROPRIETOR" of Pennsylvania. William was born in the parish of St. Catherine's, Tower Hill, on the 14th day of October, 1644; doubtless his mother left her home at Wanstead in Essex to be confined in London, although the neighborhood of the Tower could not have been a very quiet retreat. The beat of the drum and the blast of the trumpet must have often disturbed the couch of the young mother. The fashionable world of those days knew nothing of the "west end," except from the salubrity of its fields and mulberry gardens, and the locality of Tower Hill was well adapted to suit the taste and calling of the Admiral, who had there chosen his "town house."

In due time the mother and child returned to Wanstead; and the Archbishop of York having a little time previously founded a grammar school at Chigwell, the embryo lawgiver was sent there at a very early age, where he was sufficiently near the family residence to give his mother the opportunity of frequently seeing her beloved son.

The localities thus connected with the early life of Penn are on the borders of Epping Forest, and although but a few miles from London, lie in a district but little visited. Wanstead is a picturesque spot, and the village green, with its thickly planted over-arching trees, and large red-brick houses, give it still an air of old-fashioned dignity. We are pleased with the aspect of the place, and left it with regret to journey on to Chigwell. The latter is an old and silent village; the church, with its row of arching yews; the large inn opposite, with its deep gables and bowed windows, and the entire character of the village carried the mind insensibly back. The school is an ivy-covered building; and the room in which the after governor of Pennsylvania was educated bears traces of considerable antiquity.

The temperament of William Penn was sensitive and enthusiastic; and must have caused his parents much anxiety. It is certain, that while at Chigwell, his mind became seriously impressed on the great subject of religion. The Admiral, we may suppose, if he knew of this impression, would not have regarded it favorably; and if it were known to him, it made him hasten his son's departure from Chigwell, for the following year we find him at school near his birthplace on Tower Hill, and most likely at a *day* school, for his father, to augment his scholarship, kept a private tutor for him at his own home. Sir William had high hopes for this darling child. His talents were of a lofty order, his accomplishments were many, and he won all hearts by his captivating manners. When fifteen, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. There, without neglecting his studies, he took great delight in manly sports and in the society of his companions, numbering among his friends Robert Spenser and John Locke; but though the seed may remain long in the earth and give no sign of life, if the soil be but favorable, it will spring up as surely as it has been sown—to "bring forth fruit in due season."

About this time a certain Thomas Loe was drawn into what his college considered the heresy of Quakerism, and, like all sincere men who believe they have discovered truth, he sought to win others over to his new faith, or rather to a purifying of the old. Accordingly, the meetings and devotional exercises of him and his friends gave offence to the heads of the college, who fined all of them for nonconformity. This opposition strengthened their determination to persevere; and those who had been simply devotional, rushed into fanaticism. While these youths were fusing in the fire of increased zeal, a command from Charles II., to Oxford, directed that the surplice should be worn according to the custom of ancient times. His Majesty loved to see religion in full dress—outward pomp seemed to him a good excuse for absence of the vital principle—but William Penn, his friend Robert Spenser, and others who believed that the robe would impair the spirituality, fell upon the students who appeared *en robe* and tore the dresses to pieces—for which they were all expelled. There was much more of the father's spirit, than of the mother's gentleness, in this outbreak; but his father was not moved to approbation thereby; on the contrary, he was sorely grieved; the Admiral was terror-stricken at his son's becoming "religious;" he knew that Quakers were men who professed to hold all worldly distinctions in contempt—whose political principles were hardly defined, but who refused to remain uncovered in the presence even of Royalty—whose plain

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speech, and uncompromising faith, left no loopholes for "excuses" or "expedients"—whose nay was nay—whose yea was yea—without "*compromise*;" and, above all, who were men of peace. It was not to be expected that a hero such as Admiral Penn, could have endured the idea of his son—endowed with all the accomplishments that charm society, and the high qualities which engrave their possessor's name on the page of history—subsiding into Quakerism in the days of his youth; hiding his fortunes beneath a broad-brimmed hat; and abandoning for ever the graces of society—the established learning of the schools; and what was far more dear to the Admiral, the sword—then the badge and birthright of the English gentleman.

Even in this more tolerant age, when no sorrow or misfortnne visits our country without testing and proving the social value of the Quakers, as most faithful laborers in the cause of charity and most loyal and peaceful subjects—even we can fancy the rage of some old Admiral—the very Hotspur of the ocean—if his son were found guilty of going over to sectarianism; deserting his church being in his eyes almost as criminal as deserting his gun. Admiral Penn was so annoyed at William's conduct, that he turned him out of doors, well-beloved as he was. There is no record of William Penn's conduct at this time; probably he had not been sufficiently schooled into forbearance to endure patiently; and yet when his father's wrath subsided, his mother's tears and entreaties prèvailed; overcome by his own affectionate nature on the one hand, and her expostulations on the other, the father forgave the son, who was again sheltered beneath his roof; but not long destined to remain there.

The unenviable distinction which France enjoys of being the country where no serious thought can arrive at maturity, tempted Sir William to send his son to Paris. Foreign travel was then considered indispensable to the gentleman, and he, doubtless, thought that the gaieties of Paris would do more towards emancipating young Penn from the thraldom of sectarianism than the reproof of the college, or his repented-of severity. It is believed that for a time his father's wishes were gratified; but only one anecdote is preserved of his conduct there, and that tells greatly to his honor. He was attacked one night by a person who drew his sword upon him in consequence of a supposed affront. A conflict ensued, proving that the youth had not in all things conformed to the habit of those whose influence was so dreaded by his father. William disarmed his antagonist, but spared his life, when, according to the record of all those who relate the fact, he could have taken it; thus exhibiting, says Gerard Crosse, a testimony not only of his courage, but of his forbearance.

But if touched by the dissipations of Paris, he was not tainted by them.* In 1662 and 1663, we find him residing with a Protestant minister of Calvinistic faith, the very learned M. Amyrault, of Saumur, whose character and works recommended him to the notice of Cardinal Richelieu, who imparted to him his design of uniting the two churches.

The privilege of receiving instruction from such a man was appreciated as it deserved by William Penn; the teaching of the schools is widely different from the knowledge communicated by the wise and true to a docile and eager pupil, in the comparative silence and solitude of a private family. At Saumur, Penn pondered over "the Fathers," became more deeply interested in theology, and labored diligently to acquire a perfect knowledge of the French language; from thence he proceeded to Turin, where he received a letter from his father, informing him of his taking sea against the Dutch, and commanding his immediate return to England. The Admiral was perhaps too busied to inquire much as to the state of his son's mind;—satisfied, as many are, with the ease and grace to which foreign travel seldom fails to mould the young, he commended his improvement, and Lincoln's Inn had the honor of receiving William Penn as a student for a year, when the "great plague" set him free from the dry, but—as regarded his future—useful study of the law.

The sacred fire kindled in his bosom, though it smouldered for a time, was never extinguished. The awful visitation that had driven him from Lincoln's Inn was well calculated to revive his more serious thoughts and lead them from the present to the future. The fatal pestilence had

* It has been said, indeed, that at this period of his life he dallied with the enervating pleasures of the time; we have not only no evidence of this, but the supposition is inconsistent with his indignant exclamation, when before the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Robinson, who charged him with having "been as bad as other folks," "abroad and at home too," which elicited from William Penn the following: "I make this bold challenge to all men, women and children, upon earth, justly to accuse me with ever having seen me *drunk*, heard me *swear*, utter a *curse*, or speak one *obscene word* (much less that I ever made it my practice;) I speak this to GOD'S GLORY, that has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions, and that from a child, begot an hatred in me towards them;" concluding his outbreak thus: "Thy words shall be thy burthen, and I trample thy *slander* as *dirt* under my feet."

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not subdued the restless spirit of religious controversy; men cried more loudly than ever, "I am of Paul," "and I of Apollos." But, for a time, he spoke less and pondered more; he had completed his twenty-first year, and with his manly robe, assumed a grave and manly bearing. His father returned from the expedition flushed with glory and triumph; but his proud pulses beat less quickly when he noted the gravity of his son, and his evident leaning towards serious matters. Again he determined to change the scene, and draughted him to the viceregal court of Ireland, then glowing with the brightness and animation of the accomplished Duke of Ormond. The means were too violent for the end: the young man grew disgusted with the court and courtly doings. The Admiral, fertile in expedients, then turned over to him the management of his Irish estates in the county of Cork.

The task was after his son's own heart, and he performed it to admiration; this occupation most likely sowed the seed of his wisdom in territorial management, and as there were no gaieties to annoy or perplex him, he might have continued long to delight his father in this capacity, but for the accident of his hearing William Loe, the layman of Oxford, preach at a Quaker's meeting in Cork from the text,—"There is a faith which overcomes the world, and there is a faith which is overcome by the world." This convinced him of the necessity for religious vitality, and at length he was, according to the custom of those "rare old times," apprehended at a Quakers' meeting in Cork, and thereupon committed to prison; but, thanks to Lord Orrery, his term in "the dark prison-house" was not long. His nature was strengthened in his new faith, as all noble natures are, by the invigorating power of persecution; for

> "—who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
> Against a champion cased in adamant."

From this time all wavering and indecision passed away, and he was considered a confirmed Quaker. Sir William, refusing to believe that every means he had taken to dispel, had but established, his son's faith, commanded his return. It would seem that at first William Penn desired to meet his father's wishes, were it possible to do so. His adherence to what was called the ceremony of the "hat," and his communion only with those of the same faith, convinced the Admiral that he embraced the "heresy" more fondly than ever. The stormy and sorely-tried father used every means in his power to get his son even to appear to the world what he was not. The great point of dispute, the wearing or not wearing the *hat* in the presence of Royalty, may seem to us a light matter; but it was not so to "the Friends," and is not so to this day. And so the father again turned the son from beneath the shelter of his roof, a houseless and moneyless wanderer. His situation would have been most pitiable, but for his mother's watchful tenderness and affection.

The young Quaker now put forth his faith in printed books, which ended in his being committed to the Tower. His imprisonment was rigid, but he wrote continuously; and in one tract, "Innocency with her open Face," explained away the anti-christian charges made against his faith. After seven months' incarceration he was liberated. He left the gloom of the prison to attend the death-bed of William Loe, his friend and guide. And then the heart of his father yearned towards him; the Admiral could not but respect his son's earnestness and consistency of purpose; the chords of both were the same, but they were tuned in different keys, and for different ends. He relented gradually, giving permission to the *mother* again to receive her son, and sanctioning his resuming the management of his Irish property.

He performed to admiration the duties with which he was intrusted; and on his return to England was received with open arms by a father no longer stern or unforgiving; his mother had the joy of seeing them once more united. Nor does it appear that his son's after disputations, or preachings, or imprisonments, caused any new breach between them, though we find the young "Friend" preaching in Gracechurch-street, and expressing his opinions so freely upon various matters, that he was, with another of the Society, one William Mead, seized upon by constables, conveyed at once to Newgate, where they were left until the following session, and then had the good fortune to be tried by one of the most steadfast and earnest juries ever impannelled, even in England. The indignities endured both by prisoners and jury can hardly be credited; but ultimately the Quakers were liberated upon the payment of a fine, which was privately discharged by Sir William Penn.

When William Penn was freed from the Tower, it may be remembered that he passed from its walls to the death-bed of his spiritual father, William Loe, and he hastened from the loathsome cells of Newgate to the death-bed of his earthly father, whose career was terminating at an age when men calculate on length of days to enjoy the repose which is so needful as the evening of life approaches. At the age of forty-nine, his warring but chastened spirit passed to the God who gave

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both peace and Christian wisdom to his latter days. It throws, however, a good deal of light on the "king-loving" habit which was made a cruel reproach to William Penn's after course, by those who could not separate the *man* from the monarch—to remember, that in his last illness, indeed towards its termination, Admiral Penn, foreseeing that while the existing laws of the country remained, his son would have many trials and much suffering to undergo, sent one of his friends to the Duke of York to entreat him as a deathbed request, that he would endeavor to protect his son as far as he consistently could, and to ask the King to do the same in case of future persecution. The answer was such as the Admiral deserved, and for once the *Stuart* promise was faithfully kept; be it also remembered, the Duke of York had previously befriended the young Quaker, who was personally attached to him; and all know that every member of the house of Stuart possessed an extraordinary power of attaching to them those they desired to bring under their influence.

Now that he was his own master, with a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year, it would be impossible, within our limits, to trace his career abroad and at home, remarkable as it was for spiritual zeal, activity of body and mind, close penmanship in his closet, and so many perils and imprisonments, that he might compete with holy Paul in the eloquent list of perils and trials. At one time he published "The People's Ancient and Just Liberties Asserted;" then he disputes with Jeremy Ives touching Baptist matters at Wycomb; then he lets fly a barbed arrow against Popery; is again taken up, and sent first to the Tower, and then to Newgate, for preaching; yet imprisonment no way damped his zeal, but seemed only to give him time for letters, essays, pamphlets, addressess. He was never more fluent—never more industrious than when in bonds; his spirit of endurance, his hope, his enterprise, were astonishing. He no sooner quitted Newgate than he travelled into Germany and Holland, seeking and making converts. Returning when in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he sought and found a loving and lovely wife, Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett of Darling, in Sussex. For a brief time he enjoyed the quiet of domestic happiness, at Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, but he would not, perhaps he could not, give up for domestic tranquillity the life of excitement, wherein he had cast his lot; and in those days there was always something fresh to stir up the spirit of an independent mind. Charles II. had issued a declaration of indulgence to tender consciences in matters of religion, in consequence of which five hundred Quakers were released from prison; but William Penn again went forth on a self-imposed mission, accompanied by his lovely wife, and behold, amid the rant and turmoil of Bristol Fair, they encountered George Fox, the great fountain of Quakerism, who had just then landed in Bristol after a sojourn in America. Though subsequently much engaged in very stormy controversy, there can be little doubt that this meeting determined William Penn to investigate human nature in the New World.

THE SPRING IS HERE.

BY E. L. E

The Spring is here, the joyous Spring!
I've watched its coming long:
I see the wild-bird on the wing,
I hear its rapturous song.
The snow-drop, 'mid its shining leaves,
Looks meekly upward 'neath the eaves,
Where violets sweetly throng;
While fairy gales are wafting there
Their incense, pure as childhood's prayer.

The woods are bright with budding green,
The banks with springing flowers;
The laurels' fresh, unfading sheen
Gleams from its rocky towers;
The young lambs bound along the hills,
Or sleep beside the singing rills,
In grassy woodland bowers;
But naught beneath the sunny sky
Is half so glad or blest as I.

The blood flows faster through my veins,
My step has grown more free,
A brighter hope my heart sustains,
My song a lighter glee;
A deeper hue my cheek has caught
From gentler airs that late have brought
Their healing balm to me;
And all the soft, delicious hours
Renew my being's languid powers.

I'd rather share a peasant's lot,
With health and vigor blest,
My only home a wild-wood cot,
Where innocence might rest,
Than wear a diadem of gold
Upon a forehead pale and cold,
With sorrow in my breast;
I'd rather have the salient heart
Than all the borrowed charms of art.

But give me Nature, wild and free,
I'll shrink not from my toil;
Her stores would richer prove to me
Than wealth that rust could spoil;
And give a mind from guilt at ease,
A friend or two to love and please,
Then let the world's turmoil
Pass as it may; my peaceful years
Should glide unharmed by pain or tears.

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I used to think that Autumn's dress
Was beautiful and rare,
Still knowing that its loveliness
Decay was wasting there.
Its gorgeous hues were sadly bright,
Foreshadowing life's declining light,
And yet I called them fair;
But now I choose the laughing Spring,
Emblem of youth's first blossoming.

I would not be a child again,
Or live again in dreams
That wakened in my throbbing brain
Ambition's luring schemes.
'Tis now enough if I may rest
Where suits my Maker's purpose best,
While Spring around me gleams—
The *Spring of Heart*, which strives to throw
Its sunshine o'er a world of woe.

Ye perfumed gales, pass kindly by
Where human sufferers pine;
Ye waving trees and beaming sky,
With softer radiance shine;
And sweetly bloom, ye flowers, to heal,
That every human heart may feel
The joy that thrills in mine;
And waft ye all to those who sigh,
Its gift of love and sympathy.

THE MISSION OF GENIUS

TO THE REALM OF MIND.

BY Q.

At the creation of this world, there came forth from Heaven a bright and noble spirit, who was from that time forth to dwell among the inhabitants of Earth; and the name of this spirit was Genius. For a long time his home was in the wilderness, far from the abodes of human beings; neither had the lips of man yet learned to speak his name, for his soul had never drank of the immortal fountain.

Years passed; and there began to reign among men a great and powerful king, and the name of this king was—Mind. His empire was vast, and all people stood in awe of his imperious mandates. Vague rumors of the greatness of King Mind, and of the splendor of his court, had reached the ear of Genius; and, weary of his solitude, he resolved to visit this distant realm. Arraying himself in a simple russet garb, and taking in his hand a staff, he set forth upon his pilgrimage. Long and weary was the way through the trackless wilderness; many were the dangers and difficulties that beset the traveller, but, gifted with that undying energy which has ever characterized him, he met and overcame them all.

Beyond the wilderness lay the great ocean of Doubt, which Genius, with his usual impetuosity, attempted to cross in the frail bark of Fancy. The winds roughly tossed him about upon the waves, and, nearly blinded by the spray, he was in danger of being lost among the quicksands of Despair, when Heaven sent him for a pilot the angel Hope, whose ready hand, and perfect knowledge of the way, soon brought him in safety to the shore. Now, as he travelled on, the way became less and less toilsome. Flowers, scattered by the hand of Hope, his guardian angel, opened their bright lips to speak to him of future happiness, of future honors, and his heart grew firm of purpose, and his immortal nature longed for its appropriate sphere of action.

Signs of the presence of man now began to appear along his pathway, and soon he had passed the boundaries of the great realm Mind. Everything was new and strange; and men gazed curiously and even scornfully as he passed; and much they wondered who this strange man could be. But there was a certain noble dignity about him, which awed them into reverence as he spoke, and wherever his footsteps passed, the flowers seemed to be more fragrant, and the voice of the silver waters shouted a wild and more joyous melody. A new light had shone forth over the realm of Mind, never more to be darkened; but to grow brighter and brighter through all coming time. Wherever Genius passed, man, in his labors and trials, caught from his presence an inspiration to renewed effort, and an ambition to achieve still greater results.

The ancient cities of Science and Philosophy, and the fairy regions of Poetry and Art, were made glad at his approach. Language was conscious of a fresher zeal in his presence, and the fierce frown on the brow of criticism softened at his coming. Memory poured her hoarded treasures at his feet; Reason, Eloquence, and Judgment, waited upon his footsteps, and Education was cheered and strengthened by his counsels. The weary travellers up the hill of Science heard the glad tones of his voice, and toiled on with redoubled energy. Wealth and Power fled affrighted before him, but Music swept her golden lyre to sing his praise.

In the cell of the hermit, in the cottage of the peasant, and in the palace of the monarch, his power was felt and acknowledged. He met Homer, as he wandered by the sea-shore, blind, friendless, and forsaken, and imparted the fire of his own nature to the poet's soul. It blazed brighter and brighter, and the result we have seen in the immortal Iliad. It was the hand of Genius

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that entwined the unfading laurels around the brow of Demosthenes, as he awed the Athenian Senate with the thunders of his matchless eloquence. His powerful arm guided Sir Isaac Newton as he toiled among the sharp rocks, rugged mountain passes, and narrow defiles of Mathematics, till at last success crowned his efforts, and he stood the first mathematician of his age.

Tasso, Petrarch, and Dante, basked in the bright beams that shone forth from the soul of Genius, as they wrote those glowing lays that have immortalized them. Milton and Shakspeare caught the sparks of electric fire, as they were scattered from the hand of Genius, and kindled them afresh in their inimitable works. Genius was the companion of Napoleon Bonaparte throughout his wonderful career; and his hand assisted in shaping and accomplishing those remarkable victories which shook Europe to her very centre.

Genius breathed an impassioned fervor over the soul of Byron, as he swept the strings of his harp to those wild poetic measures which have since charmed the world. When Michael Angelo painted "The Last Judgment" on the walls of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, the hand of Genius guided the pencil, and placed dread images of the scene before his mental vision. He came to Phidias, the famous Grecian sculptor, as he sat in his cell, striving for the laurels of fame; and caused him to create living and breathing forms from the senseless marble.

And Music, the beautiful fairy spirit, that tuned her lyre in his praise, did Genius refuse to be the companion of *her* wanderings? No. They have often walked the world together, cheering and blessing the abodes of men. It was Genius that inspired the soul of Handel, in his conceptions of that most sublime of musical compositions, "The Oratorio of the Messiah." Mozart too, and Mendelssohn, felt his magic touch, as they drew forth from their instruments those marvellous melodies and exquisite modulations of sound, which have caused their names to be written upon the brightest pages of earthly fame. And in our own land, Genius is no stranger. We are often permitted to meet him, and to realize the enchantment of his presence, and we cannot but feel that true Genius is a spark, an emanation from Him who said, "Let there be light." And now let us thank God that he has sent Genius from his starry home to brighten and bless the world; to bind the sparkling jewels of Thought about the brow of Man; to be the companion, guide, and counsellor of Knowledge, and the prime minister of Mind.

DO YOUR BEST!

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Yes! do your best in every scheme
For human good designed;
Strive with a strong and earnest hope
To benefit your kind.
Try every plain and honest plan,
Perhaps you may succeed,
And find that *winning* follows *work*,
Sufficient for your need.

Then do your best! try yet again
With brave, unshrinking heart;
Among life's moral conquerors,
Through striving, do your part.
Secure the road you mean to take,
The part you mean to play;
And if it be an honest one,
Work steadfast on your way.

Oh! do your best! from morn till noon,
From youth till age's night;
Life has its triumphs and its woes,
Its *human wrongs* to right.
And though you may not do at once
All that you most desire,
You've toil'd too long to lose your gains:
Be patient—do not tire.

But do your *best!* fear not, nor fail,
Your outward path is plain;
And Time, you know, can wonders work,
The while you *try again.*
Then where there's labor for your hand,
Shrink not, but stand the test;
And full success shall crown the *work*
For which you've done your *best!*

THE MORAL SENSE.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

Men have said and written much concerning the existence of a principle which they have called conscience or the moral sense. Some, observing the mighty influence of education in giving shape and direction to the actions of mankind, have resolved the principle into a mere consequence of different modes of moral and intellectual culture. Others, aware of the extreme difficulty of correct analysis and definition in matters purely abstract, and willing to waive abstruse inquiries into simple feelings, have assented to the existence of an innate principle which distinguishes between right and wrong, more from their observations of certain mental and moral phenomena, than from any metaphysical deductions. Though differing as to its nature and offices, all, however, agree that there is something monitory, something approving or disapproving of certain actions.

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Now, though the philosopher alone may have speculated concerning this principle, and the divine alone may have recognized its existence as an axiom in the science of living well, yet they are far from being the only ones who have *felt* its existence,

The *drunkard*, when the potations of the infernal chalice have spent their force, and reason has recovered her wonted empire, has had compunctious visitings in terrible array, and felt the gnawings of the worm that never dies. The *adulterer*, too, when he has scathed and dashed to fragments the character of some confiding one, has not escaped unwhipped of conscience. The midnight *assassin*, when he has stealthily crept to the couch of the unconscious sleeper and made his drawn dagger drink deep into the fountains of vitality, has also felt the influence of a moral sense in all its fearful and dreadful potency. Its thunders have shaken his soul, and the flashings of remorse have set on fire the whole moral fabric. He has sought escape from himself, but found it vain as flight from his shadow. But we need not urge in illustration the revolting pictures of high-handed crime and reckless depravity. What individual is there who has never recognized in the secret recesses of his own heart, the still small voice, when he has done aught in violation of the laws of his moral and physical nature?

And this moral sense is brought into action not solely by a departure from the paths of rectitude. It awakes to life and goes forth to action while the mind contemplates merely the character and conduct of certain individuals. Through the obscured distance of antiquity, who without feelings of undisguised horror has looked upon the bloody tragedy of the first two brethren of the human race? Whose blood does not circulate with unwonted impetus at the history of a brother's contemplated destruction in the pit, and his subsequent sale into the hands of unnatural traffickers for their paltry pieces of silver? Who is at a loss to account for the trembling limbs and pallid visages of those in the luxurious court of Belshazzar? Or who is ignorant of the impulse which struck terror into the soul of the Roman Felix, while listening to the quandam disciple of Gamaliel, on righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come?

But we find not in the sacred oracles alone, instances of the powerful operation of a moral sense; we find them in multitude as the autumnal leaves, checkering the whole page of classic story. What student in heathen philosophy, benighted and overcast as it was with fears and doubts, which the utmost energies of reason could not remove, has not detected in it the master-workings of conscience? It is evinced in that vexed question among the philosophers—in what consisted the *summum bonum*, or chief good? We find this principle standing out and prominent in those discourses on the sublime in morals and the beautiful in nature, which echoed through the Portico, the Peripaton and the shades of Academus. This principle being at the foundation of the ethics of the ancient philosophers, accounts for what of healthful influence is seen to have existed in their systems of morals. But in the language of another, "has nothing since transpired to illuminate the understanding, render solemn the imagination, and reform the heart? That mysterious pall, beyond which the philosophic ancients were ever anxious to look, no longer hides eternity—in all its awful truth it stands before us. Has this stupendous moral discovery wrought no effect on man, and on the science of living well, whose issues are from the secret springs of his soul? Is it fraught with nothing to dilate his conceptions, to exalt his aims, to soften, deepen and purify his affections?" Thanks unto God that the revelation in our hands has added the mighty weight of its sanctions to the dictates of the consciences of men. *Truth is great and will prevail*—an adage as true with us as with the ancients. Though

> "* * * * * Truth
> Comes to us with a slow and doubtful step—
> Measuring the ground she treads on, and forever
> Turning her curious eye to see that all
> Is right behind, and with a keen survey
> Choosing her onward path, * * * *"

yet her empire is being established on a foundation deep as the eternal principles of *right and wrong*, and extensive as the moral domains of the universe.

FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

BY E. L. E.

Where Babel's rivers glide,
Close by the water's side,
When not an eye o'er fallen Israel slept,
Our weary, trembling band
Bowed on the hostile strand,
And long and mournfully for Zion wept.

Each breath that floated by
Bore many a bitter sigh,
As memory brought bright scenes of bliss again;
Our altars overthrown,
Our homes deserted, lone,
How could the heart its burst of grief restrain?

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No morning sacrifice
Was borne to stranger skies;
No incense sweet like holy oil was shed;
No solemn vesper hymn
Rose when the day grew dim;
All, all, with hope, by foreign streams had fled.

Our favorite harps unstrung,
On weeping willows hung:
No touch of joy awoke their silent strings,
While the oppressor's band
Gave forth the hard command,
"Come sing a song which mirthful Zion sings!"

But how, by tyrants chained,
In heathen lands detained,
Shall captives raise the notes of home and hearth?
How strike the pleasant lyre,
When no fond joys inspire
To strains of praise or high triumphal mirth?

Can e'er my heart forget,
Though now thy sun has set,
Jerusalem, thy glory or thy grief?
If thou shouldst be forgot,
Be helpless woe my lot,
And every balm refuse my guilt relief.

OUR COUNTRY IN THE FUTURE.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

To the Christian philanthropist, the past history of our infant Republic, its almost miraculous success in its struggle for liberty, its subsequent development and its future destiny, are subjects of endeared interest, and of profound gratitude to Him who "ruleth in the armies of heaven and among the children of men." It is without a parallel in the history of the world. Other republics have arisen, but they have not been based, like ours, on general intelligence and Christian principle, and have necessarily fallen, crushed beneath their own weight.

But in the future there is enough of cheering hope, enough of interest to fill the philanthropic heart with anxious solicitude in regard to the great agencies now producing truly stupendous changes. The lessons of experience and wisdom of the past may now suffice us, and lead us to look to the future with high expectations. Our area now extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, embracing the most inviting portions of North America. Its fertile soil and luxuriant productions are attracting the notice of the industrious and enterprising throughout the civilized world, by whom our vast domain is now being rapidly appropriated. Our far-reaching lakes, or inland seas, our numerous rivers, some of which are among the largest of the world, and our rapidly-increasing rail-roads and telegraphs, are all affording facilities for inter-communication not found elsewhere, and promoting the development of our national resources to an extent scarcely deemed possible a few years since, even by the most sanguine political economist. The spirit of enterprise, continually cherished and inspired by these favorable physical conditions, is rapidly extending itself, and grasping and overcoming whatever barriers are presented. The hidden gems of the river's lowly bed are snatched from their dark resting-places, and the precious ores of the mountain and valley, long reserved in their secret store-houses, for a time in which they should be positively demanded by an age of progress, are increasing the treasures of a hardy and wealth-loving people. In these verdant valleys, and on these craggy mountains, where but a few years since roamed only wild beasts and barbarous men, now a teeming population ply their physical and mental energies, in developing the wealth of one of the fairest portions of the earth.

The acquisition of its mineral treasures constitutes but a fractional part of the probable results of the discovery. The tide of emigration has been and still is rolling westward with an impetus and power never before witnessed in our past history. Agricultural and other resources are developed, while the mechanic arts, and the light of science, are lending their aid to rescue that "fair heritage" from the deep darkness which has so long enshrouded it. The thick veil of superstition which designing papal priests have so long cast around their willing dupes, is becoming more and more transparent, and soon must be rent asunder. Resulting directly from this "gold mania," the march of civilization and religion must become triumphant.

With such a prospect before us, with a strong probability that our country must soon control the commercial relations of the world, as well as become the standard-bearer of truth and righteousness, the great question in relation to the action of the Christian world, becomes one of thrilling interest. How shall these mighty movements in the commercial world, these rapid strides in civilization, be so controlled as to advance the cause of the Redeemer? How shall the stores of wealth, now taken from the bowels of the earth in such vast quantities, become "sanctified and fit for the Master's use?" The answer is at hand,—Christians must labor, earnestly, arduously and faithfully; they must avail themselves of every favoring circumstance, and *take the lead* in whatever relates, directly or indirectly, to the renovation of the world. The mighty engines of progress and intellectual development have been too long in charge of shrewd and un-

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godly men, who have promoted private ends instead of blessing the world. The time has already arrived for Christians to assert their rights as citizens, and control the destinies of the world.

And here is a work for the Christian mother. She need not seek the arena of public strife; she need not seek admission to the polls, or to figure on the sanguinary field. There is ample opportunity to labor in a sphere more useful and more compatible with the design of her creation, within the circle of her household, where she may do far more to affect the destinies of the human family, than can her "lord and tyrant," as he is sometimes called, though occupying a more conspicuous position. Here plastic minds are in her hands as the "potter's clay," to be moulded as she may wish. Here the fundamental principles of our holy religion may be early inculcated, with almost a moral certainty that the "seed sown shall take root." Here may the youthful mind be trained for future usefulness, prepared to occupy elevated positions in society, receiving an impress which future years may never erase. A Christian mother, one in whose bosom glows the fire of gospel truths, and one who possesses correct views of her relations to the world—such a mother is almost omnipotent; her influence will be felt. Those who go abroad from her guardian care to engage in the duties and avocations of a busy world, will bear her impress, and be affected more or less by her instructions, in whatever station they may occupy.

VOICE OF MUSIC.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

HARK! a thousand voices swelling
To a chorus grand and sweet!
Nature's chorus, ever telling
Of her Maker, good and great.

Listen to the deep-toned ocean,
And the voice of sparkling rill;
Ocean's voice is deep devotion,
Both our souls with music fill.

Birds upon the branches singing,
And the hollow, autumn wind,
In our ears are ever ringing,
"Power and goodness are combined."

Oh! the voice of music ever,
Nature's or a mortal choir,
Speaks of Him who changeth never,
Bids us upward to aspire.

Onward, then, each restless spirit,
Higher toward its boundless source,
That with saints and angels near it,
Melody it may discourse!

THE JESSAMINE:

A MISSIONARY FRAGMENT. *

MR. HERBERT was reclining listlessly upon the bench, with an open volume before him, which so occupied his attention, that he heeded not my approach, until, feeling that I had unintentionally intruded on his seclusion, I was hastily retreating, when the sound of my footsteps caused him to raise his eyes. He bowed smiling, and the voice not easily resisted, arrested my steps, as closing his book, he arose and begged permission to join my walk, saying he, too, was weary of solitude, and would like to look upon the beauty of the evening and talk with me of pleasant things. His conversation was never otherwise than agreeable to me, and readily assenting to his proposal, we slowly traced those familiar garden walks, so often trod before, now for the last time together, while the crimson sunset gradually died away into the deep and solemn twilight. And in that still, sweet hour, he read me a page in the history of the past, which unfolded the strange mystery that had heretofore shrouded one portion of his being. As I listened to the low and earnest music of his voice, I unconsciously plucked and pulled in pieces the rare and beautiful flowers that grew in rich profusion along our path. A white jessamine was in my hand and about to share the unhappy fate of its companions, when Mr. Herbert gently arrested the work of destruction, saying, "Miss Linwood, how can you so ruthlessly destroy those lovely blossoms, one leaf of which, as gathered in the garden of my own dear native land, will soon have become to me a treasure invaluable!" He spoke half-playfully, half-seriously, and hardly knowing whether to smile or look grave, I placed the flower in his hand, saying, "Keep it, if you will, Mr. Herbert,

* *To the Editor of the Christian Parlor Magazine:—*

Ask not too inquisitively how the confessions in this "over-true tale" came into my possession.

I could not but think, on repeatedly perusing them, that they might profitably fill a few pages in your useful and agreeable Monthly Journal. Let it be borne in mind, in the perusal, that years since, when the events here narrated transpired, the romance of Missionary devotement was fresher and more exciting than now. What wonder, then, that when the young, beautiful, pious and self-sacrificing Edward Herbert first became an inmate in the same family with Miss Linwood, and his well-cultivated mind and susceptible heart had awakened in her and her associates all the reverent admiration which maidenhood dares to feel towards one who has solicited no dearer regards, that peculiar emotions should be called forth by such incidents as are here narrated. The entire rehearsal would occupy too much space, and with the above hints, your readers' imagination can well supply the requisite prefixes to what you may entitle, THE JESSAMINE: A MISSIONARY FRAGMENT.

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as a memento of my cruelty and your benevolence, for to the latter it certainly owes its beautiful life." "Thank you," he replied, and raising it almost reverently to his lips, added with feeling, "you little know the sacredness, the two-fold value of your gift"—and I thought (it might have been fancy) that a moisture gathered in his dark eye, as he carefully placed it within the leaves of the volume he had been reading. I looked at him, inquiringly, and he continued—"You have chosen for your parting gift my mother's favorite flower; true emblem of her gentle character! and I remember how often it was my childish delight to wreathe its bright blossoms in her shining locks, now sprinkled with the frost of time, and listen to her fervent, 'God bless you, my precious child!' as she folded me to her bosom"—"Yes," he continued, "I will carry this frail emblem with me to the wilderness, and when the cares and sorrows of this world shall cast their shadow on my spirit, its withered leaves shall call to remembrance her solemn invocation, when with noble faith, she tore her first-born from her heart and gave him to her God. 'Thou, Oh, Lord! who hast put it into his heart to become a wanderer and a pilgrim, for thy sake, be Thou a pavilion round about him in the hour of danger, a refuge from every trouble; and let him abide under the shadow of thy wings in safety forever!' Thus, from this faded token, shall spring the light of hope, and my soul shall receive strength to bear the burden of life!" His manner was subdued and solemn—he seemed unconscious of my presence, and for some moments both remained silent. At length, I said, hesitatingly, "I can understand the priceless worth of that simple flower, as a fond memento of your mother—but you called it a gift of two-fold value—was it because it would recall past scenes, and, at the same time, strengthen your trust in God, by leading you to remember the promises made unto the faithful?" "That were indeed a sufficient explanation of its worth," he replied, regarding me earnestly; "but"—a faint flush rose to his cheek, and his voice became so low it scarce reached my ear, as he added, "I thought of another meaning—The jessamine is also a memorial of the dead!" He paused—passed his hand across his brow as if to soothe his troubled thoughts, and then slowly resumed: "Miss Emma, I have been an idol-worshipper! I have bowed at the shrine of woman's loveliness, with more than a Brahmin's devotion; and if angelic beauty, unrivalled graces of mind and loveliness of character were worthy of man's homage, I had not sinned in so adoring her. And the blessedness of her pure, trusting love! oh, how fervently I thanked Heaven for it!" Again he paused—again pressed his hand upon his forehead, as if memory were too painful; then brushing back the heavy masses of brown hair which shaded his temples, he continued, "I was still under the guidance of my Alma Mater, and although all my pursuits tended to establish me in the ministerial profession, my future course was not decided upon. But my thoughts and affections often wandered to the poor, benighted heathen, my lost brethren, perishing for the 'bread of life,' dying of thirst, while streams of plenteousness overflow the hills and valleys of our happy land; and the voice of my heart awoke, calling me to distribute the hidden manna of truth to their famishing souls—the idea gained strength within me, that my own hand must lead them to the temple of holiness, my own lips proclaim to them the way of life and salvation! And then I tried to banish the belief; to convince myself that my path of duty and usefulness lay in my own bright land, a path bordered with blossoms of hope and love, and easy to be trod. Not that it mattered to *me* in what corner of the vineyard my hands found employment, but I durst not ask that frail, gentle being, to brave the perils of the deep, the horrors of the wilderness, with no home but the comfortless lodge, no friend save the toil-worn missionary! But it needed not my revealment—the struggle between duty and affection paled my cheek and weighed down my spirit, until that unselfish love which searched into the deep recesses of my soul, read every thought, shared every feeling, rested not, till the secret was fully disclosed. And how was my heart relieved and comforted, by the affectionate assurance, that her bosom had long cherished the unspoken wish to dedictate her life to the same glorious cause—to resign her last breath on the plains of India!

"My Mary was an orphan, without brother or sister, and in going with me to India, would sever few ties, save those which claim our affections for the land of our birth. To one who regarded only the outward seeming, she was one born to tread softly on life's flowers, to live only amid the genial influences of tender affection, to wither beneath the breath of adversity or sorrow; but to an eye permitted to glance deeper into her spiritual character, was revealed a firmness of purpose, which impediments could not sway, a strength of mind to suffer and endure, that insured the victory. Thus the door seemed open and heaven to point the way—Time flew by on rapid wing, leaving scarce a shadow on his track—my theological studies were nearly completed; a few weeks more and my cup of earthly bliss would be full, when I shall call the beautiful being, who was content to

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tread with me a thorny desert path, mine—mine alone! But as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways above our ways, and his thoughts above our thoughts. My Mary, ever a ministering angel, watched long and late, at the bedside of a lone and childless widow, holding the cordial to her fainting lips, smoothing the comfortless pillow, and anticipating every wish with the devotion of a daughter's love; till, being relieved by the kindness of a neighbor, and worn out with fatigue and watching, she returned to her home. The dew lay heavy on the grass, the night-air chilled her breath, and from that hour, the rose faded from her cheek, her violet eyes drooped heavily, as if closing upon earthly scenes; and though she still smiled sweetly upon us, and whispered gentle words of love and hope, it was as the last gleam of twilight on the evening sky—the last breath of summer, sighing its farewell to the flowers. Oh, my heart grew still and cold within me, as I gazed on her fast-fading loveliness, and knew and felt, though I would not admit, that she would soon be an angel in heaven! Three weeks of dark and bitter anguish, and then the light went out from my spirit, as they silently laid that fair, young form, that lovely head, with its golden tresses, beneath the cold, green turf!"

Mr. Herbert paused—and his agitation, though but for a moment, was fearful, contrasting as it did with his habitually sweet, tranquil, cheerful bearing. A bright crimson burned upon his cheek, while his brow was ashy pale, and as he leaned against a marble fountain, his head bowed upon his hand, a deep sigh, that would not be suppressed, burst from his lips, revealing the intensity of his suffering. My own heart was full, and turning away to hide my emotion, I was almost startled a few moments afterwards, to hear in a low, clear voice, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!" and turning to look at Mr. Herbert, he stood with his hands clasped, and his face, now calm as the summer sea, raised toward Heaven, with that placid, starlit expression, I have never seen upon features save his. Presently, he resumed, with perfect composure, "I soon learned to look upon my dispensation as a direct message from Heaven—for when my unsubmissive heart dared question the Almighty, *why* His wisdom had seen fit to remove the only blossom from my desert path, the joy of my lonely pilgrimage, a voice answered, 'Be still, and know that I am God!' And oh! how blessed it is to feel, as I now do, how completely His love can fill the yearning heart, and make the bitter waters sweet!" "A few days before her pure spirit took its heavenward flight, I stood at her bedside. It was the hour she loved best, the glowing sunset hour, which she was wont to spend in holy meditation. The window opposite her couch had been thrown open to admit the summer air, and now a soft, purple light filled the sad and silent chamber. That scene, with all its solemn, fearful beauty, is still before me, though its agony has passed away forever. She lay there so calm and beautiful, so like an angel, waiting and listening for the rapturous summons to spread her wings for Heaven—her white cheek was suffused with the last faint flush of departing hectic, and her long, bright hair, bathed in the rich sunlight, fell back from her transparent temples, and lay like a golden cloud on the snowy pillows. One hand rested on her closed Bible, the other was clasped in mine—while the deep violet of those eyes, in whose loving depths I had so often drank untold happiness, was scarcely visible, so heavily drooped the lashes over them. She lay so still, and apparently so unconscious, that I trembled lest angels were bearing her away, yet dared not to break the spell; but the frequent, gentle pressure of the hand I held, told me she still was mine. Oh, the temptation, the agony of that dark and trying hour! I could not weep, and more dreadful still, I could not *pray!* Heaven seemed unjust in taking away from me what I so loved; for I had forgotten that God hath a right to do what pleaseth Him with His own, and *she* was His, not *mine!* Thus in its dark agony, my spirit strove with its Maker, knowing not that He was leading me through dangerous paths, with a strong but loving hand—guiding my steps, which had 'well nigh slipped' over the unseen, yet fearful precipice; for in my heart He saw an altar erected to an earthly deity, when I thought I worshipped only God. Slowly the lids were lifted from those beautiful eyes, and they rested on mine, with solemn, inquiring interest. That look seemed to sink into the depths of my soul, and with silent pleading, to entreat me to be reconciled to God! Nor did they plead in vain—for their mournful earnestness seemed to tell me that the music of Heaven had already struck her ears, that angels were beckoning her away, and that my selfish love, like fetters of iron, weighed down her longing soul, and kept her from the bosom of her Saviour. It was enough—the spell was broken—the struggle past—and then my soul knelt at the footstool of the Almighty, and offered its greatest sacrifice. She saw it all, felt it all; and as she pressed my hand with grateful fervor, tears of joy lay in her soft eyes, and then for the first time, her voice broke that thrilling silence. 'Edward, we will celebrate

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our marriage in Heaven—God will unite our spirits in holy, blessed union, and saints and angels shall spread the glorious feast. It was my dearest, most fondly cherished wish, to help you bear your heavy burden of toil, anxiety and sorrow, in the distant wilderness, whither you will now go alone, and at the end of my pilgrimage to lay my weary head beneath the palms of India. But this is not the will of God. My dust must mingle with its kindred dust, and the summer breeze that shall fill the sails of the noble ship which bears you from your native land, will stir the daisies blooming on my grave. But you—you will not be lonely—He who takes me from you, will sustain and comfort you. Go, Edward! bear the tidings of salvation to the dear, perishing heathen, and tell them, I would have come, but Jesus called me home. Yet think of me not as *dead*, but as one gone a little while before you; for though you will have seen these eyes closed in death, and marked with sorrow my last resting-place, remember, I still live! And if angels are permitted to minister to the loved ones of earth, I will come to you in the sweet, solemn twilight, and commune with you on the divine love, which watched over our lives, which separated us in sorrow here, and which shall unite us again and forevermore.'

"The day previous to my departure, I visited the grave of my lost Mary. I had thought a mournful willow alone marked the hallowed spot; but as the slanting sunbeams lingered brightly around that place of repose, I saw, with surprise, a simple slab of pure white marble, a tribute from young, affectionate hearts, that loved the beautiful in life, and treasured her memory in death. Under the inscription, a single white lily, entwined with a sprig of jessamine, was exquisitely wrought in the soft marble, and beneath, their beautiful, symbolic language—'Gentleness—Purity.'" Mr. Herbert ceased, and it was no longer a marvel that he sought not woman's gentle companionship in his exile; for where, in what bright form could his beautiful, lost Mary be restored? I felt grateful to him for his generous, unsolicited confidence, but could find no words to tell him so, and we entered the house in silence, just as the silver moon gleamed upon the wings of departing twilight—he, to commune with his own heart in the stillness of his chamber—I, to muse upon what I had heard, and in silence to adore that Power which, within a form of dust, had reared a temple so beautiful, so holy. The flowery month of June was gone. The ship that was to bear the missionaries from the Atlantic shore, was nearly ready to sail, and in a few days, they were to take their final departure. I shall never forget the last Sabbath which Mr. Herbert spent with us. He had been invited to preach in the church of which the Rev. Dr. H—— was pastor, and had, on one or two previous occasions, officiated in the same pulpit, when his calm, yet earnest manner, his deep impassioned voice, even more persuasive, perhaps, than the eloquence it uttered, had so won the interest of his hearers, that it needed only to be known that the young missionary was to preach, and at an early hour the house was filled.

A deep silence pervaded the spacious building, interrupted only by an occasional light foot-fall on the carpeted aisle, or the low, solemn tones of the organ, falling upon the ear like waves of distant melody.

The music ceased, and Mr. Herbert rose to address us. For a moment he looked down upon the waiting audience, as if no form escaped his eye, then slowly announced his text: "Finally, brethren, farewell!" The words were few and simple, yet the sweet and solemn tone in which they were uttered, and the look which accompanied them, produced an effect most touching. He stood before us a stranger, comparatively, in all the beauty of early manhood, looking for the last time upon the land of his birth—the last farewell he would ever breathe to those whom he called his "brethren," was trembling on his lips, yet a smile of solemn, ineffable sweetness lighted his features with a radiance almost heavenly. It was natural, on such an occasion, that the speaker should make an affectionate appeal to the hearts and symapthies of his hearers,—that he should dwell with pathos on his present position;—the painful struggle in his bosom as he severed the dearest ties, (for a missionary is but human,) and this, not to exalt himself in the eyes of his fellow-men, not to display his superior faith or sanctity; but to magnify his cause—to picture more vividly the sacrifice One made for us, in comparison with which man's noblest offerings dwindle into insignificance, and are but his "reasonable service." But this was not the aim of him who now addressed us. He spoke not, and seemed to think not of himself. His theme was that benighted land, enveloped in the thick clouds of idolatrous superstition, upon whose dark horizon the light of truth had just begun to dawn, which shall increase and brighten till "every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess" to the honor, majesty and praise of the one true and living God. His heart was in his theme. Most eloquently did he plead the cause of his heathen brethren, and set forth our duty, as it is our glorious privilege, to dispense the light we have so abundantly received.

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He repeated with enthusiasm, what I had before heard him declare, that the missionary makes in reality no sacrifice. Is it a sacrifice to exchange a few uncertain hours of pleasure, for an eternity of perfect bliss? If ambition unfurled her banner, would he not gather to himself laurels of unfading glory, from the tree of life, fast by the throne of God? Did wealth lure his feet—would he not heap up countless treasures, enduring forever, "where moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal?" Was knowledge the beacon of his hopes—would not his rugged path lead to the unexplored regions of immortality, and open to his view boundless stores of the wisdom that "passeth understanding," the knowledge that shall not "vanish away?" The impression of that eloquence can never be effaced, but memory fails to recall the words in which it was embodied. The services were concluded, and the congregation rose to depart, when from a remote part of the sacred edifice, soft strains of melody hushed every voice and chained every footstep. The sounds were vocal, in which the fine clear treble and deep flowing bass blended in sweetest harmony. Low and tremulous at first, it gradually rose full and distinct, till every ear heard, and every heart responded to the words of the beautiful hymn :—

"Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name!
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there!"

The time, the place, the occasion, gave effect to the subduing music, and the eyes of many to whom tears were strange, grew moist as they listened. I unconsciously looked toward the pulpit: Mr. Herbert stood erect, his hands folded and resting on the Bible, and his eyes raised to heaven, as if he listened to other sounds than those of earth; and as the soft solar light fell on his placid features, they beamed with that holy, indefinable expression which artists endeavor to give to the portraits of "that disciple whom Jesus loved!" The last sounds died upon the ear, and silently we left the church.

The sun rose upon Aftendale, clear and bright—through the open window came rich incense from the grape and honeysuckle, and gay birds were on the wing, or from the boughs of the Linden-tree poured forth their tribute of morning praise. But our hearts beat not in unison with the glad song of nature; of all its varied strains, one mournful note alone fell on our ears—"Farewell, farewell!" The sad hour had arrived, when we must look for the last time on him we had learned to love as a son, a brother! But though sorrow filled each heart, and dimmed each eye, we restrained it for his sake, for we would not add to the burden of his grief. Yet he alone appeared calm—his cheek and brow were indeed pale as marble, yet his eye was cloudless, and his voice—ah! he trusted it not;—but the look of deep, unutterable feeling, the long and fervent pressure of the hand, told more than words. He turned to leave in silence, but paused upon the threshold, looked for the last time upon the little sorrowing group, then raising his hand, pronounced this solemn and fervent benediction, "The God of Heaven bless and keep you, till we meet again, to part no more, forever! Fare ye well!" and we saw him no more. Retiring to my room, I opened a beautiful little volume of devotion, his constant companion, which he had placed in my hand at parting, and in which were marked several passages, expressive of a lively faith in the Ruler of our destinies. On a blank leaf, in his own writing, were the words, "I go, but in a little time shall meet you again, with all the loved ones, whose memory will brighten my lone path in the wilderness;—and oh! that we may be received at the right hand of God, and dwell in the presence of the Lamb, and of his holy angels, is the earnest prayer of your faithful friend, E. H.!" A little more than a week afterwards, taking up a morning paper, the first thing that caught my eye was a notice that on Tuesday morning, the ship Osceola left New York, bound for Smyrna, and among the list of passengers, I read the names of Rev. Mr. Brounell and Edward Herbert, Missionaries to India. He was gone, then—gone to return no more! On another column were some "Lines addressed to E. H., on his departure to India as a Missionary"—breathing an adieu from some heart, which seemed to have known and appreciated him, even as did those at Aftendale. I have since ascertained them to be the overflowing feelings of the heart of his beautiful cousin, and my dear friend, Amelia Herbert, and as they are still familiar to my memory, I will endeavor to repeat them. And in a low, clear voice, though slightly tremulous with emotion, Miss Linwood repeated the following lines :

"Farewell! the breeze that waits for thee
Hath filled the swelling sail!
And mournful as thy requiem, sounds
To us the passing gale.

Yet would we not thy parting stay,
For Jesus bids thee go;
His smile is beaming in thy soul—
His signet on thy brow.

On India's soil a vineyard fair
Awaits thy coming hand;
It withers for the balmy air
That flows from thy blest land!

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'Tis thine to rear the drooping vine,
With light that God has given;
To water from the fount of life,
And gather fruit from Heaven.

We ask not earth that flowers may spring,
Where'er thy footsteps roam;
That pleasure's harp may wake sweet tones
Around thy distant home;—

Nay, thorny is the desert path,
Thy willing feet must press;
And sorrow's voice will chill thy heart,
In the lone wilderness.

But, oh, may peace, with dove-like wing,
Brood o'er that darkened land!
And ever on thy soul the dews
Of heavenly love descend!

Once more, farewell! we'll miss thee oft,
Where we were wont to meet;
Thy voice no more, at evening prayer,
Our listening ear shall greet!

Still, fare thee well! thy life shall glow
Yet brighter, till its even,
And the glory of redeemed souls
Shall crown thy brow in Heaven!"

Miss Linwood ceased—a few bright embers still lay upon the hearth—the clock slowly chimed the hour of twelve—and Emma felt the eye-lashes of her companions wet upon her cheek, as they affectionately kissed her "good night," and sought their pillow, to dream of sweet Aftendale, the young Missionary, and his beautiful, lost Mary.

IDEAL OF A CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

How beautiful are the creations of the poet's fancy! How divinely beautiful is womanhood in Milton's Eve, "to whom all other things seem mean; or in her, summed up, contained." We love Shakspeare's Cordelia, and we reverence the Lady Isabella; and what, in the fictions of romance, charms, and holds us spell-bound by its magic, but the story of woman's love, and woman's sorrow—the fortunes of woman's heart?

But why are these beautiful creations confined to the world of poetry and fiction, or the day-dreams of young lovers? Why do not such women dwell in our households, sit at our tables, minister in our sickness, double our joy in prosperity, and soothe us by their angel sympathies in our adversity? Why are not all lovely, since God and Nature have made them so? With what wonderful susceptibilities has the Creator endowed woman's nature; what depth, vitality and freshness in her affections; how lively and delicate her sensibility; how noble her capacity for intellectual development! Woman was not only the LAST, but the best and fairest exhibition of creative love and wisdom. What a bud of promise is a young girl's nature, folded up in its yet undisclosed loveliness! And is there a worm in the bud, which consumes its beauty and dewy fragrance, ere it blossoms into perfect and beautiful womanhood; or comes not the blight from *without*, rather than *within*? Instead of the pure sunshine of Heaven which should warm and expand it into bloom, have not Society, Art, Education and Fashion thrown around it a vitiated and sickly atmosphere, till it drinks in poison at every pore? Woman is always beautiful and good as God and Nature have formed her; it is only when she becomes the spoiled creature of Art and Fashion that she can possibly be an object of contempt and disgust. She is not only the light of man's life, but the very poetry of his earthly existence. Eden was not Paradise to the father of mankind, till waking from deep and solitary sleep his eye greeted that vision of beauty, fresh and unsullied, from the plastic hand of her Creator, and a heaven-implanted instinct told him she was all his own. The world, without sunshine, would not to him have been so dark, cheerless, as Eden without her smile. If such, then, be the constitution of Nature, and such the enviable position which the Creator has given to woman in the social and domestic relations of life, why is it that history tells us of Xantippe, of Julia, Livia and Fulvia; and why is it that many men find in their present experience their pillow as thick set with thorns as roses, and that too by female hands?

Why is it that beings formed oft-times in Nature's loveliest mould, from whose Cestus Venus herself might borrow charms, can inspire no higher sentiment than the admiration involuntarily bestowed on a pretty picture, or a painted butterfly? Nay, worse; why do we find even around our hearth-stones, in the sanctuaries of domestic love, women sustaining the tender and holy relations of sister, wife, and mother, yet destitute of those noble attributes of woman's nature which make the light and life of a happy home? We cannot deny, although we blush to own, that such there are. Neither are they *few*. Let us then consider some of the influences most largely and effectively influential in the formation of female character, in the present condition of society, and inqure if it be not possible so to modify these influences that they shall uniformly produce more desirable results. These influences are so multiplied and varied, sometimes so uncertain and conflicting, that we may well be anxious as to the result, and inquire is there not some principle which we may introduce into our

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practical systems of Education to regulate and harmonize them all; a principle which shall be influential over those influences; which can guide and control them, giving strength and efficiency to such as are salutary, while it represses or exterminates such as are injurious? Every true friend of the young who has watched with attention and interest the development of youthful character, the gradual awakening of thought, the rapid outgrowth of fancy and feeling in the heart, must have felt deeply and painfully the need of something to give the right moral bias to those spontaneous activities of our moral and intellectual nature, which will work and develop themselves under every condition of humanity, be their direction right or wrong. Every vigilant parent has felt this need; and after anxious inquiry some have shouted Eureka, and forthwith proceeded, in the education of their children, to a trial of this new-found philosopher's stone, which has proved, in their estimation, to transmute to gold all the baser passions and tendencies of our nature. One says, "My daughter must be well educated. Mental culture must be the end and aim of all her efforts. Her intellectual training must be scientific, exact and thorough." Another says, "I do not admire learned women. I desire my daughter to cultivate a delicate and refined taste, quick sensibilities, ready wit, and pleasing manners; for *these* constitute the real attractiveness of woman." A third says, "I don't like a woman to be either learned or sentimental. My daughter shall be neither a student of science, nor a reader of novels; but I will have her accomplished in every elegant art. She must be fitted to move with distinction in elegant and polished society. For this purpose she shall study the modern languages, and have the advantages of foreign travel, and consequent opportunities to learn much of society and the world."

Another parent has the idea that society is injurious, because it fosters vanity, and an inordinate love of admiration and expensive pleasures; and such an one says, "I shall keep my daughter carefully secluded, and train her under my own eye, to the performance of household duties, and the cultivation of the domestic virtues; for *this* is, after all, woman's true sphere." It need not be said that these views of education are false and distorted, and when reduced to practice can produce no other than disastrous results. To select one bright particular star in the firmament, and determine that *that one only* shall shed its stellar influence on the earth, to the exclusion of sun, and moon, and other stars, is not more absurd and impracticable than to attempt to mould youthful character by some one favorite influence, which we fancy is productive of the single end we aim at. Parental views and wishes, which form certainly one of the principal influences which determine the particular and individual development of youthful character, are not more conflicting than those of teachers, to whom the intellectual training of the young is more especially committed in our schools, academies, and private seminaries. To these influences, both so potent in the development of character, we may add as secondary, but by no means unimportant, the manners and customs of social and domestic life, family relationships, the ties of friendship, natural capactiy, idiosyncrasies of mental and moral constitution, besides an infinity of others, remote and indirect it is true, but which do nevertheless help to produce or modify the result.

Millions of moral causes are constantly playing, unseen and unfelt, over the entire field of our intellectual and spiritual nature, crossing, thwarting, and modifying each other continually; and what we want is some guiding principle which shall bring order out of this disorder, harmony out of these discords, and evolve finally a character, noble, symmetrical and beautiful. We want a just and true *ideal* of female excellence; because, in the formation of our own character and habits, and of those who come within the sphere of our influence, we copy this *ideal*. What, to us, seems the glory and perfection of our nature, *that* we strive for,—to that we gradually and insensibly assimilate all our habitudes of thought and action. If our model be a *bad* one, the copy will be equally defective; and we have asserted, what few will be disposed to deny, that the views on this subject, commonly imbibed from education, society, parental example, and academic instruction, are radically defective and wrong. What, then, is the remedy? What new element of culture shall we introduce into our systems of female education, to rectify the false views so generally prevalent, to furnish this true ideal, so much needed, yet a need so little felt, so seldom acknowledged? The splendid creations of genius are produced only by imitation of perfect models, by the masters. Nations and generations have listened entranced to the song of Homer, and it was by imitating this great master of song that Milton gave a touch to the harp of poesy which shall vibrate through the ages. The hand of Phidias is still seen in the marbles of the Parthenon, where it has struggled to express in stone the human soul's highest con-

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ception of divine beauty—the beauty of the immortal Gods. We still gaze upon the Venus de Medici, and wonder that all beholders do not become Pygmalions. Raphael has thrown on canvas the Transfiguration of Christ's humanity, nor does any department of art fail to furnish a model of perfect excellence to those who desire to practise its theory, and reproduce its sublime creations. And when we strive to fashion the woman's soul within us, to bring it in contour and proportion to a beautiful and harmonious development, must we strike at random, and struggle on in the dark without a guide? Does the moral world furnish no pattern of human excellence, after which we may shape ourselves, and mould our moral lineaments? Is it possible so to conduct the process of a young girl's education as to keep always before her mind's eye the pattern of what she ought to be, of what she must every day strive to become? To what means, or element of culture, must we give prominence and importance to secure this result? The answer is easy. Christianity furnishes principles of culture, which, if judiciously applied in our systems of female education, would make woman's nature what it was before her hand plucked Eden's fatal apple; "and thus brought death with all our woe."

We anticipate the reader's smile at the announcement of this fact, which is so trite and commonplace, that it has almost come to be regarded as a *truism;* but let those who smile remember, that although our theories of education are in the main right, and *do* recognize the importance of moral culture, that our *practice* is, nevertheless, all wrong; and although much has been said and written on the subject of female education, and well written too, it has left the practical bearings and workings of our educational systems unchanged. Let us then reiterate this truth, and ever keep it before the popular mind, till it responds, that all systems of education are essentially erroneous and defective, which do not draw their fundamental elements of culture from the religion and morality of Christianity; and that there can be no true womanly beauty, except that which is developed through its holy and ennobling influences. Young has well said, "the Christian is the highest style of man." It is equally true, that the Christian woman is the highest style of woman—more divine, because more holy, than any goddess of Olympus. We are not sure that the gentlemen-puppets, who figure in the drawing-room, and dance about the reigning belle, like moths fluttering around a candle, till their wings are scorched, and they tumble headlong to ruin—we are not sure that *such* will sympathize with the sentiment we have uttered; but every *man*, with a manly intellect, and a man's heart, whatever be his speculative views of Christianity, even though he were an infidel, will acknowledge that no system of morals extant, nor all the combined lessons of human wisdom, can form a woman's heart and mind after so pure and beautiful a model as that which is offered to us in the life and teachings of Christ. Nay more—if all human goodness and moral beauty should perish out of the world, and the very memory of them be lost to mankind, we should *still* have, in the character of Jesus, and the words which he uttered, the immaculate essence of all goodness, and all virtue, both human and divine. But we are told by the worldly-wise, that the experiment of educating women religiously has often been tried, and the result has as often been failure. Nothing on earth, say they, is so intolerable as the fanaticism and cant of these female pietists, unless it be the literary pretensions of a *Blue*. Said a father recently, "My daughter has become a perfect little Pharisee, through the influence of the H. Seminary. I shall be careful in future where I send my children to be educated. Under the conviction that retrenchment in dress and family expenditure is an imperative Christian duty, she has forsworn forever silks and jewels, and wears only calico. She has abandoned the study of music, because all showy accomplishments are inconsistent with the humility and lowliness of spirit which ought to characterize a Christian woman. She has become an active and prominent member of the Missionary, Bible, Temperance, Anti-Slavery and Moral Reform Societies, and if her *power* were in any degree commensurate with her *will*, she would revolutionize society, and turn the world upside down, with her absurd enthusiasm. I shall send her to Madame D., where, I hope, she will acquire more rational views of religion, in place of these monstrous absurdities." Unfortunate father, and still more unhappy daughter, how utterly had both mistaken the true ideal of a Christian woman, and the influences which constitute a *truly* Christian education. No good and modest woman can have any sympathy with those of her sex, who turn bold and noisy public reformers of the vices and fashionable follies of society; neither can a true-hearted Christian woman covet that formal and ostentatious activity, in any department of Christian benevolence, which causes her necessarily to parade her religious sentiments and spiritual affections before the eager and irreverent gaze of the public eye. Her religion

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is the cherished and hidden life of her soul. There she garners up her purest and warmest affections, and gives them all to God. She moves gently and noiselessly in the daily walks and relations of life, undistinguished from *other* women, save that her hand is readier for every kind deed; her smile more cheering and benign, when it falls on the children of misfortune and want, and the music of her voice softer and sweeter, because it is the utterance of a pure, gentle, and tranquil soul. The applauses of the French people sounded not in the ears of Bonaparte so sweet as the voice of Josephine, and that Empress was charming, although nature had not been to her prodigal of charms. It was often remarked of her, that without being beautiful, she produced upon beholders the effect of beauty. Thus it is possible for the Christian woman to make herself admired and loved, and even reverenced by those who know her truly—by the moral and intellectual beauty expressed in her conversation and outer life, each of which is significant of the latent beauty of the mind within. It is possible for a woman, to whom nature has denied every personal grace, to become *religiously* beautiful, and that too without singularity, hypocrisy or cant. She may mingle with other women in the great thoroughfares of society, partake of the innocent amusements and festivities of social life, cultivate the elegant arts, gather within her home, or around her person, those adornments and elegancies which gratify a cultivated taste, and enjoy them all, while she yet rises superior, and above all, to find her truest and highest enjoyment, the realization of her dearest hopes, and the true perfection of her nature, in the cultivation of spiritual affections. In the gayest circles she may hear and enjoy the playfulness of wit, the keenness of satire, the encounter of mind with mind, and the flashings of soul meeting soul in the interchange of feeling and thought; and yet, in the midst of all this, and enjoying all this, her spirit may be *alone*. The human soul can be isolated by the force of high and heavenly thoughts when the body is jostled in a crowd; for a hermit dwelling alone in the deep heart of a forest, is not more secluded than the soul which hides within it deep thoughts and spiritual communings with the Invisible. Above the glare of a thousand lights, the melody of tuned instruments and song, and the footfalls of the giddy dance—yes, above the heaven itself—her thought rises, and dwells alone with God. Her soul hears God, and sees the Invisible. Grosser natures talk and speculate about religion—she *feels* it. She lives habitually on the confines of two worlds, where the *material* meets the *spiritual*; and in these moments of interior solitude and stillness, her Imagination is awed by the solemn shadows cast over it from the spirit land. Then unutterable thoughts and awful imaginings visit her; till, becoming familiar, she invites their stay. Sometimes, by the force of her own thoughtfulness, she rests motionless, with fixed but vacant gaze, till consciousness itself vanishes, and her very inner life and being seem melting away into the Infinite. Then her *heart* prays—her *lips* seldom. When her soul is full, and heaving with the impulses of such divine communion, the lips move in wordless sympathy, but no audible sound passes those silent portals of imprisoned thought. Such is the experience of a true Christian woman—such the high spirituality of her ideas and contemplations; but with these joys a stranger intermeddleth not; even the cherished companion of her bosom—the sharer of her earthly joys and sorrows—is a stranger in the spiritual arcana of her soul. He only knows that pure and good thoughts, and all gentle and loving affections dwell there, because they are expressed in her *acted* thoughts. If we could make the young understand this; if we could make parents and instructors of youth understand—that Christian education does not consist in a formal inculcation of moral precepts; nor yet in loading the childish memory with *Creeds* and *Catechisms*, but in a careful oversight of the workings of thought, fancy, and feeling in the awaking faculties of the youthful mind; and a constant vigilance to direct them according to the principles of eternal rectitude and virtue—what a change it would work in the ordinary routine of family and academic education! No theoretic instruction in systems of religion and morals can avail anything. It is the teaching of example which we want. We want a *model*, to place before the forming but yet plastic minds of the young, and say, "Be like *that*." The Infinite mind—the author of all minds—understands intimately the mental and spiritual organization of His earthly children, and the laws of intellectual and moral development which regulate the wonderful and complex machinery of the human soul; and has His divine Omniscience anticipated this pressing want of our humanity? Has He given us such a *model*, or only taught us in His Revelation didactic precepts of morality? Did not the life and mission of Jesus respond to the deepest want of our moral nature—to the cravings of our most imperative spiritual instincts? What Grecian sta-

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tuary is in the world of *art*, the character and teachings of Christ are in the *moral* world. The marbles of the Parthenon are perfect models of human beauty, idolized and deified,—the material embodiment of man's highest conceptions of physical beauty,—and in the like manner the life of Christ is a sensible exhibition of man's highest idealized conception of moral excellence. Many splendid and dazzling apparitions of virtue have, in the ages which are past, flashed out from the dark back-ground of our fallen humanity; but they were evanescent and shapeless *meteors*, without symmetry or beauty. In the history of the great and good of past ages we have the separate elements of spiritual beauty; but the individual combinations are sometimes monstrous. For instance, we have the predominance of patriotism in the moral portraitures of Aristides, Cincinnatus, and Hannibal—manly daring in that of Leonidas, Alexander, and Cæsar—and the faculty of divine contemplation in Socrates and Plato; but in Christ every excellence and virtue, both human and divine, are united in perfect concordance and symmetry. Where then shall we look in the training of the young, and particularly of young women, for a formative influence, at once so perfect and so powerfully efficient as *this*? Objections may be made to these views of education, on the ground that they are too vague and impracticable; that while they insist upon the absolute necessity of forming youthful character after a Christian model, they do not specify with sufficient minuteness of detail the manner in which the desired influence is to be applied in the practical business of education. The writer has not room in the limits assigned to this essay to enter into such details; but if the reader still asks in what department of education it is possible to make the power of Christianity more directly influential than at present, it may be replied, that it is not only desirable, but possible, both to develop the mind. and mould the manners, in accordance with its spirit and precepts. Parents and instructors of youth too generally regard the precepts of Christianity as capable of being brought to bear only in the formation of correct theoretic views of right and wrong in the minds of the young; and its institutions as the means of cultivating their religious susceptibilities only. They do not consider that it is possible to draw from Christianity such views and motives as shall urge the young mind forward in the acquisition of scientific truth, and even render interesting the dry details of academic instruction. It is because the motives usually placed before a young girl's mind, to incite her to diligence in the pursuit of literary and scientific acquirements, are so sordid and secular that she pursues her studies in that spirit; and that even when successful as a student, her acquirements are so technical and formal, that they can have no tendency to ennoble and refine her nature. She is told she must study, because it is a burniug disgrace to be ignorant; because she cannot appear to advantage in society without at least a moderate degree of intelligence; but rarely is she pointed to the reflex influence of Science—upon the mind itself—enlarging, invigorating, and ennobling all its powers. Let her mind once grasp the idea, and swell with the inspiration of the thought, that the study of natural science is the tracing in our own mind the thought of God, when He planned the Universe—that History is but the record of what God has done, and enabled or suffered man to do upon the great theatre of human action—that the Literature of past ages is a daguerreotyped view of the mind of dead nations, who have bequeathed to us their living thoughts, embalmed in language—and she will love study for its own sake. She will reverence science, that tireless swift-winged messenger, which, like Noah's dove, has gone forth from the *earthly ark*, in which we float imprisoned, to explore and bring us some green leaves from those vast undiscovered continents of being, those undreamed of islands of existence, which enliven and diversify the vast expanse around us, but beyond us. Having imbibed such views, science will thenceforth be to her a high and holy thing, because the priest and interpreter of nature's mysteries. The wisdom of God will thenceforth seem to her as it is—a profound deep, a vast ocean, filling the immensity of the universe, "shoreless, fathomless, and sublime." Science has dived but just below the apparent surface, bringing up from here and there a *pearl* at intervals of ages. Revelation has brought from a profounder depth the "pearl of great price;" but what thought of man or angel has computed the priceless treasures of the infinite deep beyond? Human thought is more rapid and extensive than the lightnings of Heaven, yet imagination tires and falters, when under the inspiration and conduct of science we send her forth to those dark corners of the universe, where the Spirit of God, yet brooding, bringeth forth light, life and beauty from primeval chaos and the silent void. It is in expanding and elevating the mind by such views as these of the extent and glory of the universe, and the power and goodness of the great God, who works *in* all, and *through* all, that the great uses of science, as a discipline of

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the human faculties, consists. And what studies or pursuits can like these ennoble Woman's nature, divorce her so effectually from the idle amusements and fripperies of Fashion, and make her so entirely worthy Man's reverence and love? By viewing scientific and literary acquisitions in the light in which they have been presented above, it will be readily seen that they have a religious aspect; and that the moral tendency of science thus pursued is highly salutary in its influence upon the female mind. Without the careful incultation of such sentiments, the scientific woman is in danger of becoming a disgusting pedant.

But it is not in the formation of moral principles, and the cultivation of the religious susceptibilities only, nor yet in conducting the process of scientific culture alone, that we may bring Christianity to bear upon the education of the young. It ought also to mould their manners. There is a false school of politeness established in modern society. There are many female Chesterfields, who take especial pains to impress the minds of their daughters and wards with the erroneous idea, that politeness consists in a familiar acquaintance with the acknowledged rules of etiquette, and the conventional forms of polished society, coupled with a graceful carriage of the person, which may be learned from the dancing-master or posture-maker. This style of politeness suits well the forced and artificial display of the ball-room, or the gay saloons of stupid and heartless fashion; but in daily family intercourse, and the ordinary circumstances and relations of life, it is a miserable substitute for that unaffected simplicity, gentleness and benevolence of disposition which prompts its possessor at all times, in all places, and with all conditions of men, to observe the golden rule of Christianity, of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us. The daub and paint with which a faded beauty strives to imitate the fairness and bloom of youth, is not more revolting to a person of cultivated taste and sensibility, than that false and tawdry *mannerism*, which passes with the vulgar for elegance of manners. But it must be acknowledged that the false and conventional politeness which is taught by rules, does on some occasions appear to great advantage beside the *true*, and totally eclipses it, (as gilt sometimes shines brighter than solid gold;) but there are other occasions on which it will inevitably betray its artificiality. The same friction which tarnishes gilding, and exposes the baseness of the metal beneath, only serves to add lustre to pure gold; and thus in the friction of ordinary domestic life, the virtues of the heart, which constitute true politeness, do but shine brighter, and glow more warmly while its false counterpart grows cold and deadens. The slightest observation of the manners of a lady towards her servants and all other persons who are her inferiors in social position, is sufficient to determine whether she is a truly polite and well-bred Christian woman; because a coarse mind is no where so apt to betray itself, as in the vulgar insolence and heartless severity with which it dares to frown on all *beneath* it; and the fulsome flattery and sycophancy with which it fawns on all *above* it. In the estimation of a woman who has learned in the school of Christ, the divine doctrine of human brotherhood, none are noble, and none are mean, by the mere force of social circumstances over which they have no control. Her meanest servant is to her a *woman;* with the tender sensibilities and gushing affections of woman's nature, and the Queen of England is no more. The sensibilities of the "femme de chambre," who curls her hair, or ties her shoe, are as sacred in her eyes, as though her head bore a crown, and her hand wielded a sceptre. As she acknowledges no one above her, except such as are more exalted by virtue, so she feels none beneath her, but those whom sin has degraded, and upon such falls her tear of pity. The woman whose mind and heart have been formed under such influences as we have attempted to describe, is the glory of her sex—a blessing to the world—and a bright and beautiful ornament to the family in whose bosom she has been reared. If a wife, "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no fear of spoil." If a mother, "her children rise up and call her blessed." And blessed indeed is the true Christian woman, whose ideal we have attempted faintly to sketch in these pages; more to be envied, and more worthy of imitation, than all the women who have lived in song and story—whose names the trump of fame has sounded through the world. The woman who endeavors to shape her being after the Christian ideal, need fear no rivals in her loveliness, nor the decay of her charms by age, for the beauty of the true Christian woman is eternal and fadeless, like that of the stars, which have shed their light for ages, yet retain their primal glory. Though many daughters of Eve have done virtuously, and some reared even under the dark shadows of paganism, have shone out bright and beautiful from the surrounding darkness of their age and clime, yet the humblest Christian woman outshines them all, and though, like the desert rose, she blush unseen, or like the

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diamond hidden in the mine, she neither shines nor dazzles, yet she possesses an inherent worth and beauty, which equals, and even transcends that of the brightest and most beautiful ornaments of the historic page. She may not be able, like Cornelia, to send her name linked with that of the Gracchi, down the tide of time, to coming generations; but if she is a mother she can, like Cornelia, cherish her children as priceless jewels, committed to earthly caskets, and entrusted to her vigilance and care, to keep, intact, unspotted and unsullied in their heavenly beauty, by the damps and soils of earth. She cannot be Paulina, and bleed with Seneca; but if she is a wife she can every day test the fervor and devotedness of her conjugal affection by a thousand acts of self-sacrifice and tender assiduity.

Her injured honor may never call her, like Lucretia, to plunge a dagger in her own heart's warm life-blood, as it leaps wildly and throbbingly along its living channel-ways; but if she has a true woman's soul, her brow will crimson, and her heart recoil, at thought of impurity and shame.

A FAREWELL.

BY "MAUD."

FORGET me?—ah! I ask it not!
I could not bear that thou shouldst blot
My name from out the record fair
That memory's volume treasures—there
I fain would have thee keep it yet,
Untarnished by the word—*forget*.

I would not that my name should be
A word of magic sound to thee;
Nor yet that it should strangely start
A chilliness about thy heart;
Link fancies with it, if you will,
But ah! let them be pleasant still.

Our paths diverge to meet again,
Perhaps no more:—I ask thee, then,
With thine affections fixed above,
On that sweet home of peace and love,
Where undecaying friendships dwell,
To meet me *there*:—farewell—farewell!

INTEMPERANCE AMONG THE YOUNG.

BY REV. A. W. M'CLURE.

MOST of the slaves of intemperance become such while young men. It selects its victims from among the choicest of our youth. The father's pride, the mother's hope, the sister's delight, is stripped by the spoiler, and chained to the oppressor's chariot wheels. Taking no warning from thousands of sad examples, they tamper with those seducing and dangerous stimulants, and pamper an appetite "which grows by what it feeds upon," till it devours the heart, and eats out the very life and substance of the man. Strange infatuation, which hurries so many to that bridge of broken arches, heedless of the shrieks and death-struggles of the many travellers whom it has decoyed to their destruction.

Let us look at some of the temptations by which young men are lured into the snares of intemperance.

1. They are often betrayed by the natural ardor of their temperament. There is something exceedingly interesting in that overflow of animal-spirits, that eager expectation and impetuous energy, which commonly characterize the young. It may be well to regard with an indulgent eye—or, at least, to scan not too closely—their occasional outbursts of feeling, provided they are marked by no malignity of disposition, and no propensity to low and vicious gratification. Let something be pardoned to the effervescence of life in its first-drawn freshness; and let its ebullitions be looked upon as the foam of an excitement that may soon subside amid the cold realities of the world.

But this same ardor of feeling, which gives them such buoyancy and elasticity of temper, and makes their company so cheering and attractive, is the very quality whereby they are often impelled into "the mistakes of a lifetime," and into faults not to be expiated or repaired by years of penance and self-conflict. Many have lamented that there is no way to put old heads upon young shoulders. But this, surely, would be unnatural, and therefore as undesirable as it is impossible. It were far better that youthful energy and vehemence be turned into the right channels, where they may safely roll along as impetuously as they will.

It would seem as if the native fervency of the young could crave no artificial excitement. Yet this, too often, is found not to be the case. Even in them a natural excitement cannot uniformly last; and when the habit of living on excitement is fixed by studied indulgence, they are strongly tempted to resort to stimulants, everywhere at hand, to force the flagging powers to fresh exertion. In their mutual intercourse, and their most intimate associations, occasions arise when they heedlessly, and without premeditation, plunge into sad excesses. Having once broken over the bounds of early and virtuous training, they are swept along as with a flood. Or ever they are aware, their unregulated

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and thoughtless ardor has whirled them into the raging vortex of intemperance, and left them helpless wrecks.

2. Another source of temptation to the young arises from their intense social sympathy. They must get together;—and when together, they must be amused; and if no legitimate and innocent amusement be provided, they will almost inevitably resort to pernicious pleasures. When there is a lack of mental resources, a want of material for agreeable conversation, a deficiency of matter fitted to occupy the thoughts usefully and cheerfully, they will be almost certain to have recourse to hurtful entertainments, and will hurry each other into scenes most fatal to right character and true happiness. Multitudes of young men rush to the billiard-room and the card-table, to the ball-room and the theatre, less from taste for such things, than from mere sympathy with each other. And when they have got as far as this, it is but a short and easy step to the noisy drinking-bout and the wild carouse. There is no other way in which they can be so wrought upon as they are one by another. Who ever knew a young man to become a solitary drunkard, and to addict himself to the bottle, in his silent and secluded room? Some such there may be; but the cases are as rare as they are disgusting. Few would *begin* to take the intoxicating cup if there were none like themselves to take it with them. It is the warmth of fellow-feeling which mutually heats them, till they break out into combustion, and are consumed in the fires of intemperance.

3. Another source of temptation to the young is found in their innate love of pleasure. Pleasure seems properly to belong to that stage of existence, when they are passing from the golden clouds and flowery fields of their youthful dreamland into the first flattering experiences of life, not yet corrected and sobered by disappointment. The passion for enjoyment is so strong as to make them slow in learning that he who drains the draught of gratification to the very bottom, must swallow dregs which will grievously embitter the soul.

> "'Tis sweet to sip of pleasure's cup;
> But woe to him who drinks it up!"

Too many of the young, of either sex, act as if present enjoyment were the only object of existence. Their thoughts are intent upon nothing else. This fatal mistake tends to utter frivolity and reckless dissipation. The devotee of pleasure, absorbed in the desire for immediate gratification, is almost of necessity driven to the wine-flask. Other pleasures can only be procured at intervals. This may be had for money at any hour of the day or night. It is to be had so easily, that indolence, as well as sensuality, invites its aid. Alas! that false ideas of pleasure should obtain such early and obstinate lodgment in the mind. How many, in mad pursuit of this fancied happiness, become the prey of grim and lasting misery!

4. Another source of temptation to the young is found in the corrupt usages of society. The drinking usages of society have slain their tens of thousands. The customs and fashions which have mingled the fascinations of the cup with all the rites of hospitality, with the gayeties of every festival and public celebration, and with the enthusiasm of the political gathering, have lured to destruction full many an unwary youth. Intemperance is peculiarly a social vice, and has insinuated itself into all the currents of social life. Young men, as they come forward into the world, and see how the wine-cup is exalted on all occasions, intruding at the nuptial feast, the dinner-party, the evening entertainment, and the more casual intercourse of acquaintances and friends, can hardly help forming an exaggerated opinion of its importance. He is in danger of considering it as essential to his gentility, and even his manliness. The drinking usages of society are smoothing and paving the paths that lead so many to destruction. It is in respect to these usages that a great reform is needed,—one that shall banish the baleful bowl from the festive board and the social circle.

5. Young men are exposed to severe temptation from the eagerness of bad men to get their money. To this end, neither pains nor expense are spared. Even literature is debased, and the muses are debauched, to grace the orgies of Bacchus. Resorts for dissipation are opened, and garnished with lavish cost and enticing decorations, to invite the company of the young and gay. There is an active emulation among splendid saloons and magnificent club-rooms, which shall most attract the spirited young man, flush and free of his money. And when, by his extravagance in these gilded halls of sin, he is shortened of his means, he finds abundance of cheaper places of resort, adapted to his sinking fortunes and failing reputation, till he descends at last to the lowest retreats, where vice in its final stages and most hideous forms dispatches him with a finishing stroke. Not till he has parted with his last farthing, and his last foul breath, will he cease to find wretches who will eagerly help him to ruin for the luck of a little gain. They might be called sharks, only that

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the shark, by some nobler instinct, will not prey upon its own kind.

Is it strange, that so many a fiery youngling, impatient to snatch the rose of pleasure from among the thorns of sin, should be caught in the snares spread for them at every corner? The marvel is rather, that any thus beset with temptations, and acting under the impulse of youthful blood, escape the arts and decoys of those who lie in wait to take them captive. A few, indeed, by desperate effort, may escape from the entangling net; but the proportion of these is so very small, that the hope is mainly in prevention. A square yard of actual prevention is worth an acre of possible cure. What is needed is a thorough system of personal pledges, associated effort, and legal safeguards, to protect the uncontaminated, and keep them from the paths of the destroyer.

How sad to see a young man falling into habits of intemperance! Ruin to himself, grief to friends, loss to the community! Soon you will see him with soul and body crushed together into a loathsome mass of deformity. Talk of reforms! All other moral evils are but trifles compared with this, as to magnitude, prevalence, and calamitous results. When will the friends of humanity, the ministers and disciples of Jesus Christ, rise up in the fervor of Gospel-love, and in the might of grace, and throw their protecting arms around the young?

Oh, when will our young men themselves rise up as by a common impulse, and in that exalted and generous enthusiasm, which is the crowning beauty of their years, pledge themselves for mutual defence against their most dangerous and cruel foe? If one of them makes a pledge only to himself, it is like an anchor kept on board the ship while winds and currents are setting her on toward the breakers. But such a pledge honorably exchanged with his fellows, is like an anchor cast into firm and tenacious holding-ground, and enabling the gallant bark to ride out the gale with ease and safety. The pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks is a preventive of intemperance, *easy of application*, and *infallible just as far as it is applied*. This is all that can be asked of any preventive. And it is one that is crowned by the benediction of Heaven.

The little leaf that trembles in the breeze,
And rolling cloud that speaks in thunder tone,
The prattling infant on its mother's knees,
And the proud monarch seated on his throne,
All, in each movement, God Jehovah sees;—
Alike, they're subject to high Heaven's decrees.

O. A.

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

BY GEORGIANA MAY SYKES.

It has fallen to my lot to be "a stranger and a sojourner" in a pleasant village. I am familiar with its streets and its lanes, its houses and its gardens, its church and its church-yard, studded with memorial stones. I know its one or two places of merchandise, its more numerous wheelwrighting and smithery, and other mechanical work-shops, as well as I do the aspect of its broad acres of rich, level farm-land, running back for miles on either side of the village street. I recognize the huge farm-wagons attached to some of these, and am well versed in many little details of their management. All these I know; but of the living, moving beings to whom they appertain, I know nothing that I have not learned from the outward characteristics of their dwellings, or from some incident occurring at their door, which has set me upon constructing a theory of the inner life, more likely to be wrong than right, as I have sometimes verified by an inquiry. But even in such a panoramic view of a community, human interests will cluster themselves about familiar objects. Something attracts the fancy, and draws the sympathies to one rather than another of the many homes. We establish a sort of intimacy with the premises, and could almost feel a right to walk in, and make ourselves at home, on the ground of having taken a fancy to the place, and adopted it as a favorite. Such a relation began some months ago to exist between my own mind and an old mansion on the corner, whose roof comes sloping down to form a broad sunny porch, not upon the main street, for to that it offers its blind side, but upon the more quiet intersecting street, where it can contemplate at its leisure the profile of the respectful church on the opposite corner, standing among the graves of many generations. Two gigantic bunches of *box* stand as sentinels at its gate. I marked their quaint aspect when they were half-buried in snow, and mused upon the many years of undisturbed growth they must have known. When the snow disappeared, I remarked that they had their companion and compeer in a solid bed of myrtle, covering the yard with an evergreen carpet. Half a century could hardly have sufficed to give it such a foothold. The patriarch tree in front of the house verifies the legend attached to it, that Washington held a meeting of his officers beneath it, while sharing the hospitalities of the mansion it shades. The charm of the spot to me is its venerable and

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time-hallowed aspect, and the testimony it has seemed to bear to peaceful permanency, and to family stability as a practical problem here on earth.

But the old house on the corner has since taught me another lesson. Under the shelter of its peaceful roof, in the midst of his family, in the prime of his days, the proprietor was suddenly stricken dead, and I saw a vast concourse of mourners gathered within and around the dwelling to carry him forth. Amidst the tears and lamentations of a community to whom he was an endeared physician, he was borne between the green sentinels at his gate, across the dividing street to the church-yard, and laid down to his last repose, as it were, beneath the windows of his home. Thenceforth, as I passed, my thoughts were divided between the freshly-raised mound on one hand, and the house of bereavement on the other.

The winter snows have now melted away; green grass is springing to border the pathway; buds are swelling on every bough, red blossoms are on the maple, and tender green leaves fringe the flexible rods of the willow; the wheat-fields are brilliant in their vivid green; and the animated face of man, and the songs of rejoicing birds, welcome the spring. As I pass the old corner mansion, I see that there too it is spring. That bed of ancient myrtle is gay with blossoms, and intermingled with daffodils and early violets, while the garden, through its whole length, shows the varied hues of the hyacinth, the gorgeous crown-imperial, and the broad leaves of budding tulips, just ready to add themselves to the imposing array. Even the old tree feels the genial influence. The sap moves in its gnarled branches, and finds its way to the ends of its twisted and time-tattered boughs, to swell the buds there. Nowhere about the village is it more truly spring than about the old corner mansion, and yet it looks sad. I seem to hear ever from within a plaintive voice that asks,

"But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn,
Oh, when shall morn break on the night of the grave?"

Why is it that the heart of the recently bereaved is always oppressed by the brightness of the spring, and that the grave never looks more sad than when fresh verdure begins to cover it? Happy are they who know not that sickness of the heart which the joyous spring-tide seems to mock, when the earth is garnished anew, every ravage of winter effaced, and all losses made up but our own great loss. Ah, then it is that we turn away, sickened, "from all she brings to that she cannot bring," and, shutting out external nature, nurse our one great grief.

But this is all wrong. We should be learning another lesson when God reneweth the face of the earth; we may find it written in every opening leaf and springing blade, in the bursting of every buried bulb—a lesson passing human wisdom, that might pause, as we do, dismayed at the sealed door of the grave, were it not for revelation—the great Christian lesson of *the resurrection*. The grave is but a winter of a little longer duration, and shall as surely know its spring.

Come forth, O mourner, and take to your heart the consolation that buds and blossoms for you on every hand. Whose word is this now verified before your eyes—"seed-time and harvest, summer and winter shall not fail?" And whose is this other word—"thy dead men shall live again?" "Because I live, they shall live also." Does he not live to re-animate the dead material world, and clothe it anew with freshness and beauty? Then he lives to bring again from the dust of death the form of the friend we loved, and to clothe his redeemed ones with incorruptible beauty. Come forth, O mourner, and let every leaf bursting its way from the folds of the protecting envelope that lately enshrouded it, but which has now lost its power to restrain its growth, speak to you in promise of a time when the cerements of the grave shall be riven, and death shall lose its power to bind. Open your heart to the healing influences of natural beauty, and the cheering truths of God's word. Be comforted, and be quickened, amidst the universal burst of rejoicing life, in the work of doing good in the world for which its Maker cares so minutely. Then you may consistently exclaim—

"Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord!"

OH! THERE ARE THOSE.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

Oh! there are those to whom I owe
The early faults my youth doth know;
Oh, there are those who still destroy
The trifling portion of my joy.

Oh, there are those whose cheeks are flushed,
Whose conscience seems in quiet hushed;
Who're ever seeking for some joys
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise.

These seek my guileless heart to lure
From virtue's path, so calm and pure;
Yet they will find all efforts vain,
For my pure heart shall know *no stain*.

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Miscellany.

Deaf and Dumb.—One of the most interesting of the anniversary meetings held in Metropolitan Hall, was the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The pupils presented a remarkably fine appearance; their countenances evinced the greatest cheerfulness and intelligence. One could not discern any difference between them and other children of their own age. After a few remarks from the Principal, on the design of the instruction given at the Institution, he called up four to be examined, who had been under instruction but eighteen months. Their knowledge of history, &c., would have done honor to much older pupils, and those who have the advantages of hearing. Four of the senior class were also called to write. Opportunity was given to the audience to assign any theme for them to write upon. A gentleman requested the teacher to have them write their opinion of the *spiritual manifestations*. They immediately and readily did so. The first one read as follows:—"It is the most injurious humbug we have met with in this age of progress. The inventor deserves a diploma from the prince of darkness." The others were equally good, and worthy of the highest commendation.

The exercises were closed with the Lord's Prayer, given by a young lady through the sign language, and translated by her teacher.

Religious Liberty.—Dr. L. Bacon, at the meeting of the American and Foreign Christian Union, remarked: The battle between Romanism and Protestantism is to be fought on this question of religious liberty. The first question between these two conflicting systems is, whether we have the right to read the Bible, and under our responsibility to its Author, to judge what it requires of us. Wherever we can secure for the subject of Romanism complete religious liberty, there we have delivered him from the thraldom of that superstition.

Religious liberty wherever it is established brings in its train all other sorts of reasonable liberty. This country and England stand out prominently before the world, as the defenders of liberty; and in both these countries, the origin of liberty is found in the assertion of the right to freedom of worship. But the separation of the Church from the State, in this country, grew out of the providence of God, in so ordering events as to make the separation inevitable.

Why have the recent attempts to establish civil liberty in Europe so signally failed? Because the element of religious liberty was not in the movement. And such will inevitably be the result, whenever civil liberty is attempted without the freedom of religion.

The signs of the times point to this question of religious liberty as the great question of the present day. The question which we are to assert and maintain for our country is that of religious liberty. It had well been said that Romanism was always the same. It was true, there were some Roman Catholics who appeared to have imbibed the spirit of religious liberty; but Archbishop Hughes and O. A. Brownson would reconcile this in a moment. They will denounce these men as apostates. The true spirit of Popery is seen in the mobs of Roman Catholic Irishmen, gathered to break up a Sunday school, or to interrupt a meeting called to discuss the subject of Popery; and a fair specimen of it we have in the persecution of Dr. Kalley and his friends in Madeira.

But it is not Romanism alone that is opposed to religious liberty. Wherever Protestantism is established by law, there is an end to religious liberty. He was sorry Mr. Oncken was not here to testify on this point, in relation to the persecution of the Baptists in Germany.

There was one point more. There was the church in the wilderness—the Waldenses. We see, in this our day, that persecuted people, who for ages have been shut up in the mountains—we see them brought forth as the missionaries who are to propagate the Gospel in Italy. That honored people now have religious liberty within the bounds of Piedmont, and he trusted that, ere long, the whole of Italy would be open to them, to publish the Gospel in that fair land.

D'Aubigne.—Fifth Volume of the History of the Reformation.—This is a valuable addition to the series which the enterprising Carters are giving the public. The author's credit as an ecclesiastical historian was established ten years ago, on the appearance of the first two volumes of his attempt to write, from a purely religious point of view, the History of the Reformation. He has published his volumes at considerable intervals, taking time to study his subjects with great care, and to make original investigations from such sources as could be found. The four

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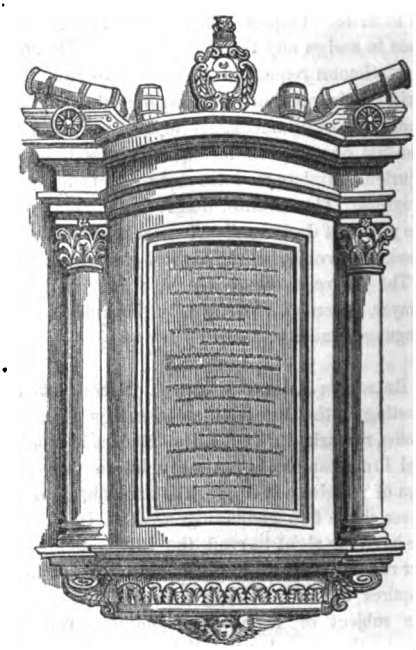
preceding volumes treat of the Reformation on the Continent of Europe; the present enters on the Reformation in Great Britain. D'Aubigne appears to have prosecuted his researches and prepared this volume with peculiar gratification to himself, and to esteem it one of the most important of the course. He gives reasons in the preface why he so deems it, and among others he says: "A second motive forced the author to acknowledge the necessity of a true history of the English Reformation. An active party in the Episcopalian Church is reviving, with zeal, perseverance, and talent, the principles of Roman Catholicism, and incessantly attacking the foundations of evangelical Christianity. A number of young men in the universities, seduced by that deceitful *mirage* which some of their teachers have placed before their eyes, are launching out into clerical and superstitious theories, and running the risk of sooner or later, as so many have done already, falling into the ever-yawning gulf of Popery. We must, therefore, call to mind the reforming principles which were proclaimed from the very commencement of this great transformation." He also observes that "the new position which the Romish Court is taking in England, and its insolent aggressions, demonstrate the present importance of this history."

The same liveliness of narrative which distinguishes the former volumes is conspicuous in this. The reader is carried along with increased pleasure, and is not allowed to be conscious of weariness. It is worthy of remark that, viewing the position of Merle D'Aubigne's work on the Reformation in the popular impression it has made, its statements have remained uncontroverted, evincing the accuracy of its statements and the carefulness of its preparation. The five volumes, averaging about four hundred and seventy pages each, are sold at a very cheap rate. There are two editions on different quality of paper, both on the same clear, distinct type. The one on fine paper sells for three dollars and fifty cents for the five volumes, in good cloth binding. The edition on the inferior paper sells for two dollars and fifty cents. There is also an edition in octavo form, with smaller type, in double columns. This comprises the five volumes in one large octavo of eight hundred and seventy pages, at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents. The Messrs. Carter publish this fifth volume from advance sheets simultaneously with the publication in Great Britain, and have agreed to allow a remuneration to the excellent author on the circulation it may have.



THE above WOOD-CUTS are explained by the first article in our number.

The two worked on this page are in the same connection, and the reader can see them as the author of the piece referred to has brought them up to notice.

OUR ENGRAVING—Presents a beautiful view of the Perth Amboy Sminary for Boys, under the care of W. E. Woodbridge and S. Matthews.

It is an inviting spot, and the Institution is well located for a high class of patronage.

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Pub'd by W. Dunlap, 50 Wall St. N.Y.

Deaf & Dumb Asylum, Kingsbridge.

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SUMMER RAMBLES IN THE WEST. By Mrs. Ellet. This is a pleasant little volume of observations on Western life and manners, and various interesting pleasure scenes usually connected with such rambles. Mrs. Ellet has a happy faculty of interesting her readers whenever she takes them on the lakes, on the rivers, in the Mammoth Cave, or in the beauteous vales of the Western States.

The authoress, in a neat, graceful style, has embodied many facts and descriptions of Western scenery and society that will serve to make her readers better acquainted with the fair inheritance of our noble country. The last chapter contains a description of the wonderful Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

For those making these excursions, this would be a descriptive work worth taking along. It is stowed with profitable information, collected with labor. John C. Riker, 129 Fulton Street.

DELLA'S DOCTORS; or, a Glance Behind the Scenes. By Hannah C. Creamer. This is a novel tale, and a novel way of treating the Doctors, by one of the feminine gender. The descriptions are easy and natural, and as attractive as almost any of the romances of the day. The different systems of treatment are handled skilfully, and all the observations very sensible and practical. There is considerable brilliancy in every scene described, and the medical theories and systems oppugnant to the views of the writer are shown up to the best ability possible. The work should be generally read and pondered for the many truths discussed in so graceful a manner, and so pleasing a style. Fowlers and Wells.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM; or, Narratives, Scenes and Anecdotes from Courts of Justice. By Peter Burke, Esq. This is a reprint from an English edition, and will be read with great avidity. These narratives and scenes from courts of justice are full of the highest kind of romance, and some of them impose a great tax upon one's credulity, though they are doubtless real occurrences. Lamport & Co., No. 8 Park Place.

THE TRANSLATORS REVIVED; a Biographical Memoir of the Authors of the English Version of the Holy Bible. By A. W. McClure. The talented and scholarly author traces the history of our common version through the successive steps by which it has come down to us. He then sketches the lives of the authors, their birth-place, literary advantages, qualifications for their duty, their various productions, etc. Careful research is here displayed, and in a small compass a large amount of information is brought together. It is a work of considerable interest to the student of the Bible, to all who revere the religious worth of the men who were the medium of communication between the spirit and those who read the English tongue in all countries. C. Scribner, Nassau Street.

JOURNAL OF AN AFRICAN CRUISER. These are sketches of places of considerable interest. By H. Bridge, of U. S. Navy. Edited by N. Hawthorne. He describes his voyage and the ports and countries visited; the Cape de Verds, Liberia, Madeira, Sierra Leone, and other places on the coast of Africa, in an interesting manner. The book is filled with entertaining information concerning customs, habits, and employments, unfamiliar to us Americans, but concerning which all like to be informed. There is novelty enough about the work to suit the gourmands of fictions, if they have at all a healthy appetite. It would make a profitable work for school libraries. G. Putnam & Co., No. 10 Park Place.

HOME LIFE IN GERMANY. By Charles Loring Brace, Author of "Hungary in 1851." Charles Scribner. The reading public has looked with interest for this book, and we think will not be disappointed. Mr. Brace has undertaken to tell us the home habits of the Germans—"what they eat and drink, how they amuse themselves, what furniture they have, how their houses look, and above all, what the usual talk and tone of thought is among the great middle classes." He has reported briefly a good many conversations with persons in different walks of life, and has thus let us into the modes of thinking which prevail. We have found the volume deeply engaging, and can sincerely invite the intelligent reader to its pages, as to an entertainment. The account of the state of religion in Germany is dark and melancholy; and yet there seems to be promise of a better day, especially among the educated classes. Mr. Brace's chapters on this subject are instructive, and they are marked by consideration and candor. We regret that our limits do not allow us to give the reader a more specific statement of the contents of this unusually attractive volume.

WARDLAW ON MIRACLES. This work, fresh from the pen of Dr. Wardlaw, has been republished by Mr. Carter. It cannot fail to be widely useful. It is needed in this day of active infidelity. In eight chapters, the author treats of the nature of miracles—their possibility—their probability—the great miracle of the resurrection of Jesus—miraculous agency of evil spirits—the later forms of unbelief respecting miracles—the appropriateness of miraculous attestation, and the evidence of the reality of the miracles of Christ. While the author does not claim to have brought forward much that is new, he merits the praise of having set forth in a manly and clear way the best results of human thought on this great subject. He is up to the times. He has read the infidel evasions, and weighed their hypotheses. He has exhibited the subject as it comes from the laboratory of a powerful English mind. His volume is therefore fitted to enlighten, not to obscure. Many important principles he has laid down and vindicated with admirable skill. We shall not have reason to be ashamed of such a defender of the faith.

DOCTOR GRANT AND THE MOUNTAIN NESTORIANS. By Rev. Thomas Laurie, Surviving Associate in that Mission. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. We have at length, what was much to be desired, a full record of the devoted life and arduous labors of that beloved and lamented missionary, Doct. Grant. The religious public will be thankful for it. The volume comes out in fine style, containing more than 400 pages, and being embellished with many illustrations. Among these are an accurate likeness of Doct. Grant, and a very valuable map of the Nestorian country. Few missionaries have more strongly enlisted the personal regard of their acquaintance than the subject of this memoir. There was a certain nobleness and courage which all admired. For this reason, the full account of his career will be welcomed with peculiar feelings. This volume will be of value as giving a succinct account of the history and condition of the Nestorians, and the progress of the missionary work among them.

RACHEL KELL. By the Author of "My Mother," "Scenes and Characters in College," &c. M. W. Dodd. A very pleasant story, following the fortunes of Rachel, whose course was ever onward and upward, and who rose from a neglected and despised child, to be Mrs. Geer, an honored matron. There is no special depth of plot, nor brilliant portrayal of character; but the story carries with it all along a useful lesson, and leaves a happy impression. There is also a good deal in it to entertain and to stir the risibles.

HASTINGS ON MUSICAL TASTE. A new edition of the celebrated Dissertation of Mr. Hastings has appeared from the

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publishing house of Mason Brothers. It speaks well for the advance of musical knowledge and taste, that this scholarlike treatise should be called for anew. A more judicious work on the subject has never been given to the public. It treats of precisely the topics on which correct views are most important, and it treats of them with great ability. The Dissertation has been revised by the author, and comes out in a very handsome style of publication.

The following pieces from FIRTH AND POND have been received from their large stock of recently published Music :—

1. "The Old Farm at Home." By I. B. Woodbury. Song.
2. "The Twilight Song." By Henry W. Pond.
3. The Field Flower Polka, Mazurka. By Ch. Meyer.
4. The Ruby Schottisch. By H. Kleber.
5. The Bridal Schottisch. By C. Mueller.
6. Grande Marche de Concerte. By H. A. Wollenhaupt.

No. 3 is a very fine piece, and deserves high honor among this class of Music. No. 6 will prove an excellent thing to all who try it.

From T. S. BERRY & Co., 297 Broadway.

1. "I'll Think of Thee At Early Morn." By Roultz.
2. "Then Take Me To My Native Home." By J. M. Pelton.
3. "The Coquette." By James Pierpont.
4. La Source Valse. By James Bellak.
5. Love Star Schottisch. By Francis H. Brown.
6. Hume Polka. By Francis H. Brown.
7. Bonbonniere Musicale—Selections from the Opera, arr. from Theo. Oesten. Book 6.

The first three are songs—all pretty, particularly the second. Nos. 5 and 6 are really fine, and the title-page is beautifully embellished.

Received from HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway.

1. "Woman's Rights." By Kate Horn.
2. Christ All In All.—An Anthem. By E. C. Caebler.
3. La Polka de Grace. By J. Franklin Bassford.
4. A Polish Flower Mazurka. By J. Franklin Bassford.
5. Variations Brillantes—on the favorite air Katy Darling. By Chas. De Jane.

The first two are songs, very fine, especially the second, which is a beautiful quartette. No. 3 is rather a difficult but very choice Polka.

Received from the author, The Psi Upsilon Schottisch. By Eml. Brandeis, Bowery. A very pleasing piece of Music, so says a fair one who tried it.

MCILVAINE'S EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.—We rejoice that the Tract Society has secured the privilege of publishing and distributing this truly valuable work. Perhaps among all the books on this subject there is no one which can be so unqualifiedly recommended for general circulation. It combines a holy earnestness with a thorough logic, and speaks powerfully to the conscience, as well as to the understanding. It has convinced and awakened many. In the Preface to the Sixth Edition, the author remarks that "it would make a very interesting little book, were it in the power of the author to recollect and relate the particulars of the many cases of persons who have ascribed their conversion from infidelity, and their affectionate embracing of the Gospel, under the blessing of God, to the use of this little unpretending work." Never was there a time when it was more important to give wide circulation to such a volume than it now is. Whoever engages in the work of distributing Bishop McIlvaine's Lectures, will become more and more satisfied of their peculiar adaptation to the popular mind, and their power to reach the inner convictions of the heart. Let every Christian have at least one copy of this book to lend among his neighbors, and let him be sure to study it thoroughly for himself.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN. This is the title of a work just published by J. R. Trembly, of Dansville, N. Y., and G. P. Putnam & Co. of this city. From a personal acquaintance with the young authoress, we were prepared to expect in her book something as rich in style and thought as other specimens of her writings for the public; and we are not disappointed. In the hasty perusal which our limited time has given to the work, we find some capital hits on fashionable life, and the impressions left on the mind are happy and salutary. In the general scope and design and style, the reader is often reminded of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The book is full of fine touches on polite society, and there is a certain class of persons, and that class is not a small one, who would do well to take a peep "Behind this Curtain." They would doubtless improve in their manners and gain something of that scarce article called refinement.

NIGHT THOUGHTS. The Reflections of Edward Young on LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY are staple literature, and never cease to interest the intelligent reader. The new edition, edited by Prof. Boyd, and published by Barnes & Co., with the Memoir of the Author, Critical Reviews of his writings, explanatory notes, &c., is a truly valuable book. The notes are copious and valuable, and highly entertaining to the scholar.

COWPER'S TASK has lately passed through the same hands, and is issued in the same style of typography, and with notes of the same bearing. Cowper is a sweet and lovely poet. The measures that glide from his pen are soft and graceful, and sometimes deep-toned and stirring beyond what is to be found in ordinary writers. Let it be read with the Criticisms and Notes of Prof. Boyd and a new charm is thrown around it. From the same house POLLOK is to appear in the "Course of Time," in a better dress and form than ever before when presented to the public. Whether this is to finish the series has not yet transpired. Let these master poetical geniuses be studied as they deserve, and with these helps maybe the mind can thus be richly stored and highly cultivated. Far better is such employ than reading tales of romance or engaging in street gossip.

"ONE YEAR OF WEDLOCK." Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau-st. Among the last of the useful and entertaining books lately published by Scribner, is one translated from the Swedish of Emily F. Carlen, and entitled as above named. We advise the unmarried to read it, as containing many valuable and practical hints; and recommend it to *all* as a work pleasing and profitable. The chaste beauty of thought and style this author exhibits, forcibly reminds us of the writings of her celebrated countrywoman, Frederika Bremer.

A NOTICE.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SHOES, BOOTS, &C.—From a long business acquaintance, we can cordially recommend Mr. Wm. Wright, who keeps a Boot and Shoe store on the north-east corner of Greenwich and Murray streets, to the patronage of those of our out-of-town readers who may have occasion to visit the city, and be in need of articles in the boot and shoe line. We also recommend him to our town subscribers, who have not the good fortune to know of a fair and gentlemanly shoe dealer. He has just opened a new and fashionable stock of ladies' and gentlemen's boots and shoes, of all kinds; and his motto *always* is, that "the nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling."

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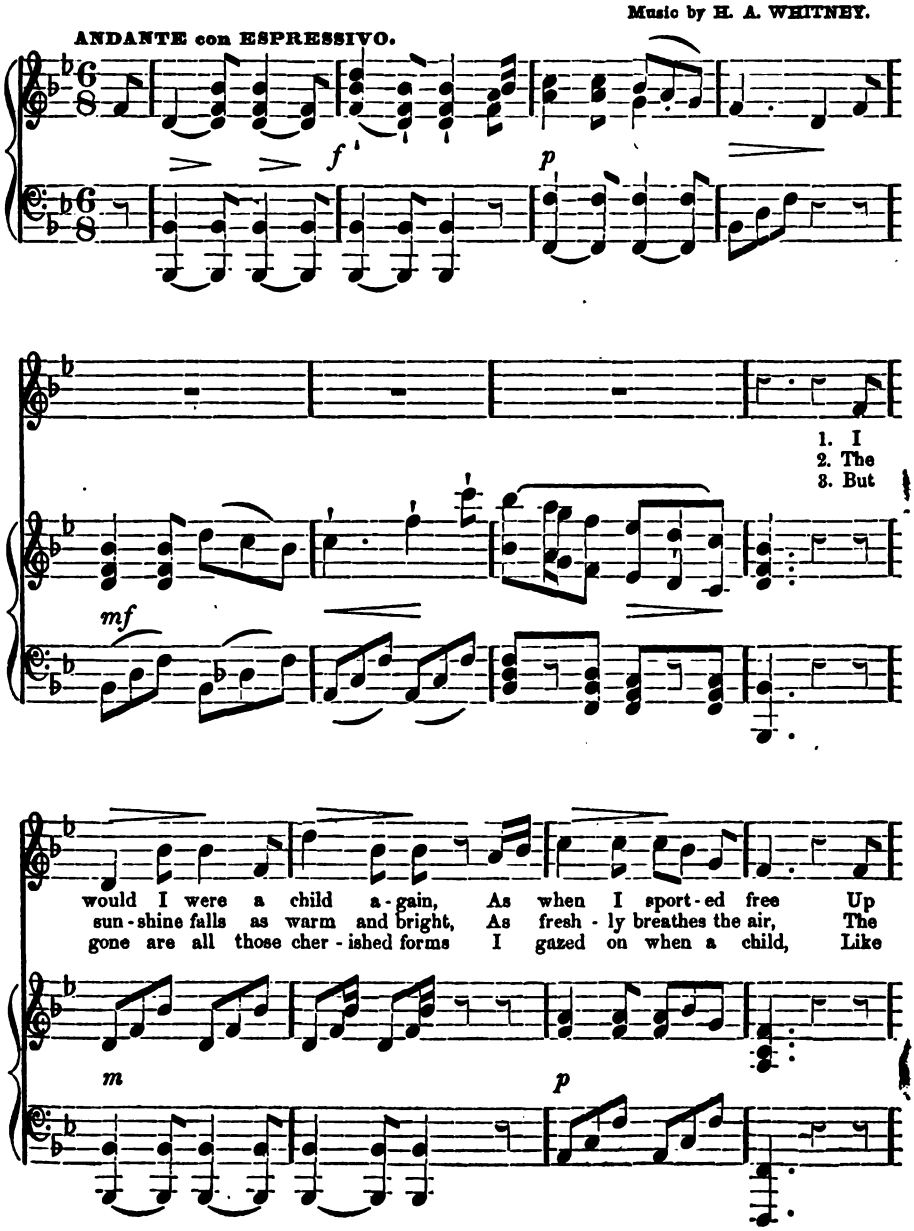
The Old Oak Tree.

Music by H. A. WHITNEY.

ANDANTE con ESPRESSIVO.
f
p
1. I
2. The
3. But
mf
would I were a child a-gain, As when I sport-ed free Up
sun-shine falls as warm and bright, As fresh-ly breathes the air, The
gone are all those cher-ished forms I gazed on when a child, Like
m
p

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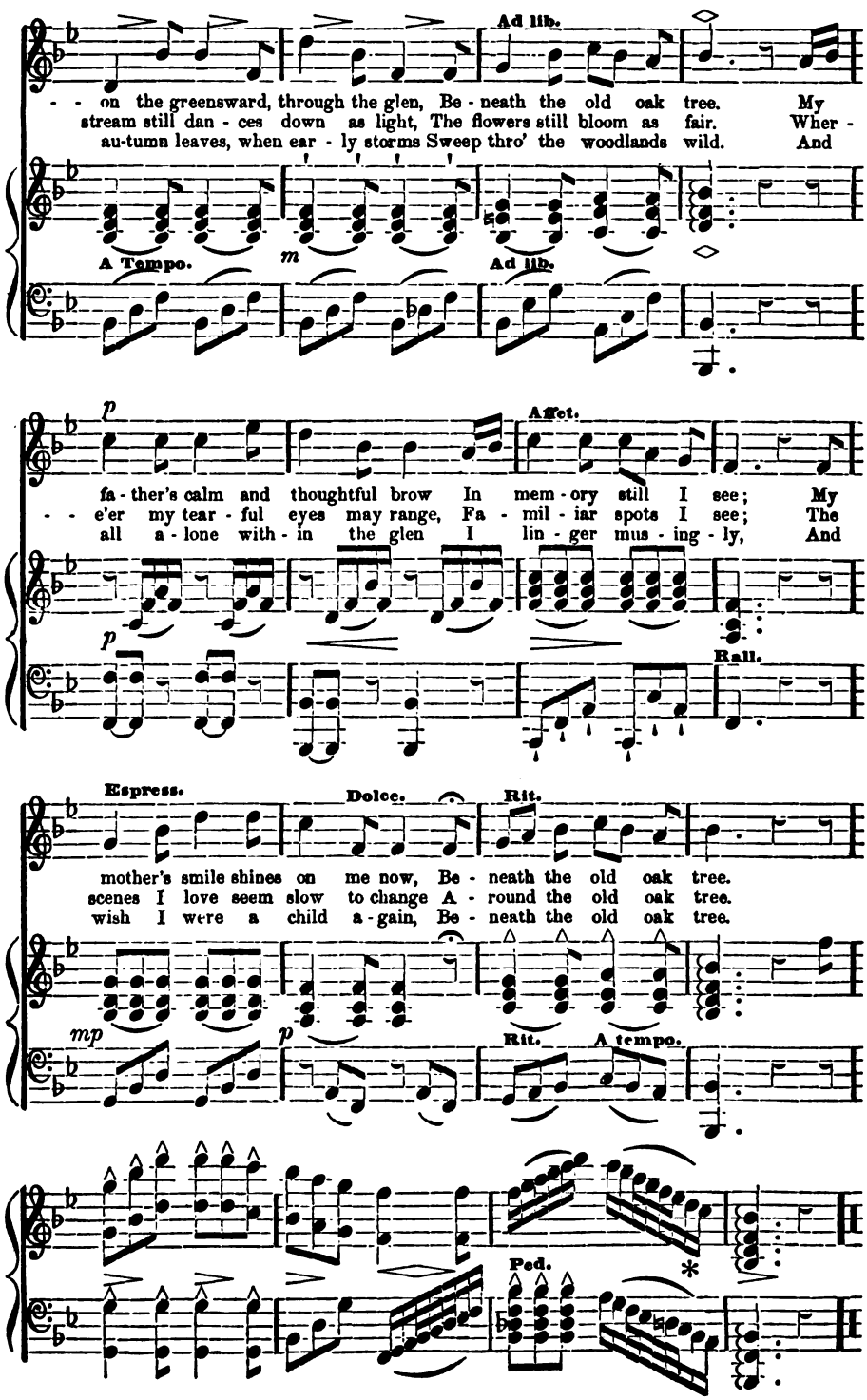
Ad lib.
- - on the greensward, through the glen, Be - neath the old oak tree. My
stream still dan - ces down as light, The flowers still bloom as fair. Wher -
au-tumn leaves, when ear - ly storms Sweep thro' the woodlands wild. And
A Tempo.
m
Ad lib.
p
Affet.
fa - ther's calm and thoughtful brow In mem - ory still I see; My
- - e'er my tear - ful eyes may range, Fa - mil - iar spots I see; The
all a - lone with - in the glen I lin - ger mus - ing - ly, And
p
Rall.
Espress.
Dolce.
Rit.
mother's smile shines on me now, Be - neath the old oak tree.
scenes I love seem slow to change A - round the old oak tree.
wish I were a child a - gain, Be - neath the old oak tree.
mp
p
Rit.
A tempo.
Ped.
*

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EXTERIOR OF CHIGWELL SCHOOL.

SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.

Slate-roof House, the city residence of William Penn and family while in Philadelphia, on his second visit in 1700, is remarkable as the birth-place of the only one of the race of Penn born in the country. Here John Penn, "the American," was born, one month after the arrival of the family. After Penn's decease, the house was retained as the governor's residence; and John Adams, and other members of the Congress, had their lodgings in the Slate House.

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

PILGRIMAGES TO ENGLISH SHRINES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

From the London Art-Journal.

(Concluded from page 197.)

We may diverge a little from our subject to introduce two engravings, interesting as associated with this period of the history of William Penn. With Fox he travelled much; and in the Journal of that celebrated man he is frequently referred to. They visited each other's houses; and while we know that Fox resided at Wormingburst, we have the traditional certainty of his visiting Fox, at his house, Swarthmoor Hall, on the borders of Lancashire. This mansion was his by marriage with the widow of Judge Fell; and in the memoirs of Margaret Fox, she records his first visit there in her husband's lifetime, in 1652, who, from being opposed to Quakerism, became a convert on hearing Fox, and she says —"He let us have a meeting in his house the next first day after, which was the first public meeting that was at Swarthmoor, our meetings being kept at Swarthmoor about thirty-eight years, until a new Meeting-house was built by George Fox's order and cost, near Swarthmoor Hall."

In 1676 Penn became "manager of Property concerns" in New Jersey; invited settlers, sent them out in three vessels, and occupied himself in the formation of a constitution, consisting of terms of agreement and concession. Perfect religious liberty was, of course, established, and William Penn left on record that "he hoped he had laid the foundation, for those in after ages, of their liberty both as men and Christians, and by an adherence to which they could never be brought into bondage but by their own consent."

How evident it is that such-like exercises qualified him for his after-charge of "his property" of Pennsylvania! In these days it is little more than a pleasure trip, to those who like, or do not absolutely dislike, the sea, to cross the Atlantic; but in the time of William Penn it was a serious undertaking; yet nothing obstructed his progress; when once he fixed within his mind that it was *right* to act, the act was "a-foot." It would be the PILGRIMAGE of a life to follow his steps; we have taken but a condensed view of his movements, yet what space it has occupied; and still his journeyings are only commenced! What meetings and preachings in Holland and Germany—what disputations abroad and in England—what petitions on behalf of the peaceful, but most persecuted Quakers—what answers to libels, and what loving epistles to God's people! Stimulated by the hot blood of his father, which at times boiled within his veins, he for a time forgot his consistency and made common cause with Algernon Sydney in his contested election at Guildford; but his "plainness" did not move the people "more than eloquence," for Sydney lost his election, and Penn was forced from the hustings. And all this time his mighty head was projecting, and his mighty heart beating with plans for the good of New Jersey: mingling the divine and secular in a way which cannot be comprehended by those who have not known

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what it is to contend with the restlessness and suggestions of an enterprising and fervent spirit. His heart was rent asunder by the persecutions endured by his people—especially in the "rough" city of Bristol—and anxious as he then was for the grants which he in aftertime obtained, the fear of "great ones" never prevented his raising hand and voice against tyranny.

At length one of his great objects was attained; the Charter, granting him the tract of land which he himself had marked out, bears date the 4th of March, 1681. Let none suppose this was a free gift from the Majesty of England to the Quaker—not at all;—he had petitioned for land in "the far West," where brethren might dwell together in unity, in love, and in security, chiefly as the liquidation of a debt which the government owed his father. And when his petition was granted, then commenced the career by which his name is chiefly known and honored; his sayings and doings, his writings, his wearyings and journeyings, are only parts of the political and religious contention which disjointed England in those days, and show forth the restless and truth-seeking spirit of one whose aim was to keep alive the purer and simpler forms of religion, while contending manfully for its liberty. Happily, the spirit of persecution—at least of legalized persecution—has been extinguished in our age; and now, instead of sitting in terror under our own "vine and fig-tree"—

> "We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
> How Providence educeth, from the spring
> Of lawless will, unlooked for streams of good,
> Which neither force shall check, nor time abate."

But the grand feature, the climax—the crowning of the capital, is PENN at PENNSYLVANIA; the just man rising above all temptations. Let quibbles be raised, and old rumors revived,—the facts of Penn's legislation prove the greatness of mind and purity of his intentions. He had the strong feelings, passions, and thoughts inseparable from a large brain; and the wonder of all who look upon him dispassionately, must be, not that some evil has been asserted of one who accomplished what he desired, and commanded the respect of the voluptuous, as well as the affection of the good, but that so little has been found or written to his discredit.

Gathering "a favored people" together from wherever he had preached "the word," we find that, at a very early period, he freighted two ships with Irish Quakers.

Mercurial as the Irish are, there is no country where Quakers are more beloved and trusted to this day, than in Ireland; and well they may be so! At all times the Quakers stand forth between "the people" and destruction; no matter whether the peasantry are assailed by pestilence or by famine, the firm, calm, unpresuming, but steadfast Quaker comes forward with his store of wealth, and energy, and industry, and charity (pure charity in its most comprehensive sense), and *mind*, ready to save, and employ, and instruct; we have met with some who remember having heard from their parents, that their grandsires remembered the wailing of the poor when the "great law-maker," William Penn, induced so many of the "neighbors" to go to the New World. The "conditions," as it pleased him to call his code of laws,—laws made as much for the advantage of a people given carelessly into his hand by a power which evidently thought little of the "Peltries," or "hunting-ground," of the Red-men—as for the good of those who sought a home in an unknown land, in full reliance upon their leader,—the "conditions" are all stated in Clarkson's life of Penn.

The closeness and simplicity and wisdom of his legislation are admirable commentaries on the multitude and mystery of involvements which sepulchre our laws. It is evident that in all he did, he sought not only that his own people should be well treated, but that they should treat others well. He put far away all attempts at religious persecution; and strove rather to make men upright and just in their old faith, than to tempt them into a new one.

The embarkation of this Quaker colony must, if we recall it by help of imagination, have formed a strange contrast to the going out of an "emigrant ship" in our own day. The well-clad, well-organized, steadfast, earnest, subdued, yet hopeful people, taking leave of those whom they loved yet left, subduing, as is their custom, all outward indications of anguish, and seeming ashamed of the emotion which sent tears to their eyes and tremors to their lips! Two of the good ships—well ordered, well appointed, well provisioned—sailed from London; another from Bristol. How different from those wretched hulks which are now sent staggering across the seas, to convey a diseased, half-naked, and enfeebled multitude to the promised land!

Penn's letter to the Indians, transmitted by one of the earlier ships, is a master-piece of what worldlings call policy, but which is simply justice and right feeling. This letter preceded his visit, and was well calculated to excite the confidence and curiosity of the Red-men, who must have felt deeply anxious to see the "Pale-face" who addressed them, and was disposed to treat them, as brethren.

The death of his mother at this time spread

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a gloom over his loving spirit, and delayed his departure; but the interests of the New World summoned him from the Old. His letter to his wife and children, written on their separation, is such a record of pure love and true wisdom, that we should like to see it published as a tract, to find place among the treasures of every young married woman, and be unto her and her children a guide through life. He dates this letter from Worminghurst, where his family resided some considerable time.

He at length sailed for the new colony, in the ship "Welcome," and was there greeted by his future subjects, consisting of English, Irish, Dutch, and Swedes, then in number about 3000. He had people of many creeds and many lands to deal with, as well as an unseen and almost unknown nation, but he commenced with so noble an act of justice, in *paying* the Indians for the lands already *given* him in *payment* by the king of England, that "Pale-faces" and "Red-skins" were alike convinced of his certain honesty of purpose. There are few persons whose pulsations are so numbed that they will not beat the quicker when they hear of a generous action; the soul is revived, even in a worldly bosom, by the throbs of immortality which tell us there are great and righteous deeds prompted by God himself. With what an upright gait and open brow must Penn have met the tribes at COAQUANNOC—the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands—foremost of a handful of Quakers, without weapons, undefended, except by that sure protector which the Almighty stamped upon every honest brow.

Here the peace-loving law-maker awaited the pouring out of the dusky tribes.

Amid the woods, as far as the eye could reach, dark masses of wild uncouth creatures, some with paint and feathers, and rude, but deadly weapons, advanced slowly and in good order; grave, stern chiefs, and strong-armed "braves" gathering to meet a few unarmed strangers, their future FRIENDS, not MASTERS! There was neither spear nor pistol, sword nor rifle, scourge nor fetter, open or concealed, among these white men; the trysting-place was an elm-tree of prodigious growth at Shackamaxon, the present Kensington of Philadelphia. Towards this tree the leaders of both tribes drew near, approaching each other under its widely-spreading branches; front to front, eye to eye, neither having a dishonest or dishonorable thought towards his fellow-man—comprehending each other by means of that great interpreter—Truth! How vexatious that history should be so mute as to this most glorious meeting, and that there is little but tradition—that faintest echo of the mighty past—to tell of the speeches made by the Indians, and replied to by William Penn after his first address had been delivered. The Quaker used no subterfuge, employed no stratagem to draw them into confidence; imposed not upon their senses by a display of crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halbert, or any of the visible signs of stately dominion or warlike power, to which, like all wild men, they were inclined to render homage;—and this is a thing to look at with pride and thankfulness, when man in a righteous purpose, and with simplicity, and steadfast intent, becomes so completely one of Heaven's delegates, that he is looked up to, and respected by his fellow-mortals, who are not so richly endowed by God. It must have been a sight of exceeding glory when Penn, whose only personal distinction was a netted sash of sky-blue silk, cast his eyes over the mighty and strange multitude, who observed him with an undefined interest, while his followers displayed to the tribes various articles of merchandise, and he advanced, steadily, towards the great *Sachem*, chief of them all, who, as Penn drew near, placed a horned chaplet on his head, which gave his people intimation that the sacredness of peace was over all. With one consent the tribes threw down their bows and arrows, crouched around their chiefs, forming a huge half-moon on the ground, while their great chief told William Penn, by his interpreter, that the "nations were ready to hear him."

This scene has never been either recorded or painted as it might be. The great fact that he there spoke fearlessly and honestly, what they heard and believed—pledging themselves, when he had concluded, according to their country's manner, to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure—is more suggestive than any record in modern history.

After arranging all matters as to the future city, well might William Penn write home—"In fine, here is what Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be well contented with, and service enough for God, for the fields are here white with harvest. Oh, how sweet is the quiet of these parts! freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woeful Europe!"

But much as the law-giver eulogized the "quiet" of his new colony, he was not content to remain there. His mind was anxious; his affections were divided between the two hemispheres; his ardent, restless nature longed to act wherever action was needed. If the English government had hoped to get rid of him

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when they sold him the land for an inheritance, they were mistaken; several of those he loved were in sorrow and imprisonment; the Stuarts gave liberty of conscience one day and withdrew it the next; he therefore returned to England. Charles II. was trembling on the verge of the grave, which soon closed over him, leaving nothing for immortality but the fame of weakness even in vice. William Penn records James telling him, soon after his accession, that now he meant to "go to mass above board;" upon which the Quaker replied quaintly and promptly, "that he hoped his Majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved himself, and let all go where they pleased." His renewed intimacy with James strengthened the old reproach of "time-serving," and "trimming," and William Penn was frequently called Jesuitical. Those who so reproached him had forgotten the long friendship which had subsisted between the king and himself, and the fact that never had his influence in high places been used except for right and righteous purposes. Whatever was said against him either then or now lacks proof, and is no more history than the bubble on the surface of the stream is the stream itself. He resided then in a house at Charing Cross, most probably one ready furnished, as it has not been pointed at as a residence. His journeyings to and fro were resumed, and as he was known to be affectionately attached to James, (who certainly showed him great favor,) when William came to the throne he was persecuted nearly as much as in the old times. Pennsylvania, too, became disturbed, not by the discontent of the Red-men, but by discontent with another governor. The wife of his bosom died in her fiftieth year, and soon after his son, in the prime of youth and hope, was taken from him. He married, however, again, feeling it hard to superintend a household without the overlooking care of a steadfast woman. From those of his own people who could not comprehend his liberal views he experienced great opposition and reproof, some of them thinking he entered too much into the world of politics.

'Time and the hour run through the longest day.'

Penn outlived evil report and persecution.

After a lapse of seventeen years he again sailed with his family to Pennsylvania; again was received by "white and red" as their father and their friend; dispelled many differences, healed many sores, saw the city he had planned rising rapidly on every side. These seventeen years seemed to have done the work of seventy, and the prosperity of Pennsylvania was secured. He had shown the possibility of a nation maintaining its own internal policy amid a mixture of different nations and opposite civil and religious opinions, and of maintaining its foreign relations also, without the aid of a soldier or a man-at-arms. The CONSTABLE'S STAFF was the only symbol of authority in Pennsylvania for the greater part of a century!

He had still abundant vexations to endure. His circumstances had become embarrassed. He returned with his family to England an aged man, though more aged by the unceasing anxiety and activity of his life, than by years.

There are traditions of his dwelling at Kensington and Knightsbridge; but it is known that he possessed himself of a handsome mansion at Rushcombe, near Twyford, in Berkshire; here a stroke of apoplexy numbed his active brain, and rendered him unfit for business; that such "strokes" were repeated, until he finally sank beneath them, is also certain; but those who visited him between the periods of their infliction, bore testimony to his faith, and hope, and trust in the Lord, and of his unfailing loving-kindness and gentleness to those around him. Thus, through much faintness and weakness, he had but little actual suffering, though there was a gradual pacing towards eternity, during six years, and on the 30th day of July, 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he put off the mortal coil which he had worn, even to the wearing out, and joined in Heaven those he had loved on earth. There was an immediate and mighty gathering of his friends and admirers, who attended his remains to the burying-ground of Jordans. It must have been a thrilling sight; the silent and solemn people wending their way through the embowered lanes leading from Rushcombe into Buckinghamshire, that hallowed land of Hampden, consecrated by so many memories, of which Penn, if not chiefest, is now among the chief! The dense unweeping sorrow of a Quaker funeral once witnessed can never be forgotten.

The sun had begun to make long shadows on the grass, and the bright stems of the birch threw up, as it were, the foliage of heavier trees, before we came in sight of the quaint solitary place of silence and of graves. The narrow road leading to the Quakers' Meeting-house was not often disturbed by the echo of carriage-wheels, and before we alighted an aged woman had looked out with a perplexed yet kindly countenance, and then gone back and sent forth her little grand-daughter, who met us with a self-possessed and quiet air, which showed that if not "a friend," she had dwelt among friends. The meeting-house is, of course, perfectly unadorned

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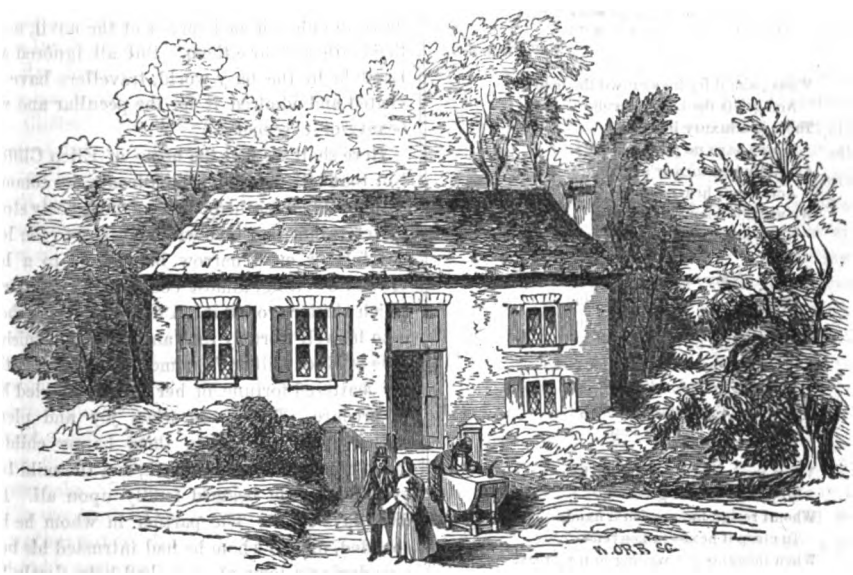
—plain benches, and a plain table, such as you sometimes see in "furniture-prints" of Queen Anne's time. This table the little maid placed outside, to enable Mr. Fairholt to sketch the grave-yard, and that we might write our names in a book, where a few English and a number of Americans had written before us,—it would be defamation to call it "an album,"—it contained simply, as it ought, the names of those who, like ourselves, wished to be instructed and elevated by a sight of the grave of William Penn.

The burying-ground might be termed a little meadow, for the long green grass waved over, while it in a great degree concealed, the several undulations which showed where many sleep; but when observed more closely, chequered though it was by increasing shadows, the very undulations gave an appearance of green waves to the verdure as it swept above the slightly-raised mounds; there was something to us sacred beyond all telling in this green place of nameless graves, as if, having done with the world, the world had nothing more to do with those whose stations were filled up, whose names were forgotten!—it was more solemn, told more truly of actual death, than the monuments beneath the fretted roofs of Westminster or St. Paul's, laboring, often unworthily, "to point a moral or adorn a tale," to keep a memory green which else had mouldered!

The young girl knew the "law-giver's" grave amongst the many, as well as if it had been crushed by a tower of monumental marble.

She pointed it out, between the graves of his



THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

two wives; some pilgrim to the shrine had planted a little branch, a mere twig, which had sprouted and sent forth leaves, just at the head of the mound of earth,—an effort at distinction that seemed somewhat to displease the old woman, who had come forth looking well satisfied at what she called the "quiet place" being so noticed. "All who came," she said, "knew the grave of William Penn; there was no need of any distinction; *there it was*, every one knew it; yes, many came,—especially Americans. Ladies now and then plucked a little root of the grass, and took it away as a treasure; and no wonder, every one said he was a man of peace,—a GOOD MAN!"

We walked along the road that led to the upland, and leaning against a stile, saw the shadows of the tall trees grow longer and longer, as if drawing themselves closer to the hallowed earth. The Meeting-house had a solemn aspect; so lonely, so embowered, so closed up,—as if it would rather keep within itself, and to itself, than be a part of the busy world of busy men.

How still and beautiful a scene! How grand in its simplicity; how unostentatiously religious,—those green mounds upon which the setting sun was now casting its good-night in golden benisons, seemed to us more spirit-moving than all the vaunted monuments of antiquity we had ever seen. How we wished that all law-givers had been like him, who rested within the sanctuary of that green grass grave. We thought how he

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had the success of a conqueror in establishing and defending his colony, without ever, as was said of him, drawing a sword; the goodness of the most benevolent ruler in treating his subjects like his own children; the tenderness of a universal Father, who opened his arms, without distinction of sect or party, to the worthy of all mankind;—the man who really wishes to establish a mission of peace, and love, and justice to the ends of the earth, should first pray beside the grave of William Penn.

TEARS.

BY "MAUD."

"Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for!"
E. B. Browning.

When painful feelings crowd the heart,
And griefs the bosom swell,
There is a luxury in tears,
Words have no power to tell:
And O! when sorrow's jarring hands
Across our heart-strings sweep,
We are not wholly desolate,
If we can turn and weep.

Though oft my saddened brow has throbbed
Through the soul's subtle pain,
Yet not a tear would start to cool
The burning of my brain:
I've seen the cheeks of others wet,
With eye undimmed and clear;
I've shared the agony they felt,
But shed for them no tear.

When the last pressure of the lip
To those I love is given—
When I resign the cherish'd hand,
To clasp it next—in heaven—
When thoughts are welling in my breast
For language far too deep,
It surely were a sweet relief
To bow my head and weep.

Though not a hope be whispering
That we shall meet again,
Yet from my spirit's burdened clouds
There falls no soothing rain:
I know that they will deem me cold,
So calmly thus to part;
They would not, could they raise the veil,
And gaze into my heart!

There is a place where not a tear
Is ever seen to flow;
And when I muse on all its joys,
I sometimes long to go,—
And putting off my mortal robes,
Lie down in dreamless sleep,
While the glad spirit seeks the land
Where none will ever weep.

LANDALE.

BY H. A. BURR.

Snugly nestled among sheltering mountains—all sunny and still—lies the little village of Landale. The river Elton sweeps calmly and gracefully by. White sails flutter, and quickly plied oars flash along its bright waters; but no rushing, heavy-wheeled steamer has ever disturbed its placidity. The harsh scream of the locomotive has never been heard for miles around; a good old-fashioned stage having brought all the news and dust and travellers that have found their way to Landale. Save here and there a mansion, bespeaking wealth and cultivated taste, the dwellings are those of simple cottagers, content to drive the plough, or hammer at the anvil, as did their fathers before them. But all ignored as is Landale by the busy world, travellers have yet visited and admired it for the peculiar and wild beauty of its scenery.

Here shall we find the home of Ellen Clifford. Not that tall mansion which fronts the common, with its vine-wreathed portico and choicely stored parterres, nor that trim white cottage to the left; but further on a narrow lane leads to a low-browed dwelling, almost concealed by the trees which cluster around it. A near inspection shows it to be well worn by time and scantily furnished. This is Ellen Clifford's home, and the best that the shattered fortune of her father enabled him to procure. Time was when joy and plenty smiled upon him—when three happy children made glad music at his hearth, and the mild blue eye of his wife beamed fondly upon all. But dark days came. The partner in whom he had confided, and to whom he had intrusted his business during a long absence, had been slowly but surely working his ruin. Promptly and energetically did he apply himself to stem the tide which had set against him. Retrenchments and sacrifices were made to save, if possible, his wealth from total wreck. But all in vain: he saw it melt like a snow-wreath before him. The man to whose villany he owed all his misery left the country. No more was heard of him. Disheartened, but not despairing, Mr. Clifford set himself to the work of building anew his fortune. He had inherited an ample property, and prosecuted business on a large scale. To begin without capital was to him a sad novelty. His fragile wife drooped under new cares and toils, and at last faded from his eye. It was a sad moment when he stood by the open grave and consigned to it that precious form, and had it not been for

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the band of weeping ones that clung to him, he had prayed to be laid beside her. But he was a Christian. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," was his ejaculation as he pressed for the last time those unanswering lips, whose warm caress had so often driven the cloud from his brow and the pang from his heart. Weary years succeeded of frequent disappointments and small success. His eldest child and only son went to sea, and in one of the gales, which so often sweep our northern coasts, found a watery grave. Disease invaded his household: his eldest daughter died, and, after weeks of suffering, he arose from his bed with a broken constitution, and without strength or disposition for another effort to retrieve his fortune. Leaving the city which had been the scene of so many trials, he retired to the little village of Landale, to find in its quiet and seclusion a refuge for his oppressed spirit, and to devote the days that remained to him to the care of his daughter.

Fair and fresh as a dewey spring blossom was Ellen Clifford. Her brown hair clustered round a face of rare loveliness. Had you seen her eye, "so deeply, darkly blue," upturned to her father's face as he strove to lead her thoughts "from Nature up to Nature's God," or taught her lessons of wisdom from the sacred word, you would not have wondered at the gush of tenderness with which he drew her to his bosom. Sorrow had worn deep furrows on his cheek and covered his head with silver, but it had left no traces on Ellen's happy face. She could not remember a mother's love, and, though her voice assumed a softer cadence when she named her brother, the recollection of his death was too dim to cause pain. The only griefs she had felt centered in the death of her playmate sister and the illness of her father. Day after day she had stolen softly to his darkened room to watch beside him, but the hushed tone and noiseless tread of the attendants sent a cold chill to her heart, and often drove her back to her own little room, crying most bitterly. It was just so, thought she, when poor Jennie died—so still—and he was so pale. O, she knew he would die, and they would lay him in the cold ground beside Jennie and mamma, and she should be all alone in the world; and long she sat, with her head drooped upon her arm, still wet with her tears, wondering who would take care of her then. But now the cloud had passed away. Her father was well again, at least so he seemed to her, and in her new home she had too many things to think of, and too many plans for the future, to remember the past. She cared not that the house was time-worn and the rooms small and old-fashioned; there were many attractions for her. At the entrance a large elm laid its long arms protectingly on the roof, while the lower branches drooped quite to the windows of the little parlor. Many other trees, of various kinds, had grown up wherever they listed. An old apple tree in the garden, which had deviated so far from the perpendicular as to form a very pretty, though not, strictly speaking, comfortable seat, was her especial favorite. The garden lay south of the house, sloping down for a considerable distance. At the foot of it a large rock, covered with moss, with Columbines and Anemones springing out from the crevices, and shaded by quince trees, was another retreat. Within the house was a strange mixture of the remnants of departed luxuries and extreme simplicity. A beautiful portrait of his wife, and a harp which had, by the touch of her fair hand, yielded sweet, well-remembered music, were treasures from which Mr. Clifford could not part. Choice remains of an extensive library had also been spared to enliven his solitude and assist the education of his daughter, who was now the chief object of his solicitude. With the exception of a few other things, which bespoke better days, the furniture was of the simplest kind; but Marjory, an old and faithful domestic, who had shared all the reverses of her master's fortune, and was now willing to spend her last breath in his service, endeavored to make neatness, as far as possible, an amends for lack of elegance. Had you been ignorant of the painful descent by which the inmates of this little cottage had reached their position, you might have called it the very abode for happiness. And there was happiness there, for there was piety—an unshaken trust in God, and undoubting belief that He who had infused the bitter in the cup of life, had not done so willingly, and that His providence would unfold, at the last, a gracious design.

It was now May, and Ellen, sometimes accompanied by her father, had many excursions to the glens and woodlands of Landale. One afternoon she ventured out alone with her basket on her arm, for the purpose of procuring some roots of the mountain violet and trailing Arbutus for her garden. She had pressed her way through bush and brake, and clambered over many a ledge to obtain them, and was returning with a well-filled basket, when a large dog sprang, with a loud growl, into the path before her. So sudden and unwelcome an intrusion drew a scream from Ellen.

"Be quiet, Lion," said a stern voice.

At the same instant a tall figure emerged from the thicket. It was of a man apparently near fifty years of age, negligently but richly attired,

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with a face which, at first sight, seemed expressive of settled melancholy, but to an attentive scrutiny rather betrayed discontent and restlessness. Ellen, trembling with fright, looked timidly at the stranger, scarcely knowing whether to believe a good or evil fortune had placed him in her path. He turned a look of wonder and admiration upon the fair little creature before him. She stood with parted lip and glowing eye; the delicate tint on her cheek deepened by her exertion, and still more by her alarm, and her loosened hat giving full license to her sunny tresses.

"Lion has frightened you, poor child," said he, laying his hand heavily on the dog's crouching head, who, seeing what a turn affairs had taken, began to fear the effects of his own rashness. "He is a rough fellow, but see, he is penitent, will you forgive him?"

"O yes," said Ellen, her face brightening at the kind tone which addressed her.

"How happens it that you have strayed so far from home—and what have you in your basket?"

"I have been for these roots, to put in my flower border."

"Are you not afraid of snakes and hobgoblins?"

"Snakes!" said Ellen—looking concernedly around—thanks to her judicious training, she had no fear of the other evil—"I did not know there were any here."

"Plenty of them in the marshes, where I guess you have been," said he, with a glance at her soiled dress and shoes. "This is a hard way to get flowers. Come to my garden and you shall have tulips, and jessamines, and lilies, and roses, to your heart's content."

"Where?" said Ellen, inquiringly.

"O, you do not know where I live; in the large house by the green, with pillars in front. Will you come?"

Ellen thanked him, and turned to pursue her way.

"Wait, my little girl, what is your name?"

"Ellen, sir."

"Well, Ellen, Nellie, I should call you, we must make Lion pay for his rudeness," and taking the basket from her, he gave it to Lion, who placed the handle firmly between his teeth, and prepared to follow.

The stranger walked by her side, asking her many odd questions, and then turning to see her look of childish wonderment. Soon he grew silent and abstracted; it seemed as if some chord of bitterness had been touched. He no longer noticed Ellen, and when they reached the village road he took the basket from Lion, and placing it on her arm, without speaking strode away. "Fool that I am! even this child's happy face makes me miserable."

Mr. Seabury had lived but a little more than a year in Landale. He had purchased the most elegant house in the village. The people knew nothing of him. He had not sought or permitted intimacy, and the attempts of the curious to gain information of the old gardener had proved entirely unsuccessful. They believed him very rich; why they scarcely knew, except that he kept several servants, with no one to be served but himself and a sister, and once he had thrown down an eagle to a boy who had released Lion's foot from a trap. His dog seemed to be his only friend, and he was seldom seen without him.

Ellen's quick step soon brought her to her father's cottage, and with much earnestness, and many embellishments, she related the adventures of her walk.

"Well, my darling," said Mr. Clifford, kissing the rosy lips which had spoken so eloquently, "after all, you have come home without the loss of a limb or even a rent in your dress, although by your story you were in imminent danger of both these mishaps. Pull off those wet, heavy shoes, and rest yourself before we go to tea."

This command obeyed, Ellen drew a low seat close to her father's side, and resting her head on his knee, said,

"Father, I should not like to be Mr. Seabury, he looks so sad, and as if something troubled him. Is it because he is rich?"

"No, my child, riches of themselves will not make men miserable; they furnish the means of happiness, but they are also the source of numerous temptations; temptations, which the possessor rarely overcomes. Fully able to gratify his passions, he not unfrequently gives a loose rein to them, and finally becomes their slave. Or he becomes a miser. His gold is his god, and that he may sacrifice to it, he will take from the widow and fatherless their bread. Wealth often makes men selfish and proud. They look with cold disdain on those to whom God has denied the gift they so thanklessly receive, and so flagrantly abuse. Christ has told us how hardly they who have riches shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. God has been pleased to remove from us these temptations. It may be his greatest blessing to us. Let us, my dear Ellen, praise him in all that he does, and may the little that remains to us be laid on his altar."

Mr. Clifford gave abundant proof of the sincerity of his words. With little disposition to mix freely with the people of the village, he was yet ever ready to extend his kindly sympathy and aid to the poor and suffering, and many a sad

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heart had learned to view him as a valuable and welcome friend. His unostentatious and ardent piety had not escaped the observation of the worthy pastor, who now visited him frequently, and highly prized his society. Ellen, too, had found at the parsonage a playmate and friend in Alice Bently.

Not many weeks after the incident just narrated, on her return from a visit at Mr. Bently's, Ellen thought she heard some one speak her name, and turning, she saw Mr. Seabury seated under the shade of some trees which nearly concealed him from view. He beckoned her to come to him. She timidly obeyed. As she approached him she thought he looked even paler and thinner than when she saw him before.

"Well, my little Nell, why have you not been to see my flowers—Eh?"

Ellen was wholly unprepared for a reply, but did not wait for one.

"Well, if you had come, you would hardly have cared to see me. I have been groaning and tossing on my bed for the last three weeks—wretchedly sick. Bah! Crawled out for the first time to-day; but come, let us take a turn up this walk and see what flowers there are. I have selected a few choice roots for the gardener to take up for you."

Ellen expressed her admiration with childlike earnestness as they passed through many windings and visited terraces and mounds, all adorned with the most rare and beautiful plants. He then took her to see his paintings. Of these he had a large collection, well chosen, and many of them the works of eminent European artists. The apartments were furnished in a style of elegance never before seen in Landale, and in one of them Ellen's delighted eye fell upon a beautiful harp. Mr. Seabury noticed the longing glance she cast towards it, and said:—

"I suppose you would like to hear some music, but Mary has gone out, and I have no one to play for you. Did you ever hear a harp?"

"O yes, sir; I have one myself; but it is not so pretty as this."

"Then you must play for me. I will not take a refusal," said he, as Ellen stood hesitating.

Ellen loosened her bonnet, and throwing it back, seated herself at the harp, and laid her trembling hand on its strings. The touch was unlike her own, and at first the notes came faintly and unsteadily; but gaining confidence as she proceeded, she soon drew music from it, which showed that young as she was, she was no stranger to the art. Mr. Seabury stood gazing at her intently, and when she ceased, asked abruptly her father's name.

"Allen Clifford, sir."

An ashy paleness overspread his features; he leaned upon the casement, as if ready to sink upon the floor.

"Where is he?" he asked, with convulsive energy.

"He lives in the cottage at the foot of the Willow avenue."

"Did he always live there?"

"No, he only came a few months ago; we used to live in ——"

"B——," said Mr. Seabury, interrupting her.

"Yes, sir; but father fell sick, and poor Jennie died."

The last words fell unheeded on his ear; he tottered, and fell in a state of insensibility upon the floor. Ellen's cries of alarm soon brought the servants. They called upon her for an explanation. She could only tell them that he had been talking with her and had fainted. Mr. Seabury had but partially recovered from a fever, and they readily believed his illness might be owing to over exertion. His sister and a physician were immediately sent for. Ellen would not leave him until they arrived. She sat by his side watching with concern for some sign of returning consciousness. At last he opened his eyes, and gazing wildly around, uttered incoherent sentences, in which Ellen thought she heard her father's name. The physician pronounced him very ill: excitement or exertion, he said, had caused a return of the delirium of his fever. He prescribed the utmost quiet. Ellen's eye was still bent mournfully on the sufferer, when Miss Seabury entered. Perceiving her arrival, Ellen rose to leave; but Miss Seabury detained her for a few moments till she could find an opportunity to question her upon the sudden attack of her brother, and learn the reason of her being present. Ellen told all she knew of the matter, the circumstances of their first meeting, and renewal of their acquaintance, with an artlessness which at once interested Miss Seabury in the narrator as well as the narrative. She inquired particularly of Ellen respecting her father, and bade her, on leaving, to come again the next day.

Ellen hastened to relate to her father the scene she had witnessed. Mr. Clifford's ear was open to every tale of sorrow, and a desire to relieve was not slow to follow. Perhaps, too, he had some curiosity to see the man who had shown so much interest in his child; for, on the morrow, he accompanied Ellen on her visit.

Miss Seabury received them warmly. She looked pale and anxious. Mr. Seabury remained, she said, delirious.

"I think," she continued, "your daughter must

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have excited a strong interest in his mind; he seems to fancy she is present, and calls her a gentle angel to speak so kindly to him, and asks her to play that song again. He often repeats your name. He seems to think you are some one he has known before, and talks wildly about having ruined you. I wish, sir, you would go in and see him; perhaps it might dispel his strange fancies and calm him."

Mr. Clifford declined, saying, he feared it would only increase his delirium; but she urged it so strongly that he consented.

"We will try Ellen first," she said, leading the way, "and if his wildness does not frighten you too much, I want you to play for him. I have had the harp brought to his room for that very purpose."

Mr. Seabury noticed Ellen, and said, "Poor child." She seated herself at the harp, and again her fingers touched its strings more tremblingly than before. Its soft tones, and the low, sweet voice that accompanied it, seemed to soothe him, and he lay quietly listening. Miss Seabury beckoned to Mr. Clifford to enter. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold, when one glance at the sick man brought a flush to his pale cheek, and drew from him a faint exclamation of surprise. It was, indeed, the man whose dark injustice had brought upon him such an overwhelming wave of adversity. Eleven years and a fierce disease had wrought sad changes in that face, but he could not mistake it. He hastily retreated, hoping to escape unperceived. But no; the eye of Mr. Seabury was quick to catch the lineaments of that face which had so often presented itself to his terrified and diseased imagination. Fresh bursts of incoherent and frantic exclamations came from his lips. Miss Seabury, who had watched with intense interest the scene, followed Mr. Clifford and looked inquiringly at him for an explanation. Mr. Clifford had never seen Miss Seabury before, and from her manner had reason to think she knew nothing of the matter which had caused this powerful agitation. He therefore endeavored to allay her apprehensions by saying that Mr. Seabury was indeed an old acquaintance of his, and that he was shocked to see him so changed. It was evident that, at present, a visitor would rather increase than relieve the delirium. He expressed his sympathy for the sufferer as well as for herself, to whom was allotted the sad task of watching alone by the sick, and, perhaps, dying bed of a brother in a land of strangers: adding a cordial wish that she would avail herself of his services whenever they could be of use to her. He also desired to be allowed to introduce to her the pastor of the place, the Rev. Mr. Bently, who was well qualified to offer her consolation. Miss Seabury expressed her gratitude, and said that she had been an occasional attendant at his church, and though not precisely of his persuasion, had not failed to receive pleasure and profit from his preaching. She begged that Ellen might be allowed to remain with her for a few days.

"I will not confine her to that sick room," said she, as Mr. Clifford hesitated; "it requires stronger nerves than hers, or even mine, to watch by such a sufferer. Ellen shall be at liberty to seek her diversion wherever she pleases, but the sight of her happy face brings a relief to me. I am really suffering from loneliness. Previous to my residence here I was surrounded by cheerful friends, and had scarcely spent a day of my life in solitude. The death of my mother, which led me to accept my brother's proposal to make his home my own, so overwhelmed me with grief that on my arrival here I felt no disposition to form any acquaintances. My brother has sadly changed since fifteen years ago, when I used to count the days to his return to our home. He always brought happiness to our little circle. Though many years older than myself, he was ever ready to help me in my childish sports, and I gave him the fondest of a sister's love. Since his return from Europe he has seemed careworn, and at times fretful and morose; something seems to prey upon his mind. He has been thoroughly a man of the world—sought his happiness from sources soon exhausted, and O, Mr. Clifford, if he should die now!"

He strove to point her to an Almighty Friend who has a heart of pity, and a hand mighty to save.

"My mother," said she, "prayed for him till her dying breath."

Mr. Clifford consented that Ellen should remain, and with painful emotions bent his steps towards his home. On reaching it he sat down, and burying his face in his hands, turned his thoughts back upon his own life and that of the unhappy man he had just left. He looked into his own heart to see if he indeed forgave as he would be forgiven. Resentment was lost in pity, and kneeling down, he poured into the ear of Heaven an earnest prayer for his debtor.

Let us now briefly glance at the history of Mr. Seabury, or rather Mr. Hartley. When young he left a pious and affectionate home and entered upon mercantile life in the city of B——, several hundred miles distant. He was the idol of a fond mother and sister, his father having died during his childhood. Unfortunately, the influence of his associates at B—— was such as to neutralize

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maternal teachings. Little by little his rectitude was undermined. He knew it not himself, he thought they were growing more Puritanical and over-nice at home. The fraud practised upon Mr. Clifford was, like all other crimes in its embryo, too small to be startling. Finding himself unexpectedly placed in a position affording ample opportunity for serving his own interests at the expense of his partner, he sometimes allowed himself to yield slightly to the temptation. The evil once entertained grew rapidly, until the massive capital, over which he had control, came to be a coveted treasure. One step more placed it in his own hands. Aware that happiness or safety could not be enjoyed on this side the Atlantic, he sailed immediately for the East Indies. A hasty note informed his mother that a most tempting offer had been made to him to go to the East Indies, and want of time prevented his seeing her before leaving. This was sad intelligence for her; the infrequency of his visits, and a change in his manner towards her, had long argued, to say the least, a diminution of filial affection. The argument was complete.

Under the assumed name of Seabury he passed eight years in Calcutta. His ill-gotten gain accumulated until he found himself in possession of an immense fortune. But he was not happy. At the bottom of his cup of prosperity, all brimming as it was, lay dregs distasteful and deadly, and these ever rose first to his lips as he raised the glittering chalice. Restless and remorseful, the wealth he had so dearly bought failed to yield him pleasure. He determined to seek for it elsewhere, and visited the principal cities and places of interest in Europe, hoping to find in them the enjoyment which the mere pursuit of gold could not bring. Remorse pursued him like a dreaded phantom, conjuring up before him that family accustomed to all the luxuries and refinements that wealth could bring, reduced to penury. He thought of his wanton abuse of the confidence placed in him—of his slighted mother, and an offended God, whom in childhood he had been taught to reverence. He was weary, and longed to be at rest from his wanderings, and more than all, from an upbraiding conscience. His home held out one more hope of comfort, and after an absence of more than ten years his erring feet again pressed his native soil.

Here he found his sisters weeping over the new-made grave of their mother. And now that home, towards which he had turned as a sure resting-place, looked dreary and desolate. The eye of those whom he had known when he was younger and happier, and freer from guilt than now, fell strangely upon him, and he fancied he saw in their curious gaze suspicion, and even knowledge of his crime.

Once more he cast his eye around for some retreat where there would be less to remind him of the past. Chance brought him to the obscure village of Landale, when a few months after, that man whom of all others he most dreaded to see, found for himself and daughter a lowly home, scarcely a half mile distant from his own. His sister, as she herself narrated, consented at his request to take up her residence at his house. She enjoyed, however, little of his society. Much she marvelled and grieved at his altered countenance and manners, and sometimes painful suspicions intruded themselves upon her mind, heightened by his adoption of the name of Seabury. So much did he dread the name of Hartley, that he would not allow the servants to know it was his sister's name, and with great earnestness made her promise not to undeceive them. It was, therefore, only as Miss Seabury that she was known in Landale.

The agitation of both parties, when Mr. Clifford had entered the sick-room, and of which she was a most interested spectator, together with expressions which had escaped her brother in his delirium, gave to her suspicions a more definite shape, and after Mr. Clifford had left she endeavored to draw from Ellen some information which would furnish a further clue to the mystery. All unconscious of the anxious attention of her auditor, Ellen artlessly gave all she could remember of her past history, with minute descriptions of her home in B——, and of those whom she had loved and lost; but that event which most concerned Miss Hartley occurred in her infancy, and not one word from her father had ever revealed to her the cause of their altered circumstances. Miss Hartley could not but suspect that Mr. Clifford had received some deep injury from her brother, though she was unable to gain any information of the nature of it from Ellen's narrative. With still more solicitude and unwearied attention she devoted herself to the sufferer, earnestly praying that his life might be spared to seek the forgiveness of an injured brother and offended God.

Days passed, and still the fever raged, and still wild phantoms flitted round the sick man's bed, and moans and piteous exclamations alone passed his lips. A death-like stupor succeeded. He lay with closed eyes, unconscious of all around him: his breath came quickly yet scarce perceptibly, and the faintly-fluttering pulse told that life's silken chord had been strained to its utmost tension. A gently-heaved sigh was the first symptom of returning consciousness. Slowly opening

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his eyes, he looked around him, and then, as if even this exertion had wearied him, sank into a quiet slumber. When he awoke he did not speak, but lay as a child, looking from one object in the room to another. It seemed as if all remembrance of the past, every troubled thought, and remorse itself, had been buried in that long, deep sleep.

Long, weary days passed ere strength returned, or the color came again to that pallid cheek —days of weakness and pain; but no murmur escaped his lips. Who can tell with what joy, what deep thankfulness his sister watched his convalescence; but, more than all, the meek, and, as she trusted, repentant spirit which had seemed to rise from the ashes of that fiery ordeal. He smiled gratefully as she bent over him, watching for his slightest wish, smoothing carefully his pillow, and preparing with her own hand every delicacy for him. Ellen, whose sympathies were strongly excited by the sufferings of the sick man, stole softly into his room many times in the day, and, after a while, ventured to bring her book or needlework and sit beside him. His eye rested fondly upon her, and, with his hand laid on her soft, fair hair, he would sometimes gaze upon her earnestly, and murmur words which she could not understand.

"What are you thinking of?" said he one day as she raised her eyes from the book before her, and fixed them thoughtfully on him.

"I was thinking how good God is to let you live, when we all thought you were going to die."

"And so he is, Ellen, but what made you think of that just now?"

"Why, I was reading what David said, and it made me think of you."

"Well, what did David say? Read, and let me know."

"I am afraid it will make you too tired to listen, will it not?"

"No, child, read away, and I will tell you when I get weary."

Ellen read from the one hundred and third Psalm, and her soft, silvery voice, as it bore to his ear the humble gratitude and penitence of the Psalmist, woke their echo in his own bosom. When she came to the tenth verse, and read, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities," tears, such as opened to the Peri the barred gates of Paradise, burst from his closed eyes, and fell on the thin, pale hand which he had clasped over them. Ellen, who was watching for the first symptom of weariness, flew to him, and began to reproach herself.

"I did not think those few verses would tire you so much; why did you not tell me to stop?"

"I am not tired, read on."

"But" persisted Ellen, "you are unhappy."

"No, oh! no, I am happier than I have been for years—happier than I have been since I was a child like you, Ellen; when my poor mother taught me to read that book. I have sat by her side many a time while she explained to me what I did not understand, and urged me to make the Bible my constant companion and guide. Oh! if she had seen all my wayward steps since then!"

He seemed to forget Ellen's presence as he spoke these last words, and sank into deep thought, while she stood wondering why he shed tears if he was not unhappy, and what he had done that he thought would trouble his mother. At length he turned to her, and said,

"Ellen, does your father ever come here?"

"Yes; every day he comes to see if you are better. He brought you that wine you said revived you so much. I ask him every time to come in and see you, but he says he will wait till you are stronger. He asked me yesterday if you liked to have Mr. Bently come to see you; do you?"

"Yes; but do you think your father would come, if he knew I wanted to see him?"

"O yes; I know he will come when you are better, but he says it will excite you too much to see any one yet whom you are not accustomed to have with you. He told me this morning he would come when you got strong enough to walk about."

"But I cannot wait—tell him to come now!"

"Are you really well enough? I am so glad. I will put on my bonnet and run down home this minute to tell him, I know he will come."

"Well, child, go and ask him to come immediately; tell him I must see him."

Ellen flew for her bonnet, and on her way out met Miss Hartly. The sister rejoiced, yet trembled at the idea of the meeting. Since Mr. Clifford's first visit her brother had not mentioned his name except in his delirium. She had known nothing of what was passing in his mind; she had feared to question him, and patiently bided her time, hoping that a day of explanation would come. And now had it come, and what would be its disclosures? What the result of this meeting? She dreaded its effects on his health, and with painful solicitude she sat down to wait the event.

Not less agitated was Mr. Clifford on hearing Ellen's summons. He obeyed in all haste. As he approached the bedside of the sick man, the

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latter extended his hand and said in a voice of solemn earnestness,

"Mr. Clifford, can you forgive me? I have deeply injured you. I deserve nothing but your execrations. I should expect nothing else did I not believe you had drank of His spirit, who, while they crucified Him, cried, 'Father, forgive them.' His mercy has spared me to seek, and I humbly hope, to obtain His forgiveness. Now I crave yours. Can you, will you forgive me?"

Mr. Clifford grasped the offered hand, but so much was he overcome, by the sight of that wasted figure and countenance, which showed how intensely he had suffered, that he struggled in vain for utterance.

"Oh! Sir, the baseness of my ingratitude—for never had I experienced anything but kindness from you—has haunted me ever since that wicked deed. I have not known one happy hour since. I can scarcely believe, now, that I was guilty of such vileness; but, oh! those long years of wretchedness, those days of agony—I know they cannot make amends for my wickedness; but oh! if you knew them, it might help you to forgive me."

"I will," exclaimed Mr. Clifford, interrupting him, "I do freely forgive you, as I would hope to be forgiven. I have long since forgiven you, and now let the assurance of it, and the mercy of a pardoning God, comfort you. Forget the past. God has yet, I trust, happy days in store for you. You are too weak now to converse on these things. Another day," continued he, as Mr. Hartly was about to speak, "another day I will hear all you have to tell me. We must think about your health now."

"No, no," said Mr. Hartly, "God be praised that I have lived to receive your forgiveness, but there is yet restitution to be made. Speak to Mary and Ellen—they must hear what I have to say."

Ellen stood pale and trembling without the door. She had heard all that had been said, and now flew for Miss Hartly, who entered pale as herself.

"You see me," continued Mr. Hartly, "surrounded by my basely-acquired fortune. God only knew for what purpose He suffered it to accumulate so amazingly as it did in my hands. I was astonished at it myself; but instead of increasing my happiness, it seemed as if every added thousand was an added curse. But though I wished it not, knew it not—I was gathering for you. Take now what is your own; acknowledge yourself, as I now acknowledge you, the rightful owner of all you see."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Clifford, "I cannot permit it. In the enthusiasm of the moment you are ready to yield more than duty demands. My desires will be perfectly satisfied if my Ellen is comfortably provided for; my own wants are very few. You have so long been accustomed to affluence that the loss of it would be more painful to you than you now imagine."

"Mr. Clifford, I assure you this is not the result of the 'enthusiasm of the moment.' I have long thought of it; and now, if you would complete the happiness of this day—if you would take what you may from the misery of the past, accede to my wish. Mary's wants are provided for by the will of an aunt who has recently died. She, I am sure, will not object to the only reparation that can be made by an erring brother," he said, turning to her tearful face, where a smile of gratitude and pleasure well attested her approbation.

"I am wholly unprepared for this," said Mr. Clifford, "but I will promise to leave the matter to your ultimate decision—to your choice after more deliberation. For my own sake I would not consent to it; if I do so, it is for yours."

"Now I am satisfied. Another day a legal transfer shall be made. At present I need repose. Remember, you are in your own house, and I am your guest."

Not long after, you might have seen within these same walls a happy family gathered around the evening meal. On the face of the two gentlemen rests a calm, subdued expression, the elder chastened by the remembrance of past trials, and loved ones who are not—the other by days of sin, the recollection of which would not be wholly washed away even by tears of penitence, bitter and plentiful though they were. His sister sits by his side, with a light in her eye which has not been seen there for many a long day, while Ellen, always cheerful, is now joyous as a bird. Her harp, her books, her mother's portrait have been removed to the new home.

Mr. Hartly long refused Mr. Clifford's importunity; refusing to call one cent of that wealth his own, which he had so wrongfully acquired. Not until he saw the happiness of Mr. Clifford depended upon it, would he consent to a different arrangement. This was that he should simply restore the sum he had taken, with interest. Mr. Hartly at last acquiesced; but, in a curious and richly-inlaid escritoire, in one of its velvet-lined apartments, lies a paper which he is sometimes surprised reading with evident pleasure. It is his will. After fifty thousand dollars given to his sister, he bequeaths the remaining one hundred and fifty thousand to Ellen Clifford.

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DEDICATION HYMN.*

BY F. JAMES.

GREAT GOD, thy goodness we adore,
And gratefully thy love we own,
In rearing for thy people here,
This sacred Temple of thy Son.

Within these courts may Jesus dwell,
Among his saints who seek his face,
And here the foes of truth repel,
Who scorn his love and slight his grace.

Dear Saviour, now thy grace bestow,
When saints within thy Temple meet;
Grant pure and living streams to flow,
Forever near thy mercy-seat.

Thine aid we seek, O Lord of Hosts,
We seek the Spirit's melting power,
To save from death the guilty, lost,
To find for every sin the cure.

Be this the house where truth shall live,
Where saints shall seek eternal rest,
And taste the manna Thou dost give,
Shall taste and be forever blest.

We'll sing thy praise in joyful lays,
For hopes that thou hast kindly given,
That wandering souls may learn thy ways,
And throng the road that leads to heaven.

FOOTPRINTS OF FREEDOM.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

THE approach of the National Anniversary of our Independence prompts us to glance at and briefly review the causes and consequences of the Act of Separation from the Government of Great Britain by the American Colonies, and the progress of Liberty, since, among the nations of the earth. It is a subject not without deep interest to the Patriot and the Christian; and the events of that period will fail to command interest only when history itself shall fail to perform its offices.

England, proud, avaricious, and uncompromising, in the fulness of suspicion and jealousy of the movements of the American Colonies, exerted an authority which grew into oppression, and which they ultimately were led to resist. The exigencies of the times, and their situations, had early taught them to investigate the principles of government. Observation and experience had learnt them that taxation without representation was a grievance; that trial by a jury of their own countrymen, and in their own courts, was their right; and that reliance on their own manufactures was their interest. Hence, a violation of these fundamental principles of government could not be brooked without a struggle—yet that struggle was at first manifested only in memorials, petitions and remonstrances. There is a limit to suffering, whether bodily or political, that cannot be passed with impunity; nature sinks not to be resuscitated, or else rises in the majesty of her might, and like a mountain torrent, spurns and dashes away whatever obstructs. In exact keeping with this natural propensity, the Colonies, being brought to the extreme, and despairing of a redress of grievances, simultaneously arose, and "appealing to Heaven for the justice of their cause, determined TO DIE OR BE FREE!" There is a moral sublimity in their conduct, which is not surpassed by the most illustrious instances of antiquity. Literally, indeed, their enemies were they of their own household.

It is no common spirit, which could induce an abandonment of allegiance, so strong as at first was that of the Colonies to the Government of Great Britain. But ties whose tenacity was strengthened by the incidents of one common origin, and whose tenderness was rendered delicately sensible by the influence of association, suffered a severance to be as lasting as time, and as irreversible as the decrees of Destiny. No longer is their voice heard in the humble accents of petition and dutiful submission; but with more than stentorian loudness, it reverberates along the hills and dales of the subject continent, and not even silenced by the billows of Ocean, echoes in the ears of royalty, LIBERTY OR DEATH. And, indeed, no longer is the voice deemed the "capricious squall of a child,"—its deep intonations are ominous and oracular. 'Tis no illusion, for the political sky gathers blackness, and while the thunders of defiance utter their responses to the roarings of the British Lion, now starting from his lair, the American Eagle, ascending from his eyry, soars aloft to direct the shafts of the lightning. The gloom which beclouds the whole horizon, in the north and the south, the east and the west, is illumined by no bow of promise. Liberty, in the drapery of death, lies low in the tomb. Does the patriot visit the tomb of the deceased, and inquire whether, like the fabled Phœnix, Liberty shall rise again from its own ashes, renovated and made more beautiful? The sun is silent—the stars are silent—and Nature dares not breathe a whisper of assurance or consolation.

Imagination pictures to us, as in a vast panorama, the scenes which ensue. We behold Lexington, the theatre in which was performed the first act of the tragedy of the Revolution. An unnatural cloud envelops it—'tis the smoke of

* Composed for the Dedication of the New Presbyterian Church in Mansville, N. Y., June, 1853.

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destruction, and as it rolls away on the passing breeze, we discern an armor-clad group engaged in the strange work of *death*. The work is done—extended along the earth, which aforetime had been moistened only by the dews of heaven, now lie bodies bleeding and quivering in the last agonies of death.

We behold the herald of these tidings speeding abroad with the fleetness of the wind, and bearing in his hand a blood-stained flag, whose motto is, "to arms, to arms." His summons is obeyed—for here and there the tent of the soldier is seen in the distance, and the camp teeming with those too unyielding for slavery. We descry in every direction the marks of desolation—Charlestown is the base of a vast pyramid of flame—and Bunker's tragic mount, an appalling Aceldama. But we forbear! our eyes have dwelt too long on the darksome picture. Let us point to another, in which light is the principal ingredient. The sun of Liberty, which for years had been below the horizon, illuminates its scenery. We see the war-worn veteran, enwreathed with the chaplets of glory, returning to the home of his friends. There, too, on the banks of the majestic Hudson, is the Great Washington, bidding adieu to the brave companions of his glory. The tide of feeling which suffuses his eyes, and courses his furrowed cheeks, tells emphatically how exquisite are the emotions of his soul. Again we behold him in the hall of Congress, resigning that commission which they had given him, as the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, and "commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping." Unparalleled man! Compared with thine, what are the names of Alexander, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte? Thy name has a talismanic power, at whose mention, "empires of feeling" are flung into commotion. Not so those of the ambitious conquerors. They have an influence: but it is that which chills and freezes the deep fountains of the soul. Beside thine, their names dwindle into "pompous nothings."

Our limits will not permit an enumeration of all the effects, at home and abroad, consequent upon the American Revolution. Indeed, perhaps, it were impossible to pursue the train of consequences, mediately or immediately connected with that important era in our nation's history—impossible, because three quarters of a century may have been too limited a period in which for all their developments to have been made. But mark the change this country has already evinced, and the influence her example has had on other nations. We have seen the political elements in violent convulsions, as represented by the pencil of the historian; we have listened to the story of oppression in other times; and have seen the spirit of resistance successful and triumphant—but in the American Revolution we see all this, and more; we behold feeble colonies, without revenue, destitute of muniments, unlearned in the arts of war, dependent on a circulating medium liable to absolute worthlessness, held together by articles of confederation and union too fragile to subserve the weightier purposes of government, marching forth with almost supernatural strength, to meet the giant forces of a disciplined and exasperated foe. Reposing their trust in the God of battles, and cheered by the Genius of Liberty, they are at length victorious; and with letters of light, their escutcheon beams forth the glorious motto, FREE, SOVEREIGN, AND INDEPENDENT. Turn to antiquity—ask his shadowy form to point to a nation whose foundation was not laid by some ambitious and ruthless conqueror, regardless only of self-aggrandizement. His trembling and unsubstantial hand unfolds the annals of Time; but the foundations of nations—he has registered them with the blood shed in conquest!

When the American Independence was achieved, and the sword returned to its scabbard, that state of peace and self-government so long anticipated, was but partially realized. Scarcely more wonderful is the achievement of Independence, than the avoidance of that intestine dissension, which threatened to plunge the nation into the abyss of ruin. Ever memorable will be that period, which witnessed the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution. How mighty the change in the features of American affairs! Once Colonies and manacled by arbitrary power—now a nation of independent and sovereign freemen. Once a people held by the charters of an imperious monarch—now a nation organized under a Constitution of its own forming.

Is it strange, that such phenomena in the New, should attract the fearful gaze of legitimacy in the Old World? They are indeed beheld as portentous; and as presaging the destructibility of thrones, whose foundations had been deemed immovable. Is it surprising, that so illustrious an example as that of the United States should have found copyers? We wonder not that France, an abettor of the American cause, and an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of Republican principles, should have been captivated with the wisdom and singular felicity of our Government. But the materials of which it is composed were not the subject of her scrutiny. She perceived

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not that severe and rigorous morality, which had shaped, and that high tone of religious feeling which had cemented the American Union. Dazzled with the brightness of the Star of Liberty, which shone refulgent in the Western Hemisphere, she dreamed of establishing a Republic on the ruins of the throne of the Bourbons. But mistaking licentiousness for liberty, and the phantoms of a delirious imagination for the deductions of reason, she only precipitated herself into the depths of anarchy, those vast reservoirs which received the blood of her citizens. The spirit of liberty is an active principle, and will have an influence. Unchecked and unbalanced by the obligations of society, its tendency is deleterious and destructive. In revolutionary France it degenerated into licentiousness, and carried with it a train of evils numerous and deadly.

What hinders the soil of Europe from contributing to the growth of a plant so noble and so beautiful as liberty? It is the withering Simoom of despotism which blasts and deadens everything in its way. Greece incessantly toiled to bring it to maturity; but the pestiferous breath of the Turk polluted its atmosphere, and it drooped, promising only decay and dissolution. Look at her which was once the pride of the East, the seat of science, the land of song, and the home of genius. See her fallen and writhing in the manacles of the merciless Moslem! If, indeed, there be a people, who ever deserved the sympathies of the Christian and the philanthropist, it is this. The foes, which the Colonists met and conquered, though vindictive and eager to avenge, were not barbarians—not so the foe of ill-fated Greece. His cimeter knew not to return to its sheath, till the last drop of vitality was drained, and every temple and city demolished. And Poland too—dismembered, trampled in the dust—and her sons exiled to the snow-clad deserts beneath the polar sky—has felt the foot of the Autocrat upon her neck, and, expiring, hears him utter, "Order reigns in Warsaw!"

There is yet another portion of the earth, where the voice of Freedom has been heard, though not with that distinctness of articulation, with which it is uttered among us. The cliffs of the Andes, and the banks of the La Plata, echoed its joyful sounds to our ears, though there was borne on the breeze a note, which the tried and acute ear of the freeman acknowledges not to be natural. The discordant sounds of faction, and the fearful tread of ambition, have been listened to with trembling and breathless anxiety. But we may fondly hope, that as intelligence extends its boundaries, these harsh and grating sounds will cease to be heard.

Civil and political liberty are abroad in the world, sundering the bands which tyranny has flung around its victims, and whispering BE FREE Conscience is disenthralled from the custody of bigotry, and religion, inviting to peace and good will, goes forth to cheer and to save. Philanthropy is awake to the calls of suffering humanity, and vigilant in devising means to lessen its dimensions. France, whose experiment of liberty in the last century failed of success, hath once more, in the light of the present, arisen in power and added wisdom; and upon the ruin-struck throne of her King she recently reared a Republic. Alas, that it should be so soon trodden down by the foot of the Usurper! Rome, seated on the seven hills of the eternal city, at one time rejoiced in the hegira of the sovereign Pontiff; and the hills of Gaeta echoed his maledictions instead of the halls of the Vatican. All the nations of Europe feel the vibrations which precede the upheaval of thrones and the downfall of crowns.

An institution cruel, incongruous, and whose name shall not soil our article, excepted, and the citizens of this country may well be proud of the legacy left them by their patriot ancestors; with that sad exception, the sun looks not down upon a land so distinguished for happiness as this; with that exception, it is a constellation of happy States, ascendant in the political firmament and brightening in splendor—and thrones and principalities, and arbitrary powers, are but wandering stars about to be blotted from the face of the heavens.

TO MY FRIEND.

BY FRANCES LEE.

On the bonny hills of Franklin,
In the days long since gone by,
Searching for early blossoms
'Neath a fickle April sky,

I found the heart I'd longed for,
For many a weary hour,
And its perfumed breath was sweeter
Than the breath of opening flower.

As if they were enchanted,
My feet would follow thine,—
Too suddenly for carelessness
Your eyes dropped under mine.

A stronger hand than ours is
Guided our feet that day,
The Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may.

You asked me why I carried
A dead leaf brown and sere,
Not guessing that your footsteps
In passing made it dear.

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You took it from my fingers,
And threw it as you spoke,
Unheeding that you cast away
Its language—"Blasted hope."

The love that school-days wakened
Has strengthened with my strength,
And if 'tis *true* affection,
It *must* win yours at length.

Love's laws are true and settled
As those of night and day,
And if I cannot claim yours,
Then mine will fade away.

But our souls, if they are twin-born,
Will change and time defy,
And thro' gladness and thro' sadness,
Thine, thine till death am I.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY JOHN A. JAMES.

"WHAT, in this great, and diversified, and busy world, is MY place, and MY business?" is a question which every one should ask. For every one *has* a place to fill and a part to act. And to act his part well, according to the will of God, in the lofty drama of human life, should be the ambition, the solicitude, and the prayer of each of us. It is the first lesson of wisdom, to know our place; the second, to keep it. And of course, corresponding with this, to ascertain the duties of our place, and to discharge them. There are *class* duties as well as individual ones, and the latter are generally to be more accurately learned by an intelligent apprehension of the former. Woman, as such, has *her* mission. What is it? What is precisely that rank she is to occupy—that purpose she is to fulfil, above which she would be unduly degraded? This is a subject which should be thoroughly understood, in order that *she* should know what to claim, and man what to concede—that she may know what she has to do, and he what he has a right to expect.

We shall endeavor to answer this question, and point out the nature of woman's mission. In doing this, we shall consult the infallible oracle of Scripture, and not the speculations of moralists, economists, and philosophers. We hold *this* to be our rule in the matter before us. God is the creator of both sexes—the constructor of society—the author of social relations, and the arbiter of social duties, claims, and immunities. And this is admitted by all who believe in the authority of the Bible. You are content, my female friends, to abide by the decisions of this oracle. You have every reason to be so. He that created you is best qualified to declare the intention of his own acts, and you may safely, as you should humbly, allow him to fix your position, and make known your duties. In common with man, woman has a heavenly calling to glorify God as the end of her existence; to perform all the duties, and enjoy all the blessings, of a religious life; like him she is a sinful, rational, and immortal creature, placed under an economy of mercy, and called, by repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, to eternal life. Religion is as much her vocation as that of the other sex. In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female, but all are on a level as to obligations, duties, and privileges.

In common with man, she is called, where she is unmarried and dependent, to labor for her own support; a condition to which large portions of the community are necessarily subject by the circumstances of their birth. Industry is as incumbent upon her as upon the other sex, and indolence is no more excusable. But in the married state, her sphere of labor, as we shall presently show, is the family; and it belongs to the husband to earn by the sweat of his brow, not only his own bread, but that of the household. In many of the uncivilized tribes, where the ameliorating condition of Christianity is not felt, the woman is the drudge of the family, while the husband lives in lordly sloth. And even in this country, at least in its manufacturing portions, manual labor falls too often, and too heavily, upon married women, greatly to the detriment of their families. An unmarried woman, however, without fortune, must provide for herself in some way or other, according to the circumstances of her birth and situation; and let her not consider herself degraded by it. Honest industry is far more honorable than pride and sloth.

But neither of these is the *peculiar* mission of woman, as appertaining to her sex. To know what this is, we must, as I have said, consult the page of revelation, and ascertain the declared motive of God for her creation. "And the Lord God said, *It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him.*" This is further expressed, or rather repeated, where it is said, "And Adam," or, "*Although* Adam had given names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; yet for Adam there was not found *an helpmeet for him*"—Genesis ii. 18, 20. Nothing can be more clear from hence, than that woman was made for man. Adam was created a being with undeveloped social propensities, which, indeed, seem essential to *all creatures*. It is the sublime peculiarity of Deity to be entirely independent

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for happiness of all other beings. He, and he only, is the theatre of his own glory, the fountain of his own felicity, a sufficient object of his own contemplation, and needing nothing for his bliss but self-communion. The highest archangel in heaven would pine, even there, for companionship, either divine or angelic. Adam, surrounded with all the glories of Paradise, and with all the various tribes it contained, found himself alone, and needed companionship, without which his life was but a solitude, Eden itself a desert. Endowed with a nature too communicative to be satisfied with himself alone, he sighed for society, for support, for some complement to his existence, and only half lived so long as he lived alone. Formed to think, to speak, to love, his thoughts yearned for other thoughts with which to compare and exercise his soaring aspirations. His words were wearisomely wasted upon the wanton air, or at best awoke but an echo which mocked instead of answered him. His love, as regards an earthly object, knew not where to bestow itself; and returning to his own bosom, threatened to degenerate into a desolating egotism. His entire being longed, in short, for another self—but that other self did not exist; there was no helpmeet for him. The visible creatures which surrounded him, were too much beneath him: the invisible Being who gave him life, was too much above him, to permit him to unite their condition with his own. Whereupon God made the woman, and the great problem was immediately solved.

It was, then, the characteristic of unfallen man to want some one to sympathize with him in his joys, as it is of fallen man to want some one to sympathize with him in his sorrows. Whether Adam was so far conscious of his wants as to ask for a companion, we are not informed. It would appear from the inspired record, as if the design of this precious boon originated with God; and as if Eve, like so many of his other mercies, was the spontaneous bestowment of his own free-will. Thus Adam would have to say, as did one of his most illustrious descendants many ages afterward, "Thou preventest" (anticipatest) "me with thy goodness." Here, then, is the design of God in creating woman, to be a suitable helpmate to man. Man needed a companion, and God gave him woman. And as there was no other man than Adam at the time in existence, Eve was designed exclusively for Adam's comfort; thus, teaching us from the beginning, that whatever mission woman may have to accomplish in reference to man, in a generic sense, her mission, at least in wedded life, is to be a suitable helpmate for that *one* man to whom she is united. It was declared from the beginning, that every other tie, though not cut by marriage, shall be rendered subordinate, and a man shall "leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." If, then, woman's mission in Paradise was to be man's companion and joy, it must be the case still. Her vocation has not been changed by the fall. By that catastrophe, man needs still more urgently a companion, and God has rendered this, her mission, still more explicit by the declaration, "*Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.*" It has been often shown that by being taken from himself, she was equal to man in nature; while the very part of the body from which she was abstracted indicated the position she was intended to occupy. She was not taken from the head, to show she was not to rule over him; nor from his foot, to teach that she was not to be his slave; nor from his hand, to show that she was not to be his tool; but from his side, to show that she was to be his companion. There may, perhaps, be more of ingenuity and fancy in this, than of God's original design, but if a mere conceit, it is at once both pardonable and instructive.

That woman was intended to occupy a position of subordination and dependence, is clear enough from every part of the Word of God. This is declared in language already quoted: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and *he shall rule over thee.*" This referred not only to Eve *personally*, but to Eve *representatively*. It was the divine law of the relation of the sexes, then promulgated for all time. The preceding language has placed her, as a punishment for her sin, in a state of *sorrow;* this places her in a state of *subjection.* Her husband was to be the centre of her earthly desires, and, to a certain extent, the regulator of them also; and she was to be in subjection to him. What was enacted in paradise has been confirmed by every subsequent dispensation of grace. Judaism is full of it in all of its provisions; and Christianity equally establishes it.

I shall here introduce and explain the words of the apostle, "I would have you to know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man." He then goes on to direct that women should not appear and exercise those miraculous gifts which were sometimes bestowed upon them, unvailed and with their hair cut off. He adds, "A man, indeed, ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of man. For the man is not of the woman: but the woman of the man. Neither was the man

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created for the woman; but the woman for the man"—1 Cor. xi. 3–9. For the explanation of this passage, I remark, that in the times of the apostle there were two recognized characteristic emblems of the female sex, when they appeared in public—vails, and the preservation of their tresses. It would seem from the apostle's remarks, as if some of the female members of the Corinthian Church, during the time that the inspiration of the Holy Spirit was upon them, cast off their vails, after the manner of the heathen priestesses when they delivered the responses of the oracles. This conduct the apostle reproves, and informs them that if the vail were thrown aside they might as well also cut off their flowing hair, which is one of woman's distinctions from man, and by all nations considered the ornament as well as the peculiarity of the sex. We may pause for a moment to observe how constantly and completely Christianity is the parent of order and the enemy of indecorum of every kind. But why were not the women to lay aside their vails? Because it would be forgetting their subordination and dependence, and assuming an equal rank with man. This is the gist of the apostle's reason. It was not merely indecorous and contrary to modesty, but it was ambitious, and violating the order of heaven. The other expressions of the apostle in this passage are very strong. As Christ is the head or ruler of man, so man is the head and ruler of woman in the domestic economy. Man was made to show forth God's glory and praise; to be in subordination to him, and *only* to him; while woman was created to be, in addition to this, the glory of man, by being in subordination to him, as his help, his ornament, and his glory. She was not only made out of him, but *for* him. All her loveliness, comeliness, and purity are not only the expressions of her excellence, but of his honor and dignity, since all were not only derived from him, but made for him.

Here, then, is woman's true position, and if anything more need be said to prove it from the records of Christianity, we may refer to other apostolic language, in which wives are enjoined to be subject to their husbands in all things, even as the church is subject to Christ—Ephes. v. Nor is the apostle Paul alone in this, for Peter writes in the same strain—1 Epistle, iii. 1. Let woman, then, bow to this authority, nor feel herself degraded by such submission. It has been said that in domestic life man shines as the sun, but woman as the moon, with a splendor borrowed from the man. May it not be said with greater truth and propriety, and to render the comparison less invidious, man shines as the primary planet, reflecting the glory of God, who is the orb of the moral universe; and woman shines as the satellite of man, deriving her splendor from the same source, and while equally obeying the law of the central luminary, is created for the primary dependent body, revolves in its attraction, follows in its course, and ministers to its comfort?

THE SMILE OF THE DYING BABE.

BY MRS. MARIA C. TRACY.

"It is with the deepest sorrow I apprise you of the death of our beloved little Frances, our darling babe, whom *you* so dearly loved. She died on the anniversary of her dear mother's birth-day. Could we have remained at sea, she might have lived; but here, at Rio, where the yellow fever is raging, and where the thermometer averages 85° in our room during the day, she grew weaker and weaker, and notwithstanding all our efforts, could not be saved. Afflictive as is the loss of our little darling, we feel that there is much of mercy mingled in our cup of bitterness. Her last nights were very restless, so that poor H. was nearly prostrated by fatigue and watching; but on the night of the 21st she was quiet till six o'clock in the morning, when we were aroused from our light slumber by *a shriek* which told us too plainly that her moments were numbered. With bleeding hearts we laid her on a pillow on her mother's lap. Her eyes became fixed, and for two hours she struggled hard with death. At length the contest ceased, she became quiet, and during the last half hour *smiled very sweetly* several times. I send you a lock of her beautiful hair, and a leaf from the rose buried with her in the English cemetery in this place."

Far away 'neath a tropical sky,
Where the noisome miasma is flinging
Its pestilent breath,
And the conqueror Death
To the dust his pale victims is bringing,—

In that land of the stranger afar,
A frail, feeble infant is lying;
and there falls on the ear
Of the sad watchers near,
The low, plaintive wail of the dying.

And feebler, and fainter its moan,
As the life-currents wearily languish;
And the eye evermore
Seeks the love that bends o'er,
And yearneth to soothe its deep anguish.

The glowing sun sinks in the west,
And the cooling breeze comes from the ocean;
It fanneth the brow
Of the weary-ones now,
And stilleth each fevered emotion.

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Sweetly soothed is the infant's unrest,
And visions of life are returning;
Soft sleep stealeth o'er
The tired watchers once more,
Nor dream they 'tis strength for the morning!

Aye, sleep ye, and take your repose;—
A piercing cry breaketh their slumber!
And fearful the shriek
That is paling their cheek;
'Tis the death-cry,—the life-sands are numbered!

Thine hour, weeping mother, hath come;
The hour of thy bitterest sorrow;
For Death in his grasp
Thy darling doth clasp,
And thou wilt be childless to-morrow.

The day dawneth fair in the east;—
'Tis the morn of thy natal day, mother;—
But the death-angel now
Writeth grief on thy brow;
Ne'er for thee may there dawn such another!

Now pillow the babe on thy knee,
And watch for the spirit's departing;
Let thy sorrow be hushed,
Though thy heart lieth crushed;
Be stilled—though its life-cords are parting.

Now the dying one struggles for life,
And fiercely the conflict is waging;
But the Death-king is strong,
Nor stayeth he long;—
He wounds, and earth knows no assuaging.

The sufferer struggles in vain,
It chills 'neath the cold, icy fingers;
Now ceaseth the strife,
And its hold upon life,
Though the parting soul timidly lingers.

But glazed is that beautiful eye,
Nor the ear e'en the mother's voice heareth;—
Love watcheth the while,
When a radiant smile
On the lips like a sunbeam appeareth!

O thrice blessed token! it lives!
And with angels is sweetly communing;
It lists to the song
Which the ransomed prolong,
While its own harp in heaven is tuning!

And now on its pinions it soars,
Which the hovering angels have given;
The smile playeth o'er
The dear features once more,
And it taketh its flight up to heaven!

O, Death! thou art foiled of thy prey;
Thy dart reacheth not the *immortal*;
If triumph thou must
O'er the perishing dust,
To the soul thou dost open Life's portal.

Sad pilgrim! now cease from thy grief;
Let thy voice refrain from its weeping;
With Jesus above
Is the child of thy love,
And he guardeth the dust in its sleeping.

And oft, as I kneel in my prayer,
And my heart with its anguish is riven,
The dear babe seems to rest
In its love on my breast,
And whispers sweet visions of heaven!

Now gird on thy armor again,
And nerve for the conflict thy spirit;
Be valiant and strong,
It will cease before long,
And thy crown thou be called to inherit.

And oh! in that bright world above,
Where tears dim the eye of love never,
The rapture how sweet
The dear cherub to meet,
And clasp to thy bosom forever!

THE MISEDUCATED DAUGHTER.

BY MARY A. COLLIER.

"*The Ideal of a Christian Woman.*"—Certain points in this article, which we find in the last number of the Magazine, have been to us very suggestive of thought. We have here, as an illustration of the author's ideal, an unfortunate father, whose daughter has, in the developments of her character, suffered injury under the influences of the female seminary, to which she has been sent for the purposes of education. And what may these be? Why, the young lady has actually taken up the idea that "retrenchment in dress and family expenditure is an imperative Christian duty." But do not many wise and rational people think the same? Is it not a fact of very considerable notoriety that luxury and fashion and outward show are becoming altogether too important an element in our existence? Is it not true that it is a common thing in our day for taste to be consulted first and means afterwards? A blessing is it to a daughter that with eyes purged from the mists of the prevailing passion, she can see clearly the wiser, and safer, and higher course. She will never be found in that large class, of whom it may well be questioned, whether the commands of God or the mandates of fashion are most regarded, most studied, most loved.

Again: "She has forsworn silks and jewels." Most undutiful daughter! And yet we are thinking that there are fathers, who would be glad if their daughters were disposed to a similar conclusion. Possibly one might be found familiar with the mortifications of bankruptcy, who might be enjoying a modest independence, had early life been marked by a less splendid outlay, had the daughter in the simplicity of her attire been

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from the beginning preceded by the mother. Perhaps many sorrows from many poor, who have suffered from untimely failures on the part of those moving in circles wider than their own, might have been saved by the study and practice of this same unexpensive attire, which after all may be as tasteful as the more coveted and more costly array.

But again, the offending young lady has "*abandoned the study of music.*" Would that thousands more might do the same. Would that every one to whom nature has not given the power of discoursing sweet sounds, would leave off drumming the piano to the annoyance of that portion of her friends who, despite the mandates of fashion, cannot bring themselves to the love of *soulless* music. The time thus saved might be devoted to such talents as are given, for all have some gifts, though musical, like other talents, are distributed according to the universal laws of our being. All cannot be musicians—as well attempt to make all poets. What wasted hours in our day are spent at the piano! wasted because fashion requires the cultivation of a talent that nature has never given. Where the talent exists the case is reversed: let the hint that nature has given be acted upon, and to her gift be superadded the highest and most thorough cultivation. Let not the concords of sweet sounds cease, by the evening fireside, at the social gathering or solitary noontide, but let not the same accomplishment be required of all. This is at once cruel and absurd.

But the miseducated young lady renounces music for other reasons. Yes; we have been for some minutes aware of wandering from the matter in hand. "*She* has abandoned the study of music because all showy accomplishments are inconsistent with the humility and lowliness of spirit which should characterize a Christian woman." This sounds a little ultra, to be sure, but still seems to us a most venial fault, a possible mistake, which will be pretty sure to regulate itself. We are moreover of the opinion that a young lady of so much thought and activity of mind as her course indicates, would hardly class music as a mere "showy accomplishment." That she does so, is presumptive evidence that she belongs to that class whose hours spent at the piano are wasted ones, whose indications of talent lie elsewhere.

But there are other charges of a more serious nature against this "unhappy daughter," other calls upon our sympathy for this unfortunate father. She has "utterly mistaken the true ideal of a Christian woman." Let us look at this. She has heard of the degradation of heathen in foreign lands, of the sufferers from irresponsible power in our own, of the victims of vice every where. She has not suffered her knowledge on these subjects, and the feelings excited thereby, to evaporate in idle emotion—not she. When her heart has throbbed with pity for the ignorant, the enslaved, the lost and sunk in sin, her feelings have become deeds. She will do something. And that she may not fail to do this, she chooses the most obvious means, that of existing associations. Is she not in all this honestly seeking to imitate Him who has said, "the poor you have always with you?"

For aught we are told to the contrary, she may be doing this, and her life may find its living springs flowing from that spiritual rock, even Christ.

The unfortunate father has, to be sure, called her ideas of life "monstrous absurdities," but we do not find that decision of character by his own statements has degenerated into obstinacy or undutifulness. He has said that she has become "a little Pharisee," but in proof of this he only gives the detail of her benevolence, scarcely succeeding in making visible the amalgam of vainglory, which would authorize the use of the reproachful epithet. To the sentiments of the writer that follow, with regard to the "parade of religious sentiments and affections before the public eye," this under all circumstances is disgusting, but the case of the young lady is hardly made out to come under that head.

We might go further into the sentiments that invest "the ideal of a Christian woman." But among so many beautiful thoughts it is pleasanter to enjoy than to criticise. Still we cannot help asking, why of this ideally perfect it should be said, "her *heart* prays—her *lips* seldom?" By secret prayer of the lips as well as the heart, is not devout feeling strengthened and expanded by the very reaction of language upon the mind and heart? And in social prayer, where two or three are gathered in the name of Christ, is not the piety of each often strengthened by the expressed devotions of all? To go to the fountain head of all our religious exercises, the guide for all right outward demonstrations, do not the holy women of the Scriptures use the language as well as indulge the inward emotion of prayer?

The Shortness of Life has led a poet-philosopher to say—

> Well, if our days must fly,
> We'll keep their end in sight;
> We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
> And let them speed their flight.

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DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE FOUNTAIN AND THE POOL.

BY ABIN.

Do you see that little fountain,
Sending up its silver spray,
From the side of yonder mountain,
In the distance, far away?

On it rushes towards the river,
Through meand'ring valleys plays,
Singing to the Great Law-giver
Songs of sweet melodious praise.

In its presence man rejoices,
And the birds which cannot pray,
Raise their sweet harmonious voices,
Gayly singing all the day.

Do you see upon the level,
Near the stream, a stagnant pool,
Mixing not, with joyous revel,
In its songs of praises full?

Whither, streamlet, art thou going?
Hear that idle water's tone,
Knowest thou what thou art doing?
Thou'lt have need ere summer's gone.

We shall have a sultry summer,
Ere it's gone thou wilt be dry;
I advise thee stop and slumber,
And prepare thyself to die.

Well, the course that I'm pursuing
Is the best, e'en should I die;
While time lasts be up and doing,
Was the streamlet's prompt reply.

So the stream passed onward, blessing,
And rejoicing in its course,
To the distant river pressing,
Gaining courage, strength and force.

But the pool, so calm, unruffled,
As it in the valley lay,
Of its waters, lo, it suffered
Not a drop to steal away.

Spring passed off with skies beclouded,
And the heat of summer came,
But the trees and bushes crowded
To protect the little stream.

'Tis not in my heart to harm you,
Was the language of the sun;
With my rays I only warm you,
As the meadows through you run.

There, the robin gayly raises
His sweet notes, with seeming pride;
While he lisps the streamlet's praises,
Oft he sips its silver tide.

There the dumb beasts love to linger,
On its sweet and shady banks;
And there man, with lifted finger,
Offers his Creator thanks.

To the pool, so all-portentous,
We now turn our wondering eye;
With its prudence so momentous,
Wasting now it seems to lie.

The dumb beasts approach it, thinking
There t' allay their raging thirst,
But turn from it without drinking
Of its stagnant waters curst.

And the breeze, before so healthy,
Caught the vile malaria,
Forcing all, both poor and wealthy,
From the place to move away.

And the frogs, now grown outrageous,
Cast their venom in its cup;
And the Lord smote the contagious
Pool, and quickly dried it up.

But the stream did not diminish,
With the willow by its side,
For the Lord did it replenish,
And for all its wants provide.

And while time lasts, still, as ever
Will that little streamlet be
Flowing onward to the river,
And the river to the sea.

Sol will smile upon the ocean,
And its incense greet the sun,
And that stream be kept in motion,
As it ever has been done.

Now if God so bless the fountain,
Will He not his people bless?
As a molehill make their mountain,
And surround them with his grace?

He has promised each believer,
If ye do but freely give,
That from Him who is the giver
Of all good, ye shall receive.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY NELLA NORA.

Is there not a deep sense of the beautiful implanted in every human breast? Do we not turn instinctively to that which is lovely in nature, and do we not see in every thing around us evidence of the creating hand of our Almighty Father? Last night, in the blessed twilight hour,

"When the air with a deepening hush was fraught,
And the heart grew burdened with tender thought,"

I sat by my window and watched the changing motion of the water of our little lake, as the evening shadows crept gently over it. At first there was only reflected in it the broad blue vault of heaven, and as it was cloudless, it seemed like a silver robe wrapped over the waters. At length the stars came out, and as they one by one appeared within the waters blue, I felt almost as if they were the eyes of Him who watches

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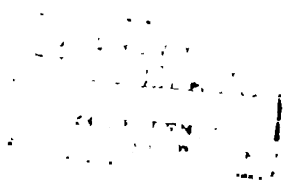

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J. Porter. T. Pollock.

TEACHING THE SCRIPTURES

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us by day and night. I asked myself involuntarily if this was Heaven, and if I indeed stood in the presence of Him before whom "the moon and the stars stand still." This answer came to my heart. "It is not Heaven, but only a slight reflection of its brightness given as a foretaste of that holier state of existence where the 'beautiful fades not away.'" Then the shadow of darkness closed over the scene, and I was left alone with thought, and the sweet feelings of my own happy heart. Then came upon me the evidence of the delightful truth—I am indeed in the presence of the living God, for there is no place where he does not dwell, and all these blissful emotions are his Spirit reflected on my soul, as the stars upon the clear, deep waters.

A WORD FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE earth, and *all* things therein, are sustained and governed by an all creative and Overruling Power. An individual may be surrounded by the best perceptible influences; may be possessed of nature's choicest gifts in physical and mental organization; may have at command all the knowledge and wisdom that have been conceived on earth since the fall of man; may properly make available all these advantages in laboring for a certain object of choice, and yet gain from those labors results far inferior to another, who, in a spirit of weakness and stupidity, is engaged in a like pursuit.

Facts like these make us sensible of the workings of a Supreme Power in our midst, without the favor of which, *all* our labors are in vain. They serve to acquaint us with "the *Divinity that shapes our ends*, rough hew them as *we* will."

Such books as are records of the experiences and conditions of mankind and surrounding things, must *necessarily* exhibit legitimate results of the secret workings of an Overruling Power; while the book of imagination, however well to the eye may appear its copyings of human character, cannot be otherwise than barren of every truthful *effect*, of the hidden workings of God's general and special providences.

Young ladies, you live in a world that is governed by *such providences;* and I now ask you in kindness, which of the two are *best* fitted to make you useful, wise, respectable, and happy, in that world,—the book of fact, or the book of fiction?

C. A.

Editorial Miscellany.

TEACHING THE SCRIPTURES—Is depicted by our STEEL ENGRAVING in a very commendable and pleasing manner. It is a lovely sight to witness, when parents are devoutly engaged in the important work of unfolding the precepts and doctrines of divine truth to the susceptible minds of their beloved offspring.

Mothers can engage in nothing more worthy of their station, than imparting divine knowledge to their tender charge. The Bible is the source of all intelligence, and all wisdom. It is the fountain of pure and exalted wisdom, which shall ever flow in healthful and life-giving abundance for all who thirst for the waters of life. Says England's sweet Bard,

"This book, this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last—this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious brow,
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live;
And many to her voice gave ear, and read,
Believed, obeyed; and now as the Amen,
True, faithful witness swore, with snowy robes
And branchy palms surround the fount of life,
And drink the streams of immortality,
Forever happy, and forever young."

How eagerly scientific and literary men search all knowledge and all the ramifications of earthly wisdom, of politics and art, and how comparatively little the sacred volume!

In former ages the human mind has exercised itself in all other trains of investigation, "but the world by wisdom knew not God." Men are mighty sometimes in human attainments, and leave monuments of their greatness to the world, but are seldom great in their knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. A child under the instructions of the Bible has more adequate views, often, of

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the character and will of God, than the most learned and purest philosoper. The two first chapters to the Romans exhibit sorrowful facts concerning the degraded condition of those who were without God and without the divine record. We cannot visit a heathen or Mohammedan country, without a similar exhibition of their ignorance, their vice and depravity. Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people too sadly. They only know God who learn from his Holy word his attributes and moral excellence. Let the young and the aged study this sacred volume faithfully and prayerfully, and there will be less love of the novel and the unsubstantial, and more earnest efforts to conform heart and life to the requirements of that Law which is holy, and just, and good. It is said the profligate Byron wrote the following lines on a blank leaf of his Bible:

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace
To read—to fear—to hope—to pray,
To lift the latch—to force the way:
And better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Our Wood-cuts—Were not so much of choice as necessity to illustrate the article with which they are connected. The Pilgrimages to the Shrines are better received, though the wood engravings are rude and unfanciful. One of those in the last number should have taken the place of one in this; but generally the mistake would not be noticed, and perhaps it is of little consequence when both numbers are in hand.

Norwich Line to Boston—Being the shortest by boat, is admired by many as desirable on this account. The same conductor goes through, and the management of the road is such as to make it quite agreeble to the traveller. The excellent Superintendent at Boston, Genery Twichell, is "a sure gun," and all is well arranged that passes under his inspection. A direct line to the pleasantest part of the "White Mountains" is through Norwich, Worcester, and Concord, N. H. Unless one chooses to stop at Boston, we should advise them to go this way, and before returning stop at the Great Lakes of New Hampshire.

Erie Railroad.—This great thoroughfare to the western lakes and to the far west is becoming more and more popular, and more and more patronized. An excursion through mountain ranges at a speed more desirable than the Lightning line from Albany, gives romantic scenery of peculiar sublimity and grandeur, and fans the languid denizens of the metropolis with gales fragrant with the mountain Pine and the Hemlock, which is more bracing and reviving than all the Oriental cordials or French cosmetics ever imported. We are reminded of what Byron says,

"From peak to peak
The rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder."
From mount to mount
The rattling rails among
Leaps the live chariot.

By this road one can go very direct to Niagara Falls, stopping a few hours at Buffalo.

John Milton, who is sometimes called the Christian Homer, was born in London, in 1608, and educated at Christ College, Cambridge. His original purpose was to enter the Church, but his dislike to subscription and to oaths prevented. He passed five years in retirement at his father's house, during which period he produced Comus, Lycidas, and some other poems. He travelled through France and Italy, and married in 1643. He had some domestic difficulties, which were afterwards arranged satisfactorily.

The zeal with which he vindicated the execution of Charles I. induced the Council of State to appoint him Latin Secretary; thus he became the literary champion of the popular cause. In behalf of that cause he published his Iconoclastes, and his two Defences of the People of England against the libels of Salmasius and Du Moulin. In the execution of this "noble task," as he calls it, he lost his eyesight. At the restoration he remained concealed for a while, but the interest of his friends, particularly of Marvell and Davenant, soon enabled him to reappear in safety. The rest of his life was spent in retirement, employed partly in the composition of that noble work, by which he at once immortalized his name. The Paradise Lost appeared in 1667. Milton died November 8th, 1674.

The mists which prejudice and bigotry have spread over the bright name of Milton are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. He was a seraph, burning with a calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature.

"Reformation" was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was a fire in his aged breast. Refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, Milton refreshed him-

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rself, after intellectual effort, by music. His life was an echo of the noble sentiments inculcated in his writings. Milton's Paradise Lost is clothed with additional attractions by the Notes of Prof. Boyd, recently from the press of A. S. Barnes & Co., John street. High literary cultivation is brought to the task, and the various criticisms and observations of the talented author render this work one of extraordinary merit, for students who would study the power and analysis of the English language. Few will differ from the views of the Prof. on the points in Milton which have so often been criticised, and sometimes erroneously expounded. The work in its present shape will adorn any library, and may prove to be one of vast utility to the country, when so much trash in the shape of romance is flooding the land that should be pushed aside for the solid and the profitable.

PADRE GAVAZZI AND LE REPUBLICAIN.—In one of the late numbers of *Le Republicain*, a newly established French paper, there is an article on the course of procedure of Father Gavazzi, and on its probable influence on this community. Among the remarks suggested, the writer presents the doctrine of Protestantism as closely allied to the political government, known under the name of republic, and says that its tendencies and its ultimate end is the universal establishment of Democratic representation and self-government, all over the world.

In order to give more clearness to his obeervations, he divides the government of the earth into two parts: the one belonging to Protestantism, or the government of all by all; the other to Catholicism, or the government of all by one. The first walking along in the track of liberty, and founding the Republic of the United States, the other going hand in hand with despotism, and giving birth to Papacy.

These distinctions once made, it remains to be seen whether true Protestantism can indulge in concessions, and support monarchism; whether it does not injure itself by such an alliance, in a word, if it can suffer it without derogating to its origin. On this point the writer takes the affirmative side, and says that such a proceeding would rank Protestanism on the side of the despotic governments, and drive it fast towards Catholicism.

These premises once laid out, the writer passes strictures on the lectures of Father Gavazzi among us, accuses him to have preached monarhism, to have shown himself opposed to the triumph of republicanism in Europe, to have injured and vilified the attempts of the martyrs of liberty, and in fact to have adhered for the most part to the proposition advanced by Catholics. In the course of his article, he quotes several of the passages of the father's speeches, and concludes by asserting that he ought not to have been claimed by Protestants, but left to Catholics. The article is worth the attention of Protestants, although it must be admitted that the learned French editor may be too much prejudiced against one who *seems* rather reckless in some of his exhibitions of oppugnancy to a false and decaying system. Rather than believe the insinuations of his adversaries in Canada, in the States or the other side of the Atlantic, we would regard him as honest, fearless, bold, decided, but rather impulsive, and too little acquainted with the republican influence of Protestantism and its destined triumph in the world. A little experience will lead him to regard our system of government as well as our Protestantism in a more favorable aspect, if indeed he is at heart at all deficient at the present time. His utterances will be narrowly watched by friends and foes, and until we know the positive wrong of his Protestant deportment, we will believe him in charity to be a good man, honestly laboring to extend the principles of Christian liberty.

KNICKERBOCKER.—This venerable monthly magazine has enjoyed forty years of hopeful prosperity, and aside from its Literary and Scientific dishes, so faithfully served, the Editor's Table gives some well-written critiques on books, magazines, and papers. The perception of the humorous and the beautiful is an evident trait of the conductor.

THE INDEPENDENT is one of our best weekly family papers, and is rapidly gaining circulation in the different States of the Union, and is in various ways exhibiting powerful evidences of its adaptation to the wants of our wide-spread and growing population. It grapples boldly and discusses lucidly the great topics which concern universal peace, which concern political and religious freedom. It is too excellent in its literary, moral, and religious aspects to be unread by any who can afford to add it to their list of reading matter. In these remarks we would not speak disparagingly of any similar weekly which we occasionally see. Each is doing the work Providence assigns, and we would hope none are truckling to sentiments which the moral sense, which the Bible and natural law condemn. A fearful responsibility rests upon the religious press in this day of conflict of opinion, in this period of moral reformation, in this day in which

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the knowledge of reading is becoming so universal.

Hudson River Railroad.—This well-managed road is now enjoying a tide of prosperity. The connection between this city and Montreal is a great convenience to pleasure travellers, to merchants, and men of business generally. The directors and superintendent are men of enlarged views, and are determined to merit all the patronage that would naturally flow into the broad valley of the Hudson. The completion of this road and its connection with northern roads is doing much for the credit of the projectors and the prosperity of this metropolis. Every thing that comes under the management of Mr. Stark at this end of the route is admirably attended to, and the citizens who live along the line for some distance have cause of gratitude that they can enjoy city and country at such convenience, and at such cheap rates.

Reasoning from Effects.—A reverend gentleman, Dr. Noyes, of Providence, R. I., towards the completion of a series of lectures on the "Truth of the Bible," addressed a note to his friend, Abner Phelps, M. D., of Boston, for the purpose of obtaining his views, as a physiologist, respecting the flow of water from the wound made by the centurion in our Saviour's side, while he was upon the cross. A common opinion seems to be prevalent among theologians, that the pericardium was punctured, and that the fluid was from that source. Dr. Phelps returned an answer to Dr. Noyes's request, which appears at the close of the volume of lectures, and is of unusual interest. It presents a critical analysis of the whole transaction, to its melancholy termination. Dr. P. shows, that had water existed in the pericardium, in sufficient quantity to have been called a flow, it would have indicated disease. But the Redeemer was without spot or blemish, and in perfect health, as a man, at the eventful period of the crucifixion. After a variety of ingenious and elaborate arguments, Dr. Phelps presents a new theory, explanatory of the apparent difficulty of accounting for the water. He has, with commendable zeal, collected facts enough to show that at death, the serum is separated, but not before, and hence the Saviour must have been dead when the wound was made. Here is the pith of the matter—"The veins generally contain about two-thirds of the whole mass of the blood, without any oxygen in it; while the arteries contain about one-third part, with oxygen. Consequently, if the whole mass of blood in the body contained fifteen pints of water, the arteries would contain five pints, when the blood therein had coagulated—or, in other words, had concreted, which is merely the separation of the serum from the crassamentum. Dr. Phelps supposes that a cut artery would permit the escape of serum—and thus the water is accounted for on plain anatomical principles.

Another question has also been investigated by the same indefatigable student of the Bible. Some have imagined that it would be quite impossible to drive a heavy iron spike through the hands or feet, without breaking a bone. Dr. Phelps went to the medical college, where facilities were presented for conducting a sufficient number of experiments to satisfy the most incredulous, and found that the act may be performed many times in succession, without disturbing essentially the relations of the bony parts. Dr. Phelps has secured to himself the reputation of being a bold inquirer. He pursues his investigations with an ardor that is never satisfied with anything short of an actual demonstration, where such is possible.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

California.—Four and a half years ago, the first Protestant clergyman entered California to make it a permanent place of residence and preach the Gospel; at present there are one hundred and eleven evangelical clergymen, some of them engaged in teaching, a few in agencies for benevolent societies, but the greater part are exclusively employed in preaching, and all preach more or less; the number of distinct church organizations is nearly the same. Still, the country is very inadequately supplied with spiritual and educational instrumentalities.

Italy.—The greatest length of Italy is 630 miles. In the northern part it is 325 miles in width, and in the peninsula 125. Its area is 100,000 square miles, and it has nearly 2,000 miles of sea-coast. Its population is about 25,000,000; and no country in the world so free from natural distinctions and favorable for united political action as Italy, is so artificially divided. It is divided into at least 15 distinct departments, subject to as many distinct governments. One, the principality of Monaco, has but nine square miles; another, the Republic of San Marino, has but 17 square miles, with the population of a small-sized village.

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CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE. Published by John S. Taylor, No. 17 Ann st., New York. This is a book written in the form of a disputation, carried on by three persons; two of which, Messrs. A. and B., are the principal talkers. Their subject is, the present condition of mankind, as compared with their past history; and speculations on man's future, in comparison with his past and present. A. being possessed of a sanguine, hopeful, and benevolent turn of mind, sees little but good so far, and believes there is nothing to hinder a speedy realization of the millennial day among men.

B. sees no improvement in any thing worth mentioning, for the last three thousand years. We think B. shows the most brains, and manages his wrong side of the subject in quite an interesting manner. The book is capable of affording a pleasant pastime to a large class of readers.

FERN LEAVES. Fresh and fragrant are the leaves which Fanny Fern has inserted in her portfolio. A more zesty, readable book does not often present itself. Fanny is outspoken, vivacious, often touching, and always "hits the nail on the head." Now and then there is a little approach to the unfeminine; but as a whole, this collection of essays and happy paragraph achievements will certainly gain much reputation for the author. The marked peculiarity of the book is its life—its sprightly animation. Fanny's readers never find her dull. She talks with her pen; and talks to the point, and wittily, and for the most part, we think, wisely. We predict for the volume much popularity, and none the less for the previous appearance of many of the pieces in the Olive Branch and other periodicals. Published by Derby & Miller, Auburn.

LIFE AND WORKS OF COLE. We had not expected to find the memoir of a painter so full of interest as is this volume. Nor do we often find in the biography of the artist, nor indeed in any other, so delightful an exhibition of the heavenward aspirations of a finely-tempered soul, made sensible of its need of a portion in God. The early life of Cole was marked by unusual variety of incident; and his later years were a life of poetry, artistic creation, communion with nature, and endeavors after the hidden life of the Christian. The biographer has beautifully set forth the mental history connected with the great works of Cole's pencil. This part of the volume has a peculiar interest. We may say to our readers who are keeping watch of the new books that issue from the press, that the Life of Cole is one which will not disappoint. It is published by Cornish & Lamport.

HAND-BOOK FOR AMERICANS IN EUROPE. By Rev. Roswell Park, D. D. G. P. Putnam & Co. publishers, No. 10 Park Row, New York. This work goes into all the minutiæ of a European tour; beginning with home preparations, and ending with the traveller's return. A multiplicity of little annoyances, expenses, &c., unthought of, and unprovided for by many of the inexperienced in European travels, are here pointed out, accompanied by valuable suggestions to travellers on the subjects of economy, and preservation of bodily health. The tourist is reminded of the principal objects of interest near at hand, as he journeys on, in an easy and agreeable manner; and the book will be found a very useful companion, *for all* who are preparing for their first visit to Europe.

MODERN FLIRTATIONS. By Catharine Sinclair. Stringer & Townsend, publishers, No. 222 Broadway, New York. The lady writer of the foregoing publication gives an excitingly interesting account of imaginary flirtations, tantalizations, and love adventures, in one branch of British high life. The young gentlemen desperadoes are clothed with powers, and granted successes, *almost* beyond nature, but the character of the Christian, in the hour of trial, is made to shine in truthful splendor. As a whole, it is above many works of the kind, in its moral character, and exhibits throughout superior powers of authorship.

THE YOUNG LADY'S GUIDE. By Harvey Newcombe. M. W. Dodd & Co. publishers, corner of Spruce st. and City Hall Square. This is full of good things for young ladies, in relation to the proper development of their physical, intellectual, and moral natures, and their growth in the Christian graces. All young ladies who wish to spend their lives respectably, usefully, and happily, will derive *benefit* from such a book. It seems free from sectarianism, and a pious catholic spirit is found in every page.

MUSIC. We would call the attention of the music-loving public to the following pieces, recently published by the well-known firm of Hall & Son, 239 Broadway:—

1. Fare thee well, my Bonnie Jean. Song. By G. Linley.
2. La Dolcessa Valse. By John Pychowski.
3. The Belle of the West Waltzes. By John Pridham.
4. The Wellington March. By Chas. D'Albert.
5. The Sailor Prince. Polka. By Chas. D'Albert.

A large and choice selection of music and musical instruments may be found at Horace Waters', 333 Broadway. We take pleasure in noticing the following new and choice pieces:—

1. Honey-Moon Schottisch. By Herr Khole.
2. Sweet Lady, do not Stay. Serenade. Music by J. F. Bassford. Words by J. D. Hall.
3. Mother's Bow. Composed by H. Waters. Arranged for the guitar by Chas. De Janon.
4. Fancy Star Polka. By Henry Eikmeir.
5. Light of Other Days. Quickstep. By Adam Stewart.
6. Banjo Dance. By J. F. Bassford.

Firth & Pond rank high among publishers of music, and dealers in pianos, and all kinds of musical instruments. We have received the following:—

1. Annie, my own Love. Song. By Stephen C. Foster.
2. Ring the Banjo. Ethiopian melody. Arranged for the piano-forte by Chas. Grobe.
3. Yes, we miss Thee. Song. Reply to Do they miss Me at Home. By F. Buckley.
4. Idlewild Schottisch. By C. Mueller.
5. Nancy Till Schottisch. Arranged by Henry Chadwick.

AN ORPHAN TALE. Told in Rhyme. By Rev. George Fisk, author of "A Memorial of the Holy Land." Robert Carter & Brothers.

A beautiful little gift-book, in great variety of measure, and embellished with wood-cuts. Its influence will be decidedly good.

"Sequel to Mamma's Bible Stories."
"A Hundred Short Tales."
"Three Months under the Snow."
"A Call to the Lambs."
"Collier's Tale."
"Frank Harrison."

For youthful minds, the foregoing are among the best of the last issues from the press. In them are portrayed to the intellects of the young the most important moral and religious truths, in a manner highly pleasing, comprehensive, and practical.

The Messrs. Carter well deserve the patronage and thanks of all lovers of virtue, and the best interests of our common country, for the *particular attention* they are paying, in their numerous publications of a like character, to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the rising generation.

R. Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway.

THE RUM-PLAGUE: a narration for the instruction of old

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and young, rich and poor. From the German of T. Schokke. John S. Taylor, 17 Ann st. This is an enchanting little narrative, notwithstanding the main subject is getting to be loathsome. It is equal in merit to the POOR VICAR, by the same author, and better calculated to do good. It furnishes a good text-book for a strong temperance lecturer. It exhibits the wonderful providence of God both in his judgments upon intemperance, and his final reward of filial fidelity. Every family and school library should have it.

LELIA, OR THE ISLAND. By Ann F. Tytler C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway. Boston, Crosby & Nichols. This is a continuation of Lelia in England, and Lelia at Home, by the same excellent author. It is finely illustrated with wood-cuts. The scenes depicted are tenderly interesting, and the style is pleasing; of the moral bearing it may be said that it is truly religious, and beautifully instructive. The work is well conceived and happily designed, and we hope it will find its way into many a family who needs its elevating and refining influence. Francis is doing the community a good service. 232 pp. 18mo.

ASBELL: A tale for young people. By Jane W. Hooper. With illustrations. C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway. Boston, Crosby, Nichols & Co. This is another lively story, beautifully written for the young, the design of which is to please, instruct, and profit the masses who will read *something*, profitable or unprofitable. We can commend Asbell as a safe and desirable work for a family library. The impressions it will form, we doubt not, will be salutary as well as permanent.

Kind Christian words and instructive sentences pass from one to the other of the intelligent group, such as illustrate refined and elevated moral and Christian sentiment. The reader must feel the impression, and the heart be made better. 370 pp. 18mo.

LECTURES ON PRACTICAL SUBJECTS. By Rev. Henry Melville, England. Stamford & Swords, 137 Broadway. The fame of Melville has gone wherever the English language is spoken, and his influence will be perpetuated. He is a polished scholar, and a writer of uncommon vigor and nerve, and the force and eloquence of his appeals through his sermons and lectures cannot but be felt simply in their reading. The Christian, the student, and the divine will seek them, and read them with delight, and feel as if in the presence of the gifted divine, at his chapel with his own people. His lectures are practical, spiritual, and all-cogent, on some of the most important themes of the Testament, New and Old.

We can devoutly urge for them a wide circulation and prayerful study.

LAYARD'S NINEVEH AND BABYLON. The Harpers have lately issued this large work, which is so highly to interest the world. We have here 576 pages from Layard, giving an account of his famous discoveries on his second visit among the ruins of these ancient cities. The illustrative engravings are two hundred and thirty in number, and many maps of great importance to a good understanding of the descriptions which the work contains. The binding we should judge would be durable, and better calculated to give satisfaction than the ordinary. These enterprising publishers omit nothing that will make a good book, or satisfy the demands of the public.

NOTES ON THE GOSPELS, critical and explanatory; incorporating with the Notes on a new plan the most approved harmony of the four Gospels. By Melancthon W. Jacobus, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Western Theological Seminary, at Alleghany City, Pa. MARK AND LUKE. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway. 12mo, pp. 319.

The first volume, on Matthew, was published some time since, and the present volume has been delayed by reason of his illness, which led to a visit to Europe and the countries of the East. On his return he was elected to the Professorial Chair in the Theological Seminary of Western Pennsylvania. He has not hastened the publication, on account of his desire to digest well and accurately his annotations. The first volume has been stamped with the approbation of the public, as in the space of three years it reached seven editions, notwithstanding many works of similar character extant. The author has taken great pains to collate materials, and select and condense, so as to give the greatest value to the necessarily brief notes. We think for valuable condensation, and accuracy and safety of interpretation, it is superior to Barnes, and would advise its use in our Bible-Classes. For this end, the author has prepared a catechetical question-book, adapted to "the Notes," having the questions of the Sunday-School Union as the general basis, incorporating throughout the questions of the Westminster Catechism.

BABYLON AND NINEVEH. Second expedition of Austen H. Layard. G. P. Putnam & Co., Publishers, No. 10, Park Place. The public well remembers with what thrilling interest it received Mr. Layard's first account of his wonderful discoveries among the buried ruins of ancient Babylon and Nineveh, showing the transcendent splendors of Assyrian courts, and great perfection in science and art of the Ninevites and Babylonians, long before Greece and Rome were known to fame. The public will also be pleased to know, that the result of his labors during a second visit to that interesting spot are now published, and entitled as above. It is an abridgment from a larger work, avoiding such dry details as are uninteresting to the general reader, but contains, in a condensed and fascinating form, all things of common interest. It is finely illustrated with cuts and engravings.

SECOND LATIN BOOK. By Albert Harkness, A.M. D. Appleton & Co., No. 200 Broadway, New York. The above is intended as a guide to the student, in his studies of Latin composition. In a comprehensive manner it teaches him how to translate sentences of Latin into English, and English into Latin, and thus qualifies him to give a ready utterance to his thoughts, in words that gave to the world the sublime and immortal conceptions of Cicero and Virgil.

Mr. Harkness has already a wide-spread reputation as a Latin scholar, and this work will evidently serve to place him still higher in the estimation of the literary world.

CLARA STANLEY; or, A Summer among the Hills. By the author of "Aunt Edith." Carter and Brothers. This is another of the fireside series wisely designed to impart true religious instruction. The youthful mind will be favorably impressed by the perusal of a work so fraught with interesting incidents, and so richly adorned with model characters.

THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW, The journal of a young inhabitant of the Jura. Translated from the French of J. J. Porchat. Carter and Brothers. This is the title of a very interesting book, comprising an instructive history founded on truth. It was written by a youth in a chalet upon one of the peaks of the Jura in France. The journal affords an excellent knowledge of the dangers and sufferings incident to the life of an inhabitant of these mountains.

FRANK HARRISON, and THE COLLIERS, are also pretty tales for moulding the moral affections of the young, and should be in the hands of all youth in the Sabbath school and the family.

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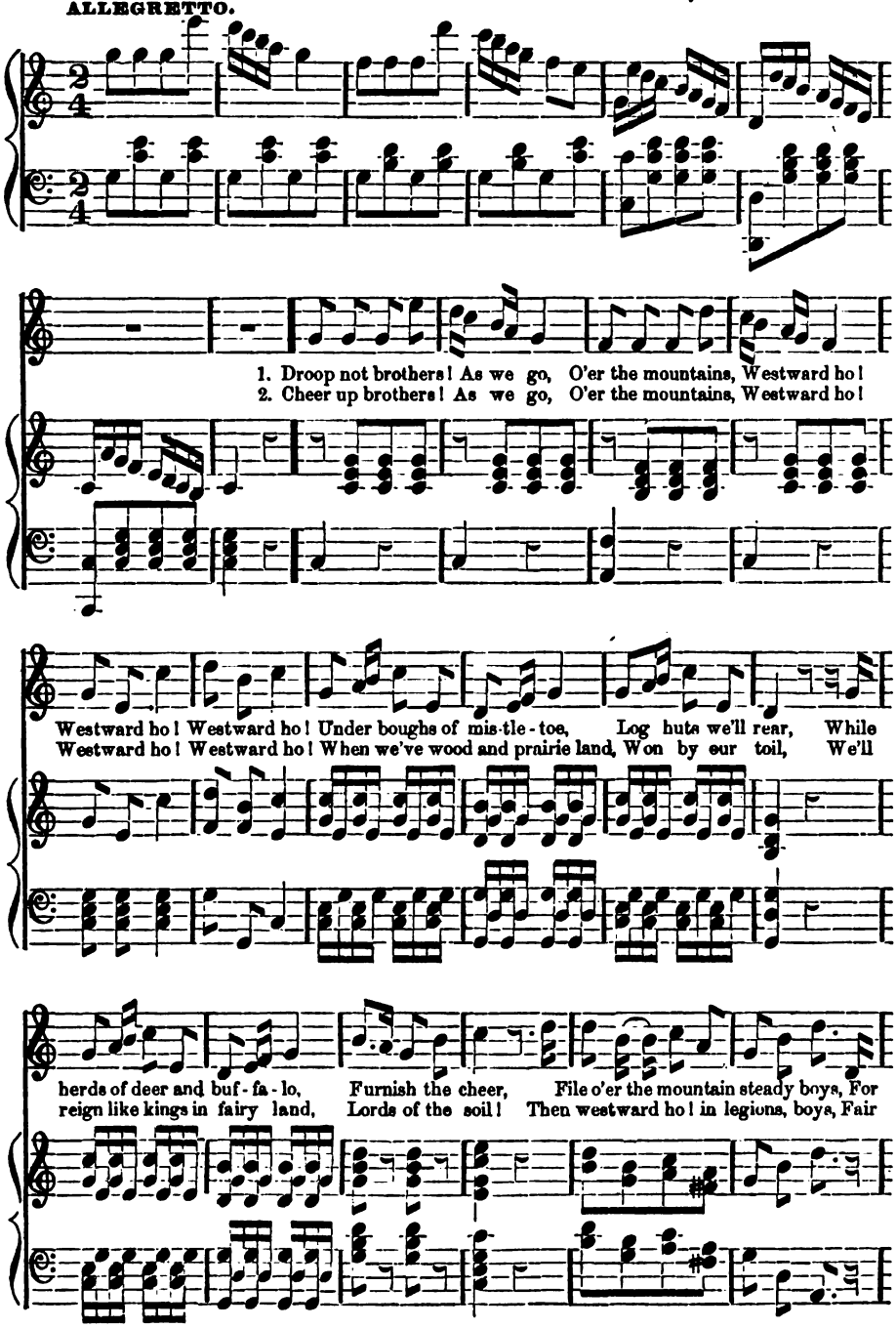
Westward Ho!

Music by Mrs. H. A. BURR.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Droop not brothers! As we go, O'er the mountains, Westward ho!
2. Cheer up brothers! As we go, O'er the mountains, Westward ho!
Westward ho! Westward ho! Under boughs of mis-tle-toe, Log huts we'll rear, While
Westward ho! Westward ho! When we've wood and prairie land, Won by our toil, We'll
herds of deer and buf-fa-lo, Furnish the cheer, File o'er the mountain steady boys, For
reign like kings in fairy land, Lords of the soil! Then westward ho! in legions, boys, Fair

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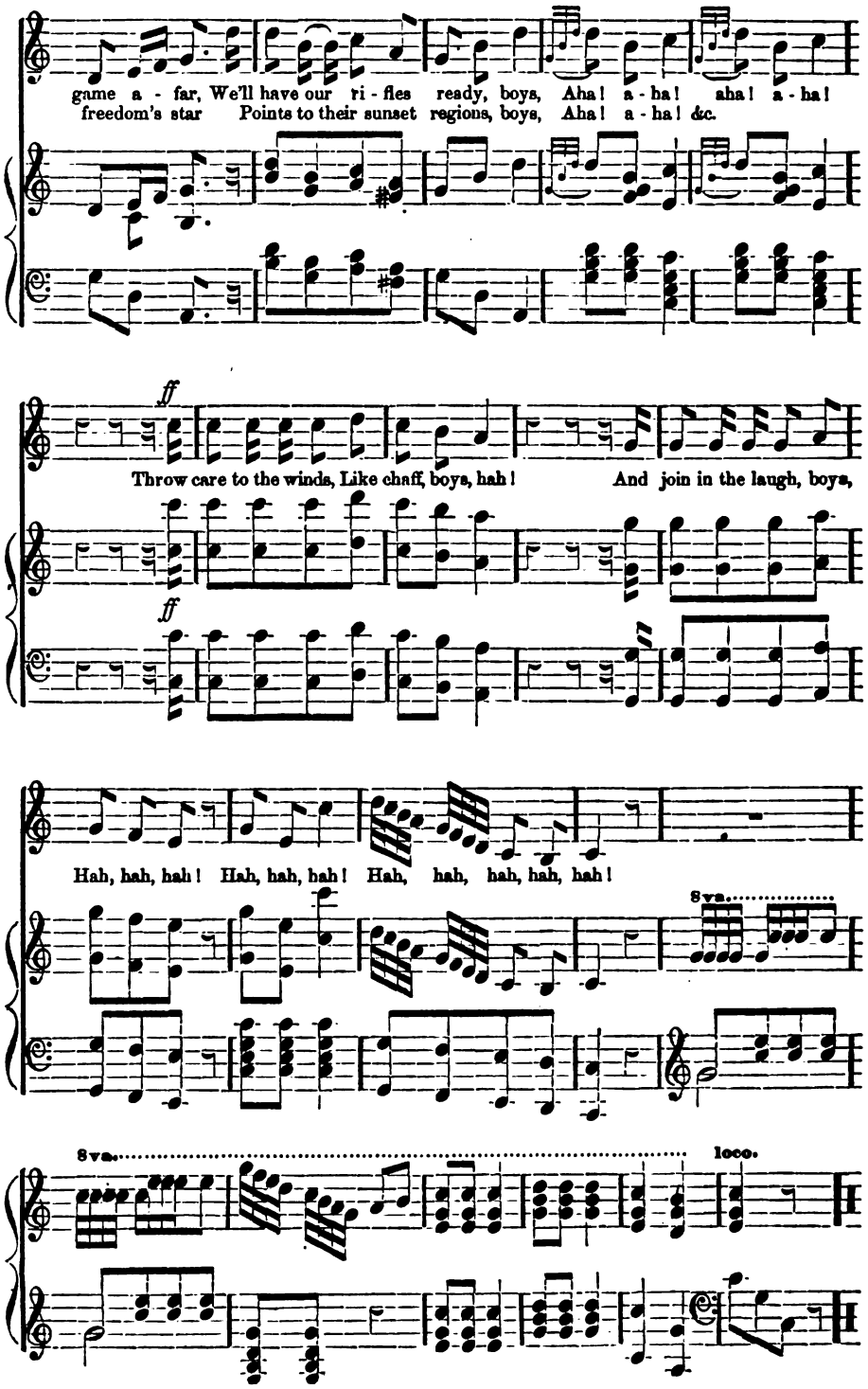
game a - far, We'll have our ri - fles ready, boys, Aha! a - ha! aha! a - ha!
freedom's star Points to their sunset regions, boys, Aha! a - ha! &c.
ff
Throw care to the winds, Like chaff, boys, hah! And join in the laugh, boys,
ff
Hah, hah, hah! Hah, hah, hah! Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!
8va.
8va.
loco.

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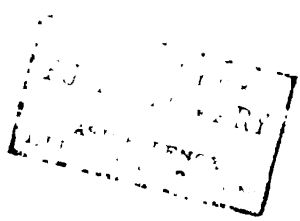

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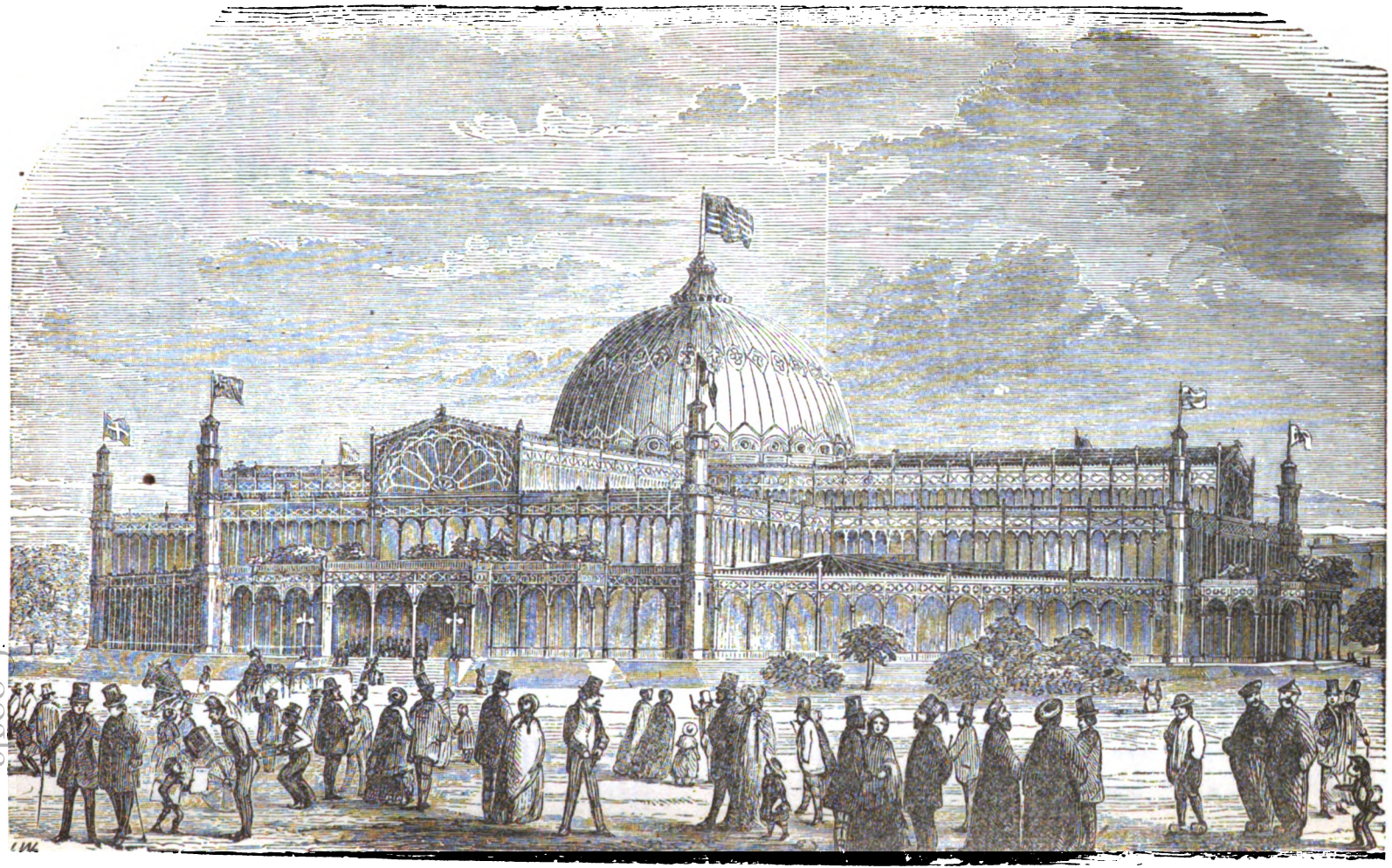

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

THE TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSAY.

William Carter arose from a bed of fitful and uneasy slumber. The night had been cold and windy, such a night as December frequently brings among the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was hard, and the cold wind found its way through many a crack and crevice in his ruinous cottage; but he might have slept, if his mind had been at ease. He was used to the cold, the labor of the past day had exhausted his strength, and the weary man will not, when the voluptuary world writhe in pains. His wife was a delicate woman; toil and exposure had brought on a lingering illness, and she lay all night, moaning with pain, and shivering with the cold.

William arose, I said, and having kindled a fire, went forth into the open air. The clouds were black and heavy, and the winds swept in gusts through the naked trees. Away in the distance, the tops of the mountains were already white with snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neighboring farm, but it was useless to go—the farmer would not work that day; so he turned with a heavy step, and entered his cheerless dwelling. The children were soon stirring, and the pale, suffering mother rose from her restless couch, to prepare the morning meal. A few potatoes were boiled for the father and children, and a cup of gruel prepared for herself.

William Carter and his wife had seen better days; but sickness and misfortune, the fraud of some, and the cruelty of others, had driven them forth from their pleasant home, which he had spent the strength of his early manhood to purchase, and forced them to take shelter in their present miserable abode. They were Christians, and they had hitherto borne up, under the crushing weight of their afflictions, with a meek and quiet spirit. Looking forward to that bright hereafter, they had suffered patiently, knowing that those afflictions are but for a moment, and the glory which shall be revealed, eternal.

It had long been William Carter's practice to assemble his family in the morning, to hear the blessed truths of inspiration, and to bow before the mercy-seat of Heaven. That morning, the children seated themselves as usual, and Mrs. Carter brought forth the Bible, and laid it before her husband. Moving it away he said, "I cannot read or pray. I have no faith, and what is not of faith is sin," and rising, he seated himself at the table. The children looked up with astonishment.

"What is the matter, father?" said little Alice, pressing close to his chair. "Why don't you ask God for our daily bread?"

A tear stole silently down the mother's cheek, as she took her place with her family around the scanty board.

"Why can't we have some bread and butter," said little James, a child six years old, pushing away the potatoe which was offered him. "We used to have bread and pies, and I don't want potatoes all the time."

An expression of agony passed over the father's face. A torrent of bitter feelings were rushing through his heart—murmurings against Providence—repinings at his lot—unbelief in God.

"Why should my children want for bread while others have enough and to spare?" he exclaimed. "Have I not labored honestly, but where is the blessing which God has promised to them that trust in Him? The man who, by extortion and violence, has taken away our rights, lives in plenty and ease, while I and mine must pine with hunger and cold."

"Do not arraign the justice and the wisdom of God," said Mrs. Carter, wiping away her tears, and looking tenderly on her husband. Our

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Heavenly Father will not suffer us to be tempted nor afflicted beyond what we are able to bear."

"Bear!—I would bear every thing but this; I can bear toil, humiliation, and want myself; but I cannot see my children pine for bread, and you shivering in this miserable hovel!—your sufferings will drive me mad."

The wife arose from her place, and approaching her husband, she threw her arm around his neck, and pressed her lips to his burning brow. "William," she said, "turn not away from the promises of God—seal not up the only fountain of consolation which remains to us. While we have a home and a meal as good as this, let us not be unthankful. Our master had not where to lay his head."

"It is the memory of my wrongs—of your wrongs, rather,—for myself I do not care—which is cankering my heart, and maddening my brain. If there is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress the poor, and the strong to crush the weak? I sometimes feel like taking justice into my own hands, and with my own arm avenging my cause."

"Let me not see you thus, my husband. Throw not away faith, with its memory of past blessings, and its hopes for the future. We have received good at the hand of the Lord,—many times has He made our cup of blessings to overflow; and shall we murmur and blindly accuse His justice, if He suffer the tempest to beat upon our heads. Oh! beware, that evil thoughts spring not up in your heart. Sin will bring sorrows less bearable than those of poverty. Think not so bitterly of our wrongs. Vengeance is the Lord's, and he will repay it. Let us, like our Divine Teacher, who suffered wrongs infinitely greater than ours, forgive and pity our enemies."

"I have tried hard to learn that lesson before, and I thought, when no trials were upon me, that I had succeeded. I know it must be wrong—this angry and revengeful spirit—and I have tried at times to stifle it in my heart, but it will not die. It lingers there, poisoning and polluting all within me. I have tried to pray, but it has risen up, like a black cloud, hiding the face of my Heavenly Father, and I have felt as if deserted by God and man."

"God sometimes hides His face and suffers us to walk in our own strength, that we may know how weak we are, and feel the corruption of our hearts; but He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, therefore let us seek earnestly for His presence, and for grace to help us in this time of need."

William burst into tears. His poverty and his wrongs were all forgotten, in the memory of his sinful anger and murmurings. The spirit of other days was returning—the divine was triumphing over the human; and they bowed down before God, with the loving confidence of little children casting all their cares on His mighty arm, and committing the future to his wise direction. That humble cottage was a holy place, sanctified by the presence of the King of kings; and they rose up, with peace and resignation in their hearts.

A storm was evidently coming on. Already the snow began to fall, but there was not wood enough at the door to last two days, and William must go to his neighbor, and get permission to cut a few trees, or at least to pick up the limbs which were lying about. He buttoned up his coat, and went out. He could not forget the home of other days and the shed full of wood all dry and ready for the fire, which he had been forced to leave; but he brushed away a tear that dimmed his sight, and pressed on through the storm, which every minute increased in violence. Already a thin white drapery—purer and whiter than a maiden's bridal robes—lay over the rough and frozen bosom of the earth, twisted here and there, "by the breezy fingers of the wind," into graceful knots and wreaths. He stepped on something which moved beneath his foot, and looking down he saw a large pocket-book, half covered with the snow. A sudden flash of joy darted through his heart. Seizing it, he turned his face from the wind, to examine the contents. There was a roll of bank-bills, and he carefully unrolled and counted them—tens—twenties—fifties—in all five hundred.

His first impulse was, to secure the money and throw the pocket-book away. He saw nothing clearly but the money before him—he thought of nothing but the blessings which it would bring to his poor family. Was it not his own?—he had found it—had not Heaven sent it in mercy as a relief to his wants?—an answer to his prayers? How much good this money would do! Bread and shelter for his wife—his patient, uncomplaining wife—and for his little ones, whose cheeks were growing pale with want—whose merry smile was changed to the anxious look of care. Thus he reasoned, but conscience whispered, "beware! suffer not the love of gold to make a plague spot on thy heart! This money is not thine, and Satan may have sent it as a snare to thy soul. God may have permitted it as a trial of thy faith."

"But perhaps," he thought, "I cannot find the owner, then it will be mine—honestly mine;" and with the hope that it might contain no evi-

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dence of ownership, he commenced examining the pocket-book again. Mortal, condemn him not too harshly, for this wish. Sit not in hasty judgment on the heart of thy erring brother. Thus tempted, perhaps thy own had been no better. But the examination left no room for doubt. There was the owner's name, fully inscribed—the name of a rich merchant, with whom in days past William had been acquainted. What a death-blow was this to his wild hopes! The vision of home comforts, which had blessed him for a moment, as if in mockery, was snatched away, and he saw again, the miserable hut, the pale wife, hungry children. Dashing the pocket-book to the ground, he stood for a moment gazing on it.

"Tempter! deceiver!" he exclaimed, "why am I thus mocked and tantalized?" and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up, and stepped into a thicket, which afforded a partial shelter from the storm, and seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was a fiercer conflict in his bosom. The love of gold, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the good which it might bring to him and his, was contending with long established principles of justice and rectitude.

"This man is rich," the tempter whispered, "he will never miss this sum, nor know the want of it; and oh! the good which it would do thy shivering wife and babes! Is it not a Godsend, and wilt thou put away the proffered cup of blessings?"

"It is not thine! it is not thine!" said conscience. "Stain not thy hands with dishonest gains. Bring not upon thy soul the curse of an offended God. Better that thy children perish before thy eyes, than that their father be a robber."

He sat there for more than an hour, the rushing wind and the falling snow all unheeded, but when he rose up, the conflict was past, and the expression of his face, though sad, was peaceful and resigned. Two worlds had been at strife for his soul. Hell had beset him with snares, and Heaven had sent kind angels, ministering strength and consolation; and the good man came forth from the furnace, with a purer and a stronger heart than when he entered it.

Remembering the purpose for which he started, he turned his face towards his neighbor's house, where he obtained a small load of wood, and a team to haul it home.

That night, after the children were in bed, William produced the pocket-book, unrolled the bank-bills before his astonished wife, and told her how he found it, half hid beneath the snow.

"What will you do with it?" she said.

"What shall I do with it?" was the reply.

"Return it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience."

"I knew it would be thus. When that dark temptation was on me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly and approve the right."

"But, William, how will you get it to him? you have no horse, you have no money, and it will not do to risk it in a letter."

"I have thought of that," said William, rising and going to the window. "The storm is over, and to-morrow I must go on foot, and carry this money to Mr. Calton. It is but fifteen miles; I will start early, and perhaps he will give me enough to pay my fare back in the stage."

The next morning the Carters were stirring early, and long before sunrise William was on his way. It was hard walking through the new-fallen snow, and the wind was cold and piercing; but he pressed resolutely on, and before noon reached the house of Mr. Calton. He ascended the marble steps, and rang the bell. A servant appeared, and in answer to his inquiry, if Mr. Calton was at home, informed him, that the gentleman was out, and would not be back till dinner, which would be at two.

William cast a glance at his threadbare and rusty garments. He did not wish to enter that house, where the splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own comfortless home, but he was cold and weary, and would be glad of a seat anywhere by a fire; so he said to the servant, "I have important business with Mr. Calton, and if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns."

The man eyed him from head to foot, and with a slight sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him into the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had already commenced. There was baking, boiling and roasting—such a dinner as would have tempted the appetite of an epicure. It was torture for a man faint with hunger, to sit there, with the delicious smell of the different dishes falling on the olfactory nerve and stimulating the demands of the stomach almost beyond endurance.

The two hours passed slowly away, but Mr. Calton at length came in, and his visitor was summoned to the parlor. The poor man cast a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment. He scarcely dared step on the soft carpet, which gave no sound beneath his feet, and he shrunk, as he caught a full-length view of himself in a mirror, which extended almost from

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the ceiling to the floor. Mr. Calton motioned him to a chair, and he seated himself on the edge, fearful lest he should soil the crimson velvet cushion.

"Have you business with me, sir?" said the gentleman, in an impatient tone.

"Yes, sir," said William, producing the pocket-book, and handing it to him. "I found this yesterday, and, as it bears your name, I have brought it to you."

"Ah! then you found my pocket-book! I am glad to see it again—which I never expected to do." He carefully examined it. "All is right," he said, "and I am obliged to you for returning it, for it contains some valuable papers;" and he carelessly placed it in his pocket.

William had no more to say. He arose, and with no further evidence of gratitude or obligation, he was suffered to depart.

"I am sorry that you did not give that poor man something, father," said a fair girl as she seated herself on an ottoman at his feet. "Did you notice how pale he looked, and how he almost staggered as he rose to go away?"

"Did he? No—I did not notice it. I would have given him a fifty dollar bill if I had thought of it. But he is gone now."

"But, father, you might send it to him. You know him, do you not? I fear that he is very poor."

"Yes. I had some dealings with him years ago. When I built the Charlotte he had something to do with supplying the timber, and now I do remember that I heard he had lost his farm."

"How far did he come this cold morning, to bring you that pocket-book?"

"He lives in B——, he must have come fifteen or twenty miles. I ought, indeed, to have paid him well for it, and I will not fail to do so yet."

Here the dinner-bell interrupted the conversation, and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining-room.

Mr. Calton was not a selfish or a cold-hearted man, but he was not observant of the wants and woes of others, and his good deeds would have been few, but for the gentle promptings of his daughter Mary. She, good girl, had a quick eye, as well as a warm heart. Misery never passed her unnoticed, and many were the blessings which fell on her young head—many were the generous deeds performed by her father, of which he would never have thought, but for her suggestions.

But while the rich man was enjoying his plentiful repast, William Carter, with a sinking heart and weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now full fifteen miles lay before him. He felt disappointed, indignant, grieved at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services had been received. He did not ask a reward for restoring what was not his own, but he might with justice have demanded recompense for his time and trouble; but even that was not offered him. He remembered the wastefulness of wealth, the extravagance of luxury, which he had witnessed, and something whispered, "You were a fool. That man scarcely thanks you for returning what he would never have missed. It would have made you happy for months and years."

Resolutely putting down the evil thought, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation, and pressed on his way. He grew weaker and fainter every step, and little more than half the distance was gained, when he sat down by the way utterly exhausted. He covered his face with his hands, and wept; and but for the thought of the wife and children at home, would have crept aside, and laid down upon the snow to die. Fortunately, a man came along with a sleigh, and he arose and asked for a ride. The stranger took him and brought him within a mile of his own door

It was late when he reached home, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and throw himself upon his bed. His over-taxed physical system had given way, and before morning he was raving in the delirium of a violent fever. Then did the poor wife feel, "that the hand of the Lord was heavy upon her," but her faith failed not. As earthly hope faded away, brighter and brighter grew the hope of eternity; and as she watched, day after day, by the sufferer's couch, bathing his burning brow, and soothing his wild frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Oh, blessed, sustaining power of faith and hope! —faith, not in man, but God—hope, not of earth, but heaven. Cling to thy faith, poor woman! Make thy heart strong in confidence, for God will not forsake thee! Even now He is preparing thy reward. He will not break the bruised reed, nor crush the humble heart.

Did the rich man rest sweetly, as he lay down on his downy pillow? Were there no remorseful thoughts when he remembered the careless act of injustice of which he had been guilty? Like Ahasuerus, he could not sleep, for God troubled him, and he resolved to make ample recompense for the wrong he had done. He concluded at first to send him a letter, and a handsome present, but the thought did not satisfy him; and he resolved to go himself, and see what he could do for his poor friend, that would most benefit him, and quiet his own conscience.

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It was the fifth day of William Carter's sickness, and the physician said, that night would be the crisis; if he lived through it he might recover. He had fallen into a lethargic sleep. His pale wife sat, holding his hand and gazing anxiously on his sunken features and half-shut eyes. The children with sad faces, and noiseless steps, crept round the room. There was a rap at the door—it was opened, and a gentleman entered. Mrs. Carter looked with surprise on her unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from those of their humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her, but that was no place to feel the paltry distinctions of human society. In the presence of that power, before which the rich and the poor, the mighty and the weak alike bow, men feel that they are equals—that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair. He did not seem to notice her, but advancing to the bed, he gazed long and earnestly on the ashy features of the sufferer, while the tears chased one another down his cheek; then turning away, he threw himself into a chair and wept with uncontrolled emotion. This, as the reader may have guessed, was Mr. Calton. He came into the neighborhood, and inquired for William Carter, and had been told of his sickness, and its probable cause. The good woman where he stopped, had a warm heart and a voluble tongue, and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence, in denouncing the man who suffered her poor neighbor to walk fifteen miles, and to return without even a dinner.

Mrs. Carter stood gazing in silent astonishment on her visitor, when he arose, and placing a heavy purse in her hand, said, "Take this, and let no expense be spared for your husband's recovery. I will call again." And before she had time to express her gratitude or surprise, he was gone.

The next morning William was better. The crisis had past—the fever was gone, but he lay weak and helpless as a babe, and but for the many comforts which that purse procured, he might have died.

He grew stronger day by day, and at the end of a week he was sitting supported by pillows in a large arm-chair. Mrs. Carter approached the window and exclaimed, "There comes the stranger who gave me the purse."

A minute more and he entered the room. Approaching William he grasped his hand, and said earnestly,

"Thank Heaven that you are alive—that you will live! If you had died, I never could have forgiven myself. I have come to make you some atonement for the injustice of which I was guilty;" and he placed a folded paper in his hand. "There," he continued, "when you are able read that. Do not thank me. It is no more than justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me, and it has cost you dear."

When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper, and found it a deed made out to himself, of his old house and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and in the hearts of the father and mother a deep and holy joy mingled with thankfulness, and trust in God.

I need not pursue my story further, nor talk of the happy reinstating in their former home, nor how in after days, William Carter often gathered his grand-children round his knee, and told them of his bitter trial and temptation, and taught them, that they who put their trust in God are never forsaken.

THE PERPETUAL SUMMONS.

BY MARY ANN COLLIER.

THE Master is come, and calleth for thee.
John xi. 28.

He calleth thee! From dawn till evening speaking,—
Thou hearest the hallowed words;
From shut of day until another's breaking,
His love thy path begirds.

He calleth thee! Thine inward thought he noteth,
O wanderer forlorn!
And still on every breeze that round thee floateth,
That spirit voice is borne.

He calleth thee! From paths of sin and folly,
Hearing his voice to turn,—
Thine offering upon an altar holy,
Unceasingly to burn.

He calleth thee! Springing forever vernal,
Within his heart is love;
Undying as the day of the Eternal,
Soft as the Spirit Dove.

He calleth thee! E'en as the Almighty Father,
Where'er his children roam,
Will from afar his own most surely gather,
Within their heavenly home.

E'en thus thy Saviour's voice to thee is calling,
O! heed that melting tone;
And while the gracious words are round thee falling,
Hasten that love to own!

Chelsea, Mass., June 8th

MARY STUART was emphatically the Queen of Scots—queen not only of the realm, but of the people; and with all her faults, real or imputed, she remains to this day the peculiar object of national enthusiasm in Scotland.

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ROMANISM AT ROME.

BY REV. E. A. LAWRENCE.

To know thoroughly what Romanism is, it must be studied *at Rome*. In every other part of the world, it meets with hindrances to its free and full operation, from the intelligence of the people, or the tolerance of another faith, or from the jealousy of the secular power. But in the Papal States, it is subject to no such restriction. Here it has a perfectly free field.

Everywhere else, it is like the dried and pressed leaf of the herbarium; at Rome, it is the gigantic tree, rooted in its native soil, full of sap, and producing luxuriantly its own peculiar and poisonous fruit.

At Rome, the sovereign *Pontiff*, with his triple crown, sits in regal splendor on his golden throne —the reputed, immaculate and infallible head of the Church militant.

Here is seen the *College of Cardinals*, that rear-guard of *absolutism*, that impure junta of misanthropy, tyranny and sensuality. Pius IX., a much better man than these his professed subordinates, is yet too weak to be anything but a pliant tool in their hands. At the first, he would have befriended his people, and been a reformer, if reform had been practicable. He introduced some constitutional elements into the Government. He granted a Chamber of Deputies and a lay Ministry. But the cardinals saw the tendency, and resisted him. They arrested legitimate measures which arose in the Chamber, and over-rode the Ministry. The Minister was first deserted by the Deputies—then assassinated. The Pope stood between the cardinals and the people. The crisis gave him an opportunity to signalize himself in the progress of civil and religious liberty, as the benefactor of his race. We believe it was in his heart to do so. But he lacked *courage*. He dared not confront the cardinals. He was not the man for his time, and he fled from a people that then loved him as passionately as they now hate him intensely. He refused their repeated invitations to return to a government of his own projecting. At the dictation of his subaltern masters, he employed a foreign soldiery to bombard his way back to the bosoms of his people; and wading through their blood, a disappointed man, he sits firmly or feebly on his throne, according to the number of alien troops by which he is surrounded.

What a spectacle! The professed vicegerent of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," battling in blood for temporal dominion! The assumed representative of the Prince of Peace. maintaining his despotic sway at the point of the bayonet!

Next is seen at Rome the *Propaganda*, the great missionary heart of the whole masterly system. Noiselessly, by the multiform orders of monks and nuns, as through so many veins and arteries, it sends out and receives back its vital fluid. In its halls, the whole world is distinctly mapped out, and the chief points of influence minutely marked. A kind of telegraphic communication is established with the remotest stations in South Africa and Siberia, and with almost every nook in our own land, to which the myrmidons of Papal power look with the most of hope and the most of *fear*. It is through means of this moral galvanic battery, set up in the Vatican, that the Church of Rome has gained its power of *ubiquity*—has so well nigh made itself *omnipotent*, as well as omnipresent.

It is no mean or puny antagonist that strides across the path of a free, spiritual and advancing Protestantism. And yet, with a simple shepherd's sling, and the smooth stones gathered from Siloa's brook, God will give it the victory.

Once more let us look, and we shall find at Rome, still working in its dark, malignant efficiency, the *Inquisition*. Men are still made to pass through the fires of this Moloch. This is the grand *defensive* expedient of the Papacy, and is the chief tribunal of the States. Its processes are all secret as the grave. Its cells are full of dead men's bones. They call it the Asylum for the Poor—a retreat for doubting and distressed pilgrims, where they may have experience of the parental kindness of the father their Pope, and their mother the Church.

Dr. Achilli had a trial of this beneficent discipline, when thrown into the deep dungeon of the castle of St. Angelo. And how many other poor victims of this diabolical institution are this moment pining in agony, Heaven knows.

In America, we talk about Rome as having ceased to persecute. It is a *mistake*. She holds to the principle as tenaciously as ever. She cannot dispense with it. Of the evil spirit of Protestantism she says, This kind goeth not out but by fire. Her reign is a reign of terror. Hence she must hold both the principle and the power of persecution—of compelling men to believe, or if they doubt, of putting them to death for their own good. Take from her this power, and she bites the dust.

In the mythology of the ancients, the heavens rest on the air, the air on the earth, the earth on an elephant, the elephant on the back of a large turtle, and the turtle, as we may suppose, on itself. By a similar series of supports, the Propa-

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ganda is sustained by the Inquisition, the Inquisition by the College of Cardinals, the College of Cardinals by the Pope, and the Pope by the figment of his assumed infallible vicegerency over God's heritage.

Four simple principles give us the key to all arithmetical processes, and the full power of numbers. So these four elements of Romanism unlock the whole mystery of iniquity, and keep in operation all the complicated and masterly machinery of the Roman Catholic Church in every part of the world. They constitute the body and soul of spiritual despotism. They have produced the unnatural union of the spiritual and temporal power in the Church—the heaven-dishonoring celibacy of the clergy, the corrupting power of the confessional, the idolatrous worship of the Virgin, and of so many other saints or sinners, that there are not days enough in the calendar to give each a day. Could we remove these pillars, the whole edifice, with its superincumbent mass of corruption, would fall together.

Now the essential vices of this overshadowing system, as they are seen in all those old, corrupt hierarchies in the East, are, that the Pope or Patriarch usurps the place of God—the church is placed above the Bible, and the priest, who should teach the people, acts as a tyrant to keep them ignorant of God, and in oppression.

As a consequence, every avenue of light is closed up or guarded by some sacerdotal janitor, and the chief illumination of the Papal States is obtained from huge wax candles. Of these, the manufacture and consumption is enormous. The commerce of the Papal city is mainly in relics and rosaries, bambinos and bones.

In agriculture, she has made no essential improvements for one thousand years. Her peasantry are ignorant and poor, and her nobles, having no political significance, are without nobility, and without the power of obtaining it.

Genius, except what she employs in the fine arts, to embellish and repeat her religious history and lives, she drives to breathe in freer air.

Of free worship, there is none allowed at Rome, except to foreign residents in connection with the embassy. A year and a half ago, the American chapel constituted an exception, but it does not now. Then it was tolerated as independent—now it is an appendage of the embassy. Let our government put a Romanist, or a Romanizer in the place of Mr. Cass, and this meagre liberty would soon be denied us.

Of free schools there are *none*, and the people are taught only what the priest thinks it will not hurt them to learn. This is summarily comprehended in the Catechism, into which are condensed all the initial vices of the system. A strict literary censorship prevents all original investigations, even in the departments of history and the natural sciences. In a long list of prohibited books, which we observed on the door-post of St. Peter's, condemned by the Sacred Congregation, were "A Historical Analysis of Christian Civilization," "Letters on the Interpretation of Egyptian Hieroglyphics," and others of the same scientific character.

The Press—there is none worthy of the name. Only two are allowed in the Papal States, and both are employed to perpetuate the prevalent darkness. Ferdinand of Naples thinks one sufficient for his six millions of subjects, and he allows none to the two million Silicians.

The state of society is such as long training under an intolerant and bigoted hierarchy is suited to induce. The feast-days trench on the industry and business enterprise of the few who are disposed to labor, and the Sabbath is overridden by the week-days, as a means of remuneration. Numerous lotteries are licensed, by which men are tempted to risk the little they have on the wicked chance of gaining more. Idleness is brought into good repute by the fact that a multitudinous priesthood, the first class in society, have nothing to do. Mendicity is general, and often impudent, because it is is encouraged by several monastic orders, whose members are, *ex officio*, beggars. And mendacity is not a less common vice, and cannot be, where the Church, the professed mother of them all, holds out, in her factitious miracles, a lie in her right hand. Licentiousness is scarcely a discreditable weakness, where the sanctity of the offender takes away the criminality of the offence, and where the commandments of the Church so contravene the ordinances of Heaven, as to awaken sympathy for the criminals. Ignorance is felt to be more than excusable, where the Bible is shut up from the people, and where it is sin to know more than the Church teaches in her Catechism.

The crime of infanticide is measurably prevented by the multiplicity of Foundling Hospitals. Virtue is not looked for in the people generally, where social vices are found in the highest and the lowest of the clergy.

The absence of delicacy and purity in women who have many other attributes of female loveliness, is not surprising in a state of society, where God-dishonoring celibacy fills every seat of instruction and authority and religion. It is no marvel that a government of unmarried priests, should make a nation of unrestrained libertines.

Towards all forms of constitutional government, the whole herd of hierarchical myrmidons

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maintains the most determined hostility. In their hatred of this government, whether it is democratic, republican or monarchical, all the absolutist sovereigns of Europe are in the firmest alliance with the Pope. This war was fully determined upon in the Congress of Sovereigns at Vienna, in 1822. In the first article in that compact of oppressors, they "engage, in the most solemn manner, *to use all their efforts to put an end to representative government in Europe*, and to prevent its being introduced into those countries where it is not known."

In the second article, they declare the *liberty of the press* to be the most powerful means for the support of free principles, and therefore bind themselves *to adopt all proper means to suppress it.*

And in the third, the contracting powers *thank the Pope* for what he had done in their behalf, and solicit his constant co-operation in their designs.

This league of dark-minded absolutists, is the key to much of the history of Europe for the last thirty years. Liberty-loving Poland has been swallowed up by the great Russian Bear. France, for a brief interval, was a republic, but now has a *de facto* Emperor.

In 1848, Frederick William bowed to the shrine of Liberty in Berlin, and proclaimed himself the "*Citizen King*"—a leader of the people. Now, a shameless traitor, he follows at the tail of a most mendacious reaction.

At Vienna, the people rose. The House of Hapsburgh yielded and gave them what they wished. The storm past, Francis Joseph, true to the hereditary absolutism of his house and his nature, increased his army, took back all he gave, and loaded his subjects with heavier chains. The Magyars rise, and declare for freedom, and maintain it against him in a valiant struggle, till the hordes of Russia pour in upon them, and now Hungary, and freedom with her, lies bleeding under the heel of despotism.

The same year, Liberty made a visit to Rome. The Pope fled like an owl before the rising sun, and the Cardinals were in great trepidation, as if the avenger had come to torment them before their time. The press threw off its shackles—the Inquisition was turned inside out—the Jesuits expelled, and the people began to breathe freely her inspiring, vivifying air. But the leagued despots came upon her and killed her there. And so they did in Naples and Sicily, and so they are striving to do with the young Liberty which is struggling into life in Sardinia.

> "Men grow pale,
> Lest their own judgments should become too bright
> And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light."

Thus the war against free governments and a free press, declared in 1822, has been prosecuted till the present time.

But there is one object upon which these crowned heads have looked with more intense anxiety than upon any other. They have feared it more and hated it more. It is the *Bible.* This they regard as the fomenter of all their difficulties. This occasions all the agitations and feuds among the people, and enkindles dangerous desires to think for themselves, to know what God teaches, and to be free. Here are the seeds of free schools and free thoughts, and a free press, and a free government. The Bible made England free. It has made America free. This the Romanists well know. Hence they proscribe it and burn it—and they exile, or incarcerate, or burn those who read it. An open Bible will make a free people. This they know, and this the *people* are beginning to know also. And notwithstanding the fulminations of Papal wrath against the Bible and Bible Societies, many of the people do read it, and will read it. The convulsions of '44 made a crevice in the compact walls of despotism, through which a flood of light was let in upon its darkness. Thousands of Bibles came into Italy, or were printed there during that short period, which have not yet been ferreted out. The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness knows it not.

How much true piety there may be in such a state of things, it is difficult to say;—where religion is a manual labor or a manipulation—a work done up by a few for the many; where the priest manufactures a deity out of a bit of bread, and the people first worship it, then eat it—where the liturgy is not read, but sung—a melodrama in an unknown tongue, and not a simple utterance of the heart in the self-abasing adoration of the Almighty.

That there are some earnest and sincere hearts which beat under this oppressive load of ceremony, with true love to Christ, there can be but little doubt—some, in whom the Spirit of God has been mightier than all the obstructing powers of darkness. But that, as a system, it throws its darkening and chilling shade over vast multitudes of human beings, and most successfully shuts them up in caves of mental and moral darkness, there is just as little doubt. But the time of the end draweth nigh—light is advancing—the field is clearing for action—our great Captain is leading on the hosts, and the shout of victory shall run along the embattled lines. "Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication."

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RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

BY REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER, D.D

THE gift of talking well is a rare and beautiful gift. Where the mind is well furnished with knowledge and information, the fountain of conversation seems to exist; and yet there have been men of science and of great powers of thinking, and who could write well, who, nevertheless, were deficient in the art of talking. Still, great thinkers and men of varied information, when they have had this art, have excelled all others, since the power of conversing is here connected with fountains which never run dry.

An empty head is sometimes connected with the art; and then we hear a chit-chat inspired by a playful fancy, which serves a convenient purpose in the small talk of general society. This interests at a casual meeting, especially when associated with agreeable manners; but tires upon repeated intercourse.

There are some who talk rather from the heart than from the head. Good-hearted and full of feeling, they often cheer and refresh by a kindly outflow of sentiment without effort or ostentation. And yet, sometimes a generous impulse runs wild, and gives out words which were fitlier not spoken.

Opposed to this is a stiff accuracy and prudence of conversation, where in over-much thoughtfulness and self-respect, all geniality is silenced, and a hoar-frost thrown over every heart.

Some there are who cannot talk, from excess of diffidence, and the fear of saying something out of place; and these are thrown into an awkward stammering and a clownish sheepishness.

Opposed to this is a self-complacent and all-engrossing conversation, where presumption would pass for wisdom, and confident assertion for authority, so that gentler natures are made to keep silence, and good sense is thrown into the shade or frightened away.

And then there is a conversation which is excessively critical, and which, passing judgment upon all things, condemns all, and finds good nowhere. The source of pleasure here is a fancied elevation above all men's opinions.

And some there are who talk much, and laugh more, and who manifest a strange sort of hilarity, even upon grave and solemn subjects.

Good talking, with whatever degree of capacity, or upon whatever subject, demands both a good head and a good heart, a sincere and hearty interest in the subject of conversation, a delicate and spontaneous regard for others, a graceful tact of reserve on points that would merely give offence, a tone of mingled manliness and good fellowship, and genuine naturalness of manner and language. The end of conversation is not to make and publish books in the social circle, nor to bear down opponents, nor to offend prejudices, nor to set one's self up as the ruling star of the hour; but to diffuse thoughts and sentiments kindly and genially, and without violence to bring human hearts together.

And then, after all, we are to remember that talking, in itself, is only talking; and that to form a true character and to do one's duty, lies far beyond mere talking. We must be careful, therefore, that we do not expend all our strength and endeavors here, and wind up the work of life with a talk; for talking, like the imagination, often draws out great designs which are never achieved; or, like a boastful coward, lays plans of battles and sieges when there are no troops in the field. Men of great deeds talk little, unless it be upon occasion of grateful relaxation in the society of trusty friends.

But what has all this to do with religious talking? Much in every way. The gift of talking is the same gift, whatever be the subject, and so, also, the principles which should regulate it, are the same. The different classes of talkers, too, that we have named above, will be found among religious talkers. And here, too, we have to remember, that the religion of talk is not the religion of action, and that the piety of beautiful and apt words may make up the sum of a man's piety, and may present him like the fig-tree cursed of Christ, which was redundant in foliage, but bore no fruit. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

But, nevertheless, as talking makes up a part of human life, and the daily intercourse of men is thus chiefly carried on, it becomes a matter of high importance to make it the vehicle of religious influence.

And, first of all, we would remark, that as our religion should not end in talk, so it should not begin with talk. A man must be truly and heartily religious, before he is prepared to talk religion to any good purpose. It must flow from him as the stream from the fountain—out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; it must be as natural and unconstrained as the expression of the eye and the face, inspired by the beautiful soul which looks out from it.

When men meet together in the business of the world, conversation is free and natural, because their thoughts are engaged on subjects of com-

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mon interest. Why should not fellow-Christians converse with the same freedom and naturalness about truths which should ever live within them, about a hope which is the anchor of their souls, about duties high and holy, and which should engross them more than all earthly concerns?

We want here no empty-headed and fanciful talkers, for religion is too sacred a subject for small talk. And although religious conversation must flow from the deepest feelings of the soul, we want not talkers who are governed by fitful and fanciful impulses, and who are ever prone to hyperboles and all sorts of extravagance in speech, like a painter who, in delineating the noonday sky, should dash about all sorts of glaring colors.

Nor do we want the stiff, formal, dogmatic talkers, who are ever laying down with cold precision the law and the testimony; nor the fearful, stammering talkers, who seem ashamed alike of themselves and their religion; nor the self-complacent, confident talkers, who seem familiar with all kinds of religious experience, and who abound with spiritual nostrums for every possible case, and who seem so completely to have worked out their own salvation, that souls like Bunyan's Little-Faith, are well-nigh driven to despair; nor the critical, censorious talkers, who scourge all churches, and all ministers, and all Christians, and seem to take upon themselves the office of the fuller's soap and the refiner's fire, without any commission from above; nor yet those who seem so excessively pleased with preachers and doctrines, and all that is doing up and down in the world, and especially so pleased with what they themselves have had a hand in, that they are brimful with a sort of gay, religious talk, and indulge in holy smiles and laughter, to the astonishment of poor, trembling publicans, who cannot so much as lift up their eyes to heaven. And then, also, we would banish cant and slang, and the mere commonplace badinage of religion, alike offensive to good sense and good taste, which is caught up without thought by mere imitation, and is but a reflection of sunlight from cold and stained marble.

Religious conversation should be quiet and serious, and yet cheerful and easy, and spring out of genuine thought and feeling, like all other pleasant and proper conversation. It should be the holy interchange of heart with heart, on subjects which angels desire to look into.

In conversing with unconverted men, we should be particularly careful to cultivate the meekness of wisdom. We have met with religious talkers, who, while in conversation with the unconverted, seemed as lofty and warlike as Michael about to contend with Satan, but who had little of the angel's spirit; and instead of bringing no railing accusation, and calmly saying, The Lord rebuke thee, poured forth warning, and rebuke, and railing accusation, and dealt out damnation, as if they had in keeping the keys of death and hell. Religion authorizes no sacrifice of good manners and propriety. She will deign to visit all men, to confer on them her inestimable blessings; but she has never selected vulgarity and violence as her ministers.

A man who knows, in his own happy consciousness, that he is living for Christ, and who can acquire such gifts of conversation that he can speak to men and to little children, to the refined and gay, and to common men with an attraction to win their confidence, a clearness to convince them of the worth of religion, and with a holy unction impressing them as with the power of a divine message, suiting his words wisely to all—such a man becomes one of the most efficient laborers for Christ in the redemption of humanity.

He is not a man waiting for extraordinary occasions, and making set speeches. His aptitude and wisdom appear in improving all occasions, in finding every place convenient, and being, as it were, *at home* upon his great topic, in its infinite variety, wherever he may chance to find himself. He will know when to withhold his speech as well as when to use it; and when he does begin to talk, it will be so naturally and opportunely, that there will be no violation of propriety, and no sudden and startling onset. It is something to be cultivated with much thought, painstaking, and prayerfulnes—this power of walking among men as a child of God, and making the light to shine in a genial, heavenly tone of conversation.

One who really acquires this power cannot make his religion all talk; for it is only by possessing and acting out religion, that he is enabled to become its living personification to the convictions of men, and to speak with that meek, yet manly speech, for truth and righteousness, which, without claiming, carries with it a more than human authority.

Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if no more. Save that one, and add another as soon as you can.

Dr. Chalmers says that one of the strongest temptations he had to contend with, was an undue and unkind aversion to those who had disagreeable peculiarities.

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AN EXCURSION IN ITALY.

HERCULANEUM—MOUNT VESUVIUS, ITS CONE, ITS CRATER, ITS LAKE OF FIRE.

BY REV. W. H. BIDWELL.

The entombed cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in their present external aspects, are widely different. Both were buried on the same dark day or fearful night, and by the same terrific action of the volcanic elements. Both went down suddenly into the same deep, dark and desolate grave, amid awful and ever memorable obsequies, conducted by the angel of destruction. The drapery of death obscured the heavens with funeral gloom, so that the sun should not see them confined, nor buried, nor where oblivion had covered them out of human sight for sixteen centuries. In all lands and in all ages, the desire of the living and the dead is for a monument of their burial-place, to tell to the passing stranger and to posterity, where they sleep their last long, oblivious sleep. But Herculaneum and Pompeii, with their teeming thousands, were entombed, and no monumental marble told to a long procession of passing generations, the sad story of their catastrophe, or the place of their sepulchre; as if an awful and retributive Providence, abhorring the abhorrent vices of these heathen cities, purposely intended to hide them in oblivion, out of sight, and blot out their name and the place of their entombment from human view and human knowledge. At least such were our impressions as we pondered over these affecting memorials of human history. But Pompeii has had a resurrection. Herculaneum has not. You may walk for miles along the excavated streets of Pompeii, and enter the dwellings of the once gay inhabitants, their sleeping chambers, their stores, the halls of justice, their once magnificent and gorgeous temples, and their spacious and splendid theatres, in the morning, at mid-day, or at evening twilight; but you hear not the music of human voices, nor the tread of human footsteps, nor the merry laugh of the maiden, nor the clatter of horses' hoofs, nor the rattle of coach-wheels along the tesselated pavements. The streets are lonely and desolate as the village graveyard. The mute King of Silence has erected his throne here. Here he holds his court, and all the guests who come, instinctively pay him homage. But at Herculaneum it is quite different. Her streets, her dwellings, her ancient temples, her monuments and her treasures of art, with few exceptions, lie undisturbed in her dark and adamantine sepulchre, deep down from the light of day. When walking among the corridors of the ancient Herculaneum theatre, fifty or sixty feet under ground, we could hear the rumbling of coach-wheels far above us. It seemed strange. Every thing seems strange about these buried cities. Such were our peculiar impressions, that we felt like rubbing our eyes now and then to find out whether we were sleeping, or dreaming wide awake. Over the grave of ancient Herculaneum, has been built the modern village or city of Portici and its suburb Resina, with their busy and thronging population engaged in the various pursuits of life. The hum of business and of human voices, in the soft and musical Italian, greets the ear of the stranger in wide and living contrast to the lone city a little way off. Born here, and living on this memorable spot, they think little and care less for the old sepulchre of the ancient Herculaneans underneath their dwellings, or for the old volcanic mount a little way off, which may at any time, for aught they know, pour down its rivers of liquid fire and overwhelm them as it did the ancient inhabitants of the city underneath them.

After a rapid and deeply interesting examination of the subterranean and superterranean relics and ruins of this ill-fated city, we mounted our horses, which the guides had provided, and set off at a quick pace along the narrow streets of the village and up the mountain pathway towards Vesuvius. The first two or three miles led us up a gradual ascent along a narrow path, among fertile fields and vineyards, and olive groves and gardens, richly spicing the atmosphere with the luxurious odors of sweet flowers and ripened fruit in rich variety. We are approaching Vesuvius. It is in full view before us. It seems to swell in size and increase in solemn grandeur and imposing magnitude, as we come up nearer and nearer its majestic presence. To gain some accurate impressions of this approach to Vesuvius, stand at Portici, which we have just left, and look up across a plain three miles in width, inclining upward 2000 feet. This broad belt, once traversed and desolated with rivers of fire and molten lava, is now fertile with luxuriant vineyards, producing the choicest and most delicious wines. Beyond and above this is another belt, ragged and rough, over wide fields covered with jagged heaps of burnt stones, like the scoria of an iron furnace. From the upper edge of these belts rises the black, frowning cone of Vesuvius, towering up still higher, in lofty and imposing grandeur, many hundred feet. Vesuvius, including Somma, is an ancient volcanic mountain, forming no part of the Appenine chain, but rises standing alone in the great plain of Campa-

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nia. The masses which compose these two mountains, are about twenty-five miles in circumference, and are supposed to be of volcanic origin. Mount Somma is supposed to form a part of the rim of this very ancient crater. By the tremendous convulsion of the volcanic elements, these mountains were torn asunder, and the new crater of Vesuvius separately formed. We were on our way up, to look with reverence on the scenes and battlefields of ancient elemental wars and fearful conflicts.

Our party had four guides, one to each horse. We were mounted on a white Italian charger, sure-footed and spirited. Each guide seized a horse by his long switch tail, out of harm's way, to aid his upward velocity, according to custom, and with a skillful use of the rod, sent our equestrian cavalcade upon the full gallop up the mountain pathway to the Hermitage, after a fashion somewhere between the sublime and ridiculous—the sublime being underground, and the ridiculous above it, according to our notions of propriety. At all events, the grave and sombre impressions of our recent subterranean visit to the tomb of a buried city, an hour before, were no adequate protection to our risibles, under the adverse influence of such an exhibition of Italian manners. We soon left the luxuriant vineyards and olive groves behind us, and were treading our way up and across the fields of rough, black and verdureless lava, as if all the sons of Vulcan had been employed in carting it out from the bowels of the mountain ever since time began. After a brief halt at the Hermitage, which is kept by some kind-hearted, but indolent monks, we resumed our ride across these lava fields of desolation, and reached the base of the grand cone before the setting of the sun. Everything favored the success and pleasure of our evening excursion. Leaving the horses with a guide, our party began the rugged and toilsome ascent.

It was of difficult and dangerous achievement. A wayward step from the line of march would start quantities of loose and jagged lava in furious descent, putting in jeopardy the life and limb of every lingerer behind. When midway up this mountain cone, the sun finished his Italian day's journey, seemingly dipping his large round fiery disc gracefully in the distant waters of the Mediterranean, as if taking an evening bath to cool his ardor. Just then, the bright full moon, with maiden-like and modest mien, unveiled her sweet and lovely face, and looked out from her silvery window, high up in the eastern sky, to light and guide us in our nocturnal mountain visit. We like a sweet and smiling face, whether on the maiden or on the moon.

After an exhausting effort, we stood at length on the rim or breast of the outer cone, arrested and riveted to the spot in admiring wonder at the splendor of the scene around us. The evening sky was burnished with the most gorgeous colorings of red and green and gold, gracefully intermingling and melting into each other. Over the foreground of the illimitable and placid waters of the Mediterranean, the smooth and mirrored surface received and reflected, like warm and mutual affection, the bright silvery rays of as brilliant an Italian moon as ever shone out of ethereal and celestial skies. All combined with other landscape beauties to form a painting of such grand and magnificent dimensions as could be hung up only between heaven and earth, with the summit of Mount Vesuvius as a stand-point from which to admire it. Come up here, all the friends we have or expect to have. Leap the Atlantic and scale the Alps! Come and stand here on the rim of this lofty mountain cone of Vesuvius, and admire the matchless beauties and magnificence of this greatest landscape painting of nature! How infinitely does nature exceed art, in the grandeur of its proportions and in the gorgeousness of its inimitable colorings. Turn your eye westward. Look down and you see the Bay of Naples spread out like a map, three thousand feet below you, reposing in quiet beauty, in the moonbeams. Run your admiring eye all around on the green shores, adorned with villages and villas. Look off now far in the distance, a little on the left of the painting, and behold the illimitable expanse of the Mediterranean, and in the foreground the green and classic islands so immortalized by the pens of the Latin poets. Look you down now on the right of the picture, seemingly almost under your feet, although twelve miles distant, and you see the city of Naples. You see it by moonlight; but you see it distinctly. It is an object of dazzling splendor. It is brilliantly illuminated by ten thousand lamps by royal munificence, in honor of the infant princess, born this morning to the King of Naples. Look down also on the graves of the buried cities, and yonder on the wide sweep of the lofty Appenine ranges and on Mount Somma, quite near us, anciently the twin volcanic sister of Vesuvius. Many other objects of beauty and interest there are, which we cannot linger to recount. What other mountain summit on earth presents such a field of vision—such a magnificent landscape painting—by the most celebrated of all artists, Nature! But no pen can begin adequately to describe it—no pencil can truly depict it. This mountain has long been the object of interest and attraction to many celebrities,

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as well as to lesser notabilities. Humboldt has climbed up here four times for scientific purposes. All the Bonapartes have been up here save the old Emperor Napoleon.

But the grand object of our nocturnal mountain visit was still unreached. A short walk of a few hundred yards across a rising platform of ashes and lava, frosted over like plum-cake with sulphur, brought us to the base of the inner cone. As we approached, we heard and felt the deep reverberations of the mountain, as if struggling and trembling with internal agony. The old crater of a half a mile in diameter, down into which visitors formerly ventured, had been filled up by the incessant vomitings of the volcano, and a cone of considerable elevation had been formed in the centre of the old crater, and elevated considerably above any other portions of the mountain. All around the base of this cone, the solid lava protruding above the ashes was red-hot. The lofty inner cone was formed chiefly of volcanic sand and ashes. The ascent was very steep, but we climbed up, with a guide at our right hand, till we leaned upon the ridge or rim of the cone, so that we could look down into the fiery vortex of the dread abyss. The mountain cone was trembling under our feet. At intervals of about two or three minutes, the volcano ejected a large volume of melted lava, a hundred feet above our head, and within a few feet of the rim of the cone upon which we were leaning. We could have leaped into the fiery vortex at a single bound. This volcanic exhibition formed a scene of surpassing grandeur, filling the mind with awe and reverence of that Great Being who kindled these terrible elements of volcanic power. The acme of our hopes was realized. We beheld what we had hoped to see for long years. The volcano had been in a state of increased activity for the previous eight days. The cone trembled so much that the guide seemed alarmed, and looked around frequently, as we imagined, to see if the mountain was not falling in, and soon retreated to a safer position. The cone has once fallen in and disappeared with terrific phenomena, which alarmed the whole city of Naples. We lingered, as if spell-bound, in admiration of this exhibition of volcanic fire. We had journeyed over sea and land almost 5000 miles partly to see this volcanic wonder, far more imposing and impressive to our mind than the architectural beauty of cities, the lofty grandeur of the Alps, or the illimitable waves of old Ocean. We were highly favored in finding the fiery energies of Vesuvius unusually active. Absorbed in admiration of the scene, we thought little of danger. Our thoughts were full of volcanic fires—rivers of burning lava—eruptions, and the tremendous scenes which had here been enacted in the history of this old mountain, by the same resistless power of the elements whose action was now making the mountain tremble where we stood. Since the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, there have been forty-six authenticated eruptions. In the eruption of 1779, it is said that jets of liquid lava were thrown up to the height of 10,000 feet, having the appearance of a column of fire. In October, 1822, more than eight hundred feet of the cone were carried away or torn off by explosions. (Glad that we were not upon it at such a time!) We were reluctant to leave our stand-point of observation on this lofty cone of Vesuvius, looking down into its deep, dashing, roaring, rumbling, fiery and fulminating abyss at that midnight, moonlight, memorable hour, which can never dim or fade from our mortal memory. We cannot hope to see its like again. It was a night scene of inimitable grandeur and interest. The full moon was riding high in the heavens, like the Queen of Night in her robes of splendor. Not a cloud, not a vapor dimmed the perfect serenity. All nature, save the agonized old mountain, seemed to sleep in profound silence over the illimitable prospect of sea and land. We thought of the White Mountains of our own land—their lofty summits, their wild and imposing grandeur, and of our interesting visit to them, as their bold outline came rushing into mind in vivid contrast, and more than half wished that in the grand volcanic arrangements of our planet, some one of their peaks had been designated as an American Vesuvius. Portland would be in no danger. We left the spot and slid down this high cone of sand and volcanic ashes to its base, and found our party engaged in the vulgar duty of eating eggs just roasted in the hot lava, in accordance with the invariable custom. What a desecration! But they were hungry, and so were we, with the excitement of our midnight vigils.

Admonished, at length, of the lateness of the hour, the guides conducted us to the eastern brow of the mountain, which commanded an extensive view of the declivities and lava fields below. A new wonder awaited us. Our attention was suddenly arrested by a sight hitherto concealed from view, which seemed to startle the guides, and filled our own mind with astonishment and awe. We looked down far below us upon a lake of fire a mile and a half long and a mile wide. The increased activity of the volcano during the previous eight or ten days had forced up from the deep caverns below the mountain an immense volume of melted lava, which had flowed out through a subterranean channel high up in the

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side of the mountain, pouring out a river of liquid fire on a grand scale, like water through the spout of an old-fashioned pump. The burning torrent had spread itself out and inundated the old fields of lava, thus forming a lake of fire of indescribable grandeur and impressiveness. We never before had conceived a just idea of a "lake of fire." Our old experienced guide informed us that if that channel should become obstructed, an eruption would immediately take place over the summit of the cone. He seemed to anticipate it with some anxiety. It would have been inevitable. The mighty volcanic forcing-pumps were in active operation far down under the foundations of the mountain, and no engineer could arrest their upheavings. The fiery element must find an outlet somewhere. We should like much to have seen such a grand display of volcanic fireworks at a becoming distance. We went a few hundred feet down the steep declivity, and sat down in the volcanic ashes and gazed long and intently on this most impressive scene. No one spoke. Every tongue was mute in solemn silence. We could see the currents of this fiery deluge, distinct and different, flowing slowly and steadily onward in sublime and awful majesty. The impression and the strong resemblance came deep and vivid to our mind, as if we were actually sitting on a declivity on Governor's Island in the Bay of New York, elevated some two thousand feet and looking down upon the city, whose massive edifices and dwellings of solid brick and stone and granite had been all melted down and commingled into one burning lake of liquid fire, from the Battery to Broome street between the rivers. We became almost sad and half alarmed under the force of the mental illusion, to which the aspects of the night and the gorgeous splendor of the moonbeams lent a strange power. We were not moon-struck nor lunatic. We could feel the mountain trembling and vibrating under us, as if she were in deep trouble or in terrible conflict with some internal foe in her own agonized bosom. Our sympathies were excited, but we were powerless to relieve. What impressive lessons do such exhibitions of God's volcanic elements and fiery agents to do his bidding, teach to weak and impotent man!

This brilliant exhibition, worth a journey from New York twice told, to see, went on, but the night waned. We moved slowly down the mountain, and cautiously approached the shore of this fiery lake. For a considerable distance from the shore, blocks of lava of a former eruption floated on the surface like cakes of ice. After a brief pause on the shore, the old guide, an experienced veteran in volcanic phenomena, started out on the molten surface, stepping from block to block of old lava. We remonstrated at his temerity. He bade us follow him. We did so, under a strange feeling of excitement, following his footsteps and leaping across the intervals of liquid fire from one piece of old lava to another to a considerable distance, half suffocated with the intense heat and the sulphurous exhalations, and burning our boots (no matter), till reaching a heap of lava a little elevated, we could breathe easier. On this elevated stand-point, we could see the currents of liquid fire move slowly along, while we stood upon its surface, sustained from sinking by old blocks of lava. It was a fearful spot to stand. Half an hour before, we had regarded such a thing as impossible without instant destruction, but for the example of the guide. We gazed upon the scene around us, and over the surface of this fiery deluge, with feelings of intense excitement and memorable interest. At length we made our exit to the shore, and received no material injury. It was a harmless adventure. We took some melted lava from the lake, which soon cooled, and we brought it home as a *souvenir*. But we must restrain our truant pen, and no longer detain the impatient reader. The guides had brought the horses around to meet us on the other side of the mountain. We mounted, and set out on our return. We then found ourselves protected by an armed guard, sent by the King of Naples unobserved, to watch against the attack of mountain brigands by night, to which we were exposed. We rode rapidly down the mountain path, over the old lava ruins to Portici, whose streets were deserted, and the inhabitants asleep, though not in those long and dreamless slumbers like the old Herculaneans underneath them; though it added impressiveness to this midnight, moonlight night scene. We re-entered the carriage, and reached our hotel in Naples a little before the chariot of morning appeared in the East.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPS."

BY NELLA NORA.

We laid her to her quiet rest,
Our own, our darling child,
When the bright flowers were springing,
In their beauty fresh and wild.

We wept not when we saw her close
Those earnest, loving eyes,
For we knew that she would wake again,
In her home beyond the skies.

And we felt that painful sorrowing,
Or tears were never given,
To shed for those who early find
The blessed rest of Heaven.

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TEMPTATIONS NOT TO BE SOUGHT.

No man is at liberty to court or plan a trial of his integrity or piety. Christ himself avoided temptation, at least, never sought it. He meekly bore what was laid upon him, but never added to the appointed burden. Where Providence directed or duty called he went; but never into needless danger. Though conscious of possessing perfect virtue, and though called to a peculiar and lofty mission, he calmly waited until the Spirit of God led him out to engage in the mighty conflict. He did not shrink from the trial of his strength with the god of this world—he did not rush needlessly into it.

Christ governed his entire life on this principle. He did not run away from danger; he shrunk from no trial that Providence brought in his way; he showed no timidity or want of a lofty heroism. But not an instance is on record where he exposed life, or virtue, or happiness, or his own doctrines, needlessly. He never sought to provoke a controversy either with the civil powers, or with the Scribes and Pharisees, who were his undisguised and inveterate enemies: he did no rash or needless thing to array the power of prejudice or of faction against him; he never sought a battle for the sake of the victory, or to prove his own strength; he took up no cross that did not come directly in his way—that was not put upon him and had to be borne by him for our salvation.

We may consider it a "fixed fact," that if we enlist in any work, or expose ourselves to any trial, to which we are not clearly called by the Spirit or Providence of God, evil and not good will come of it. Where *these* lead we are safe, be it into the scene of fiery temptation—into the garden of spiritual agony—or to the cross of suffering. The service which God imposes we shall have strength given us to perform, however hard and trying it may prove; the crosses which He lays upon us will never prove a hindrance in the way of life, nor an occasion of evil. He who prepares the furnace to try his people and thrusts them into it, will not fail to walk with them amid the flames, and bring them forth the purer and the brighter for its fires. He who calls us to any station, any service, will fit us for it, and bless us in it, if we trust him and go forward.

But as we prize our virtue and know its weakness, let us not be anxious to put it to the trial. This is just what the devil would have us do. There is far more wisdom in avoiding temptation, and in keeping clear of evil, than there is in trying our strength with them. There is meaning in and need of that petition which Christ has taught us to offer day by day—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

There is deep practical wisdom in this. There is no virtue in bearing crosses which God does not impose upon us; in waging war for opinion's sake, or even for the truth's sake, with the devil or the world or false brethren, which nothing but our rashness or folly provokes. On the contrary, there is decided danger and manifold evil. He that goes to war in the name of principle, or humanity, or religion, on his own charges, deserves to be defeated, and inevitably will be. He who wantonly kindles around him the fires of persecution, must expect to be consumed in them, or at least severely scorched. The man who makes crosses for himself, or goes out of his way to find them, will be sure to find more than will be for his peace or good; and instead of finding salvation that way, he will find only leanness, and evil and destruction. The man lives not who can put his principles, his integrity, his temper, his religion, to a *needless, uncalled-for* trial, and escape defeat and injury. And to a false step here can be traced the ruin of thousands who have made shipwreck of faith, character, and every thing that is sacred.

ELLA.

BY D. C. LOGUE.

Poor Ella's dead! one summer's eve,
When all around were crying,
She raised her little hands the last
In agony of dying.

Sweet cherub! I had thought thy life
Would always bring us gladness:
Alas! death's unrelenting hand
Hath turned our joy to sadness.

'Tis often thus with those we love,
And cherish in our loving;
Heaven sends us wholesome grief to learn,
Gives sorrow for reproving.

* * * * *

I will not murmur at the loss,
Nor cherish vain repining;
I know my darling babe's at rest,
In heavenly bowers reclining.

True Greatness consists not in the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, or the noise of victories. Angels would see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness under the pressure of what little minds call poverty and distress. The evening walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men.

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"GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF US."

BY IRENE.

The gloomy light of a chilly September sky struggled through the dingy windows of an old garret, which afforded shelter to the family of a poor inebriate. One or two broken chairs and a few old clothes that hung against the beams, were all that had escaped the pawn-shop, except the pallet of straw upon the floor, and the remnant of a bed-quilt that covered the emaciated form of the dying wife who helplessly lay there. A young child tottered about the room, now and then stumbling against the lowly bed, or fretting impatiently, because there was nothing with which to amuse itself. A boy of perhaps four years stood upon a little stool looking sadly from the window at the curling smoke as it rose from the chimneys near by, or watching the newly washed clothes as they flapped back and forth in the wind, on the house-tops. Poor child! He did not understand the grief that lay like a pall upon the young heart of his sister, who sat by his mother's bed-side. He only knew he must be very quiet; but the grim face of the King of Terrors had never been before his childish vision, and he little dreamed that death was already casting his shadow upon the threshold.

Louise, with her pale thin face so full of anguish, watched every motion of her dying mother, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, and stifled sobs shook her slender frame. Though but a child in years, sorrow had matured her mind, and she had learned to think and feel with an acuteness and quickness that did not belong to such early girlhood. She understood, in all its depth, the grief that was coming upon her.

"Louise," said the faint voice near her, "do not weep so. God will take care of you. Tell your father I forgive him," and Louise could hear no more, though the lips still moved. Then a slight struggle and a sigh, and the sufferer was silent. Louise leaned forward, but there was no motion; she placed her hand upon the heart, but it was still; and with a wild cry she threw herself beside the dead and wept loud and bitterly. The boy sobbed too, to see his loved mother look so strange, still and white; and the baby full of wonder crept softly and close to its silent mother, patted the thin, cold cheek, and with an entreating voice called "Mamma, mamma," then sat quietly watching the flowing tears of the others.

"Louise, what ails mother?" said George at last.

"She has gone away to heaven. She will never speak to us any more, and the men will come and take her away, and bury her in the ground, in that place where I showed you the graves."

"Oh, mother, don't go away and leave us," said George with a fresh burst of grief.

"Hush, child, she cannot hear you; she has gone, but she said God would take care of us," said the weeping Louise.

Thus sat the little mourners in the chamber of death, till the gray sky grew darker, and the dim shades of the fast-fading twilight gathered about them.

"Will father come home?" asked the boy, as he drew closer to Louise, with a strange feeling of fear mixed with his grief.

"Are you afraid to stay here, Georgy?" whispered the sister as she cast another look at the pale rigid face near her, and felt the awe and mystery of death. An undefinable fear crept over her, but she remembered the words those lips had breathed a little while before, and said, sobbing again as if her heart would break,

"We must not be afraid of Mother."

George hid his face in her lap, and the little one crept towards her with a plaintive moaning of hunger, but Louise had no bread to-night, nor knew where to get it.

"Let us go and find father," said she, rising and taking the baby in her arms. George clung closely to her, for the presence of death, so new to him, in the dark lone garret, made his heart beat heavy and quick with fear. They left the dead alone, closed the door softly behind them, and felt their way down the creaking stairs, hastened past the doors of the noisy, revelling occupants of the rooms below, and went forth barefooted and thinly clad into the narrow street. A gust of wind swept by them, sending a chill through their hunger-pinched frames, but they hurried on, George holding fast to his sister's dress.

And where was the father?

He had entered a grog-shop with the firm resolution to take but one glass, but the wily dealer persuaded him to two, and three, and four, till his brain whirled and he was no longer his own master. The rum-seller took his pay from the hard earnings of the man whom he had debased, and pushed him reeling into the street, and he staggered on till in the darkness he stumbled and fell.

The wandering children came that way, for

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Louise knew the haunts her father frequented. She peered into the dismal shops, and timidly asked for him, but was sent forth again with curses; still the suffering child searched on, and when trembling with fear and weakness, remembering, and softly repeating the dying words of her mother, "God will take care of us."

As they reached the end of the street, Louise looked beyond, where the dock was piled with lumber and ship-stores. The flickering light of the street lamp fell dimly upon a dark object, a little way before them, and with a glad hope she hastened to look. It was he: and now poor Louise was almost happy, for during the few past hours, she had felt herself an orphan, but now was beside her father, for debased as he was, he was her father still, and she loved him. With a shout of joy at finding him they called eagerly,

"Father, wake up. Here is Georgy and the baby, and I am Louise. Father, won't you, won't you come home? Mother is dead. Father, O father, wake up!" But in vain they tried to arouse him; he only grumbled incoherently, and returned to the lethargic sleep from which not even his dead wife, nor the grief of his motherless children, could awake him.

Poor Louise could do nothing but sit still and weep, while Georgy sobbed himself to sleep in her lap. The baby crept over the unconscious father, laid its curly head upon his bosom, and with one hand resting on his face fell fast asleep. There the watchman found them at midnight.

"What ho! up, up!" shouted he gruffly, as he espied the senseless man, and bent forward to raise him; but the fair innocent sleeper upon his breast caught his eye, and he started back in surprise and pity at the unhappy group that slumbered there.

"Poor children!" exclaimed he, as he remembered his loved ones at home, then raised them gently from the ground, aroused the besotted father, and led them away to the guard-house for shelter.

The morning sunlight flowed through the old garret window upon a happier group than gathered there the night before—for though the quiet dead lay there still, a father had been restored to the friendless children. At early dawn he had come with the faithful Louise and the suffering little ones to the forsaken home, and listened to the dying message those now veiled lips had left him—a message of forgiveness that stung his soul with remorse, and bowed him low in anguish.

"Father, do not grieve so," said Louise, kneeling beside him, "Mother said God would take care of us."

"Yes, my child, He will take care of us all; henceforth, her God shall be my God," he fervently exclaimed, kneeling with her and praying for strength to guide him in his new resolves.

Gently they laid her in the dust, and saw the rude coffin covered from their sight, but though they could no longer hear her voice, her last prayer was graven on the hearts of those she left behind her.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

"If any man have not the *spirit* of Christ, he is *none* of his." How simple this test! Here is no mystery. The mind of any Christian may apply this criterion. What was the spirit of Christ as manifested on earth?

1. A spirit of *benevolence*. This brought him from heaven. He loved men—God *so* loved the world—he *wished well* to men, desired their happiness, and was ready to make any sacrifice to promote it. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was *rich*, yet for our sakes he became *poor*; that ye through his poverty might be rich." What an example! *We* cannot *so* love, but unless we have this spirit in our measure, and according to our ability, we are none of Christ's.—Question thyself.

2. His was a spirit of *gentleness*. Not a harsh or repulsive feature disfigured that original. John, looking at him as he walked, said, "Behold the *Lamb* of God." So gentle was he. He admired the boldness of Peter, but felt a congenial sympathy with the tenderness of John. He could modestly say, "Learn of me, for I am *meek* and lowly." In him the perfection of meekness was embodied. Hast thou this spirit? Or art thou proud, contentious, severe, implacable? Learn of him, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again." Oh, yes; *consider* him, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.

3. His was a spirit of *beneficence*, that is, of *doing good*. And, though the world was against him, he did immeasurable good. He who has the *spirit* of doing good, will find the means and accomplish the end. Where there is a *will*, there is a *way*. Talk not of your obscurity, and your obstacles. It is the very province of the spirit of Christ in you to take advantage of the former, and to overcome the latter. He *went about* doing good, and so must you. If Satan and his

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imps do all the evil they can, we must do all the good we can, or we have not so far forth the spirit of Christ. "*To do good*, and to communicate, *forget* not." We are so forgetful.

4. *Fidelity to the souls of men* eminently characterized Christ. It was *in* him, and it came *out* on every proper occasion. How faithfully he reproved the Pharisees! how plainly he dealt with his own friends. How faithfully he performed every duty, even the most unpleasant. Now, if you have not this spirit, you are none of his. What a coward hast thou been in dealing with the faults and sins of thy fellow-men.

5. *Condescension to the weakness of humanity* was conspicuous in the man of sorrows. Who ever stooped from such a height to such a depth! Behold his intercourse with men, visiting them in their abodes, however humble; teaching the ignorant, mingling with all classes, reasoning down objections, removing difficulties, encouraging the despairing, comforting the afflicted. See him in the family at Bethany—by the side of the well of Sychar in a hot summer day—in the house of Simon, with the poor penitent at his feet—in the street with the blind—in the temple with the sick—in the cemetery of the dead; always in all *condescending*. If thou hast not this spirit—

6. Then that *spirit of forgiveness*—is it in thee, as it was in Christ? "I say unto you," I say it in contradistinction from the maxims of the world, "Love your *enemies*." Oh, how different from the doctrines of men! And in that dark and bitter hour of final agony, he prayed, "Father, forgive them." Canst thou thus pray? If not, thou art none of his. The dying Hooper said to his executioner, "God forgive thee thy sins, and do thine office, I pray thee."

7. *Submission to God in affliction.* Was ever man afflicted like him? Was ever man submissive like him? "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Again, in Gethsemane, "Not my will, but thine be done."

> With gentle resignation still,
> He yielded to his Father's will
> In sad Gethsemane.

As there was no sorrow like his sorrow, so there was no submission like his submission. Dost thou, reader, thus yield thyself to God? How often with deep emotion have I pondered on those lines of the same sweet and natural poet:

> When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
> And scenes of anguish make us weep;
> To sad Gathsemane
> We'll look and see the Saviour there,
> And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

8. *Earnest anxiety for sinners in connection with intense solicitude for the glory of God.* "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," he could truly say. Ah, that was a living sacrifice, constantly consuming itself. Not to do his own will did he come, but the will of him that sent him. At the end of his eventful career he could say, "I have glorified thee on the earth." He was ever anxious to glorify God in the salvation of sinners. Is this thy anxiety?

9. *Exemplary self-denial.* His whole history was an illustration of this grace. Well did it come from him, "If any man will be *my* disciple, let him deny *himself*." In what hast thou done this? Hast thou caught this spirit from Christ?

10. *Habits of secret prayer.* If the Son of God so often retired to pray, what need have we of so doing? Do you imitate Christ in this? if not, you are none of his.

11. *Perseverance to the end.* Beneath the haughty frowns of the wicked, against obstacles the most formidable, before temptations the most fascinating, amid reproaches, treason, desertion and death itself, he held on his way, resolved to finish the work given him to do: and thus when he loved his own, he loved them to the end. Illustrious model of all that is good, holy and true, be thou my pattern and my portion, infuse thy spirit into my heart, and let me live in thy life. Oh, bless me with a portion of thine own benevolence, thy matchless gentleness, thy beneficent activity, thine unflinching fidelity, unparalleled condescension, wonderful spirit of forgiveness, profound submission, anxiety for sinners, self-denial, secret communion with God, perseverance through all obstacles unto the end. I *must* be thus blessed, or I am not thine; for if any man have not the *spirit* of Christ, he is none of his.

THE TRIAL OF PROSPERITY.

Adversity is not the greatest trial to which a man can be subjected—by no means. Some, indeed, sink under it, and abandon themselves to vice and degradation. Some, in the extremity of their cowardice, rush to suicide. But, to many, the school of adversity is one of healthful discipline. It is often the great school of self-reliance and exertion, the means of laying deeper and broader foundations for the structure of character and fortune. Many men of affluence look back to early losses and disappointments as the school in which they learned the way to

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prosperity. Many who have arisen to fame and power, gathered strength for the towering career, in their early struggles with obstacles which, to the timid and indolent, would have been the end of all endeavors. They have become great, because they encountered and overcame great difficulties. So has adversity been, to many others, a source of truer greatness, and of better blessings than any or all worldly prosperity. It has taught them, not only self-reliance (which, in its proper sense, it is desirable to have), but it has also taught them to trust in God. Thousands now living, and thousands who are in the world of light, look back to the time when earthly expectations were cut off—when sickness, bereavements, losses, or severe trials of some kind were made the effectual means of turning their hearts away from the objects of earthly ambition, that they might enter upon the pursuit of enduring riches. No, afflictions and adversities are not the worst things that can happen. To one that has drooped under the pressure of adversity, thousands have fallen under the heavier trial of prosperity.

Of those who are so early abroad in their fields, or in their shops and stores, and who toil so diligently from year to year, the mass are intent on the accumulation of riches. The student, who toils so assiduously, night and day—the statesman, whose every energy is bent and concentrated to one point—the warrior, who pants for the battle-field, and is first in every place of danger—these all seek high places of earthly aggrandizement of some kind. Suppose they attain their object. They attain an eminence which is immeasurably more trying to every higher interest than the worst adversity and afflictions that ever befell the child of sorrow. Few ever pass safely through the ordeal of greatness or wealth without harm to the soul. Of all dangers, those which are calculated to take from us a feeling of humility and dependence are the dangers to be most earnestly deprecated. If worldly prosperity lies in the way which Providence has marked out for us, we are not to turn out of the way to avoid it. Neither are we to turn out of the plain way of duty to seek it; nor does it become us to be very anxious to find that it lies in our way. Whoever has it, needs more than ordinary measures of grace to keep him from spiritual ruin.

Reader, commune with your own heart, and see if its most holy aspirations are not breathed forth when you have least expectation from the world—when the pressure of worldly crosses is lying heaviest on your heart. Review the past of your religious life, and see if you did not most earnestly seek after God, and most assuredly find him near and precious, in those seasons when you seemed stripped of every earthly source of dependence. They shall be most filled with Divine favor, who most hunger and thirst for it, and who cannot be satisfied with any earthly good. Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.

"ENGLISH ITEMS;"

OR,

MICROSCOPIC VIEWS OF ENGLAND AND ENGLISHMEN.

BY MATT. F. WARD.

If there be readers whose predilections and prejudices prepare them to relish the most indiscriminate and wholesale abuse of England and the English, not even excepting Queen and nobility, or church and clergy, they will be delighted by this most abundant and spontaneous outpouring of bile and verjuice in that direction. Hall, Trollope, Dickens, and Co. have been paid in full, with interest, in their own coin, though justice to our American tourist and author compels us to say, that the venom and vim of national antipathy and hate appear in his whole work, in its every aspect, with a concentratedness and point which has no parallel anywhere in this kind of light literature. He does not write or reason with the calm collectedness of an impartial observer of men and manners; telling the reader a dispassioned tale of the national, social, and domestic life of the trans-Atlantic dwellers beyond our American horizon, of whom (being our first-cousins by virtue of our common Anglo-Saxon descent) we are naturally enough curious to know something correctly. But were this writer's observations alone to be taken as a correct portraiture of modern English men and women, we might certainly conclude that their character fully comports with their lineage as descendants of their sea-faring, piratical great grandfathers, Hengist and Horsa. John Bull certainly presents himself to great disadvantage when brought on the tapis and exhibited by this saucy Yankee, who handles him by the horns, and even seems to take a savage delight in proving to his audience that the bellowing monster is not only *horned*, but also has a tail and cloven hoofs, which remove him at a diabolical distance from all other human cattle, and make him what the writer

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seems honestly to believe he is, the ugliest and most disgusting brute in the whole world. Our author is, however, no hasty or superficial observer. He travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren, or yielding only thorns and thistles. His jaundiced eye saw nothing beautiful or good in the ten thousand haunts and homes of "merrie old England."

It is not *amor patria*, or even *amor propre;* but a most violent spite against England and English institutions which induces him to devote so much space to an attempted extenuation of the two great national sins of our country against which all Englishmen, in their journals of travel, inveigh so strongly, by trying to prove that black slavery, and the still blacker expectoration of salivated tobacco-juice, at all times, on all occasions, and in all places (not excepting pulpits and parlors), are venial and not deadly sins, and even innocent peccadillóes or amiable weaknesses in comparison with the horrid enormities of church and state, and the general private brigandism of manners and morals which characterizes the mother country.

This last-expressed filial relationship, however, he is disposed entirely to disclaim, for reasons which delicacy will only allow us to *hint* at by saying, that if England be indeed America's mother, history informs us that she has in times past manifested not so much a *human* as a *swinish* instinct in her repeated endeavors to devour her own offspring.

But making due allowance for this absurd and almost monomaniacal hate of every thing English, the book really contains much that is instructive to a careful reader. The statistical information is most valuable. Most intelligent persons on our side of the water understand the general workings of the English system of government, both in church and state, and its practical results in making or marring private fortunes, and individual comfort and happiness; but our knowledge is far too general and vague. The statement of *facts* and the accurate statistics in which this book abounds give the thoughtful and reflective reader a deep insight into the manifold abuses of power and trust which such a system of administration permits and almost necessarily induces. After reading such a book, we plebeian American democrats and tax-payers must rejoice that our chief executive chair of state is respectably filled at the very cheap rate of $25,000 a year, instead of the $1,925,000 which the English pay to support the dignity of their royal ruler, Queen Victoria. After meeting every possible expense she might chance to be subjected to in her domestic arrangements and her public duties, they contribute $300,000 as "*pin-money*" to the Queen.

Prince Albert enjoys a rather comfortable sort of income of $300,000 a year, and yet, in common with his royal consort, our author accuses him of indulging the most shameful avariciousness by a resort to mean shifts and subterfuges to defraud the government of taxes on his landed estates. Especially should an Anglo-American Episcopalian rejoice that he may cherish the Thirty-nine Articles and repeat his incomparable English Liturgy without bearing the pecuniary burdens and abuses which English Episcopacy tolerates and perpetuates. It is supposed that the support of the Church of England annually costs the government £2,459,565, whilst all the Christians of the rest of the world pay to their ministers but £9,949,000. Of this immense sum the twenty-four bishops who do not *preach* receive the major part. The two archbishops are still more useless. The Archbishop of Canterbury is called upon to anoint the monarch, should a coronation occur, and he is expected to christen the royal offspring; and though at present a royal christening occurs pretty regularly once a year, his grace is very well paid for his services by the occupancy of Lambeth Palace and an income of $75,000 a year. One-third of the entire number of clergymen of the Established Church do not even reside in the parishes over which they profess to preside, but leave the labor to starving curates, 2,521 of whom receive less than £100 a year. The Irish establishment is too glaring an abuse for an American of Mr. Ward's temperament to speak of and keep cool; and though there is a constant tone of exaggeration in all the strictures he passes upon English character and manners, we cannot but deeply sympathize with the pains-taking and laborious zeal which has mustered such an unanswerable array of figures to substantiate his setting-forth of the great church and state abuses under which England is daily groaning and being convulsed.

E. D. W. M.

THOUGHTS ON MAN'S DESTINY.

BY C. A.

I.

When I beheld the glass that tells the hour,
And see the sand waste rapidly away,
The morning sun on golden pinions tower,
Then sink from view, to end in night the day;

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II.

When on the naked ground in early spring
I see rise up the little blades of green,
The summer-time gay flowers of fragrance bring,
Then leaves and roses slain by autumn keen;

III.

When I behold the dreary winter o'er,
In spring and summer on those spots appear
Things same in kind as came and went before,—
To live and bloom,—to die and disappear;

IV.

When all around I look on worldly things,
And find they each await one common doom,
That time goes swiftly on his broad-spread wings,
Giving to all their day, and then their tomb;

V.

And when I read God's Holy Bible through,
And learn what He on nature's page does show,—
That all of matter human eye can view
Is doomed the way of change and death to go;

VI.

That, though man's fleshly form in death shall lie,
His powers of thought and feeling have no end;
That they must speed away when flesh shall die,
No more communion-time with earth to spend;

VII.

That spirits here who walk truth's heavenly way,
Then, near God's throne of truth shall ever dwell,
While all who here in paths of error stray
Must plunge, to endless night, the depths of Hell;—

VIII.

Oh! then in sadness do I man behold.
He hears of truth in nature's winning speech,—
Sees duty in her hieroglyphics bold,—
Wisdom he reads in what the Scriptures teach,

IX.

Yet, in the paths of sin, man takes his way:
He poisons mind and flesh with foul desires,
And bows, unnatural, to passion's sway;
Thus poor he lives; then hopelessly expires.

X.

Spirits thus maimed by sin, no healing balm
Beyond the portals of the grave can find.
Oh! when shall righteousness have power to charm
From ways of sinfulness, all human kind?

THE TOLLING BELL.

THERE is something in the sound of the tolling bell which strikes on the heart. We hear it still, as we were wont to hear it, in our young days, in our loved New England. Often has the stillness of a summer's morning been broken by the sound of the tolling bell. We have paused at the summons, and listened to count the solemn strokes that told the age of him whose immortal spirit had just taken wings for its last flight from earth. It told us that another soul had finished its course on earth, and gone prepared or unprepared to its final audit. It is a solemn thing to put off this mortal coil—to quit this clay tabernacle, and undress for the grave and eternity—to go alone down to the entrance of the dark valley, as every one must, ere long, and enter alone the realms where we are to dwell forever. The tolling bell often reminds the living of this; but the thought and the impression are soon forgotten. The tolling bell teaches an affecting lesson concerning life's brief journey, and the suddenness with which it is often terminated. One lesson which it ought to teach every one, and more especially the Christian, in addition to the solemn fact of his own mortality, is, to redouble his diligence to the living before the summons calls them away forever beyond his reach. "I confess," said a faithful servant of God, "that I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead, but conscience asks me, what hadst thou done for the saving of that soul before it left the body? There is one more gone into eternity; what didst thou do to prepare him for it? and what testimony must he give to the Judge concerning thee?" Many a Christian has resolved to admonish an impenitent friend of his danger in living on year after year in neglect of the great salvation, but has delayed, till the tolling bell has sounded the knell of his departure from this only world of hope. How many Christian parents have followed an idolized child—a son or daughter—to the grave, at the slow march of the tolling bell, whose solemn sound knelled their departure from life and hope! The bereaved parent has followed his child, in thought, to that mysterious world, under the painful conviction that the soul of that child had been neglected, and gone unfitted to its last account. There was more parental solicitude that the son or daughter should shine amid the gayeties of the world, and at the shrine of fashion, than to be adorned with the pure and unfading robes of piety, and be fitted for the companionship of heaven. We knew the beautiful and accomplished mother, who would sit the long day on the green grave of her only son, and would not be comforted of the deep sorrows which weighed down her spirit.

The reflection may be painful, yet salutary, if it avail to awaken in any parental bosom the purpose of fidelity to a dear child, before the tolling bell shall indicate his departure to eternal scenes. The day and the hour of separation will come, and the season of sorrowful remembrance of parental unfaithfulness will come to the parental heart which has proved neglectful

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and recreant to the solemn trust committed to it of God, to train up that child for an active and blissful immortality.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND UPON THE BODY.

This is one of the most interesting subjects which can occupy the attention either of the physiologist, the psychological philosopher, or the theologian. We have been looking through with interest an article in the British Medico-Chirurgical Review, on this subject. It contains some important facts and lessons. Among them is the fact, that just as nations advance in outward prosperity and in intellectual refinement, so does the relative number of lunatics among their inhabitants seem to increase! The importance of benevolence and true piety in a physician, is strikingly illustrated in the consideration of this subject. "And never was it more necessary for medical men to act this benevolent and considerate part, than in the present day, when there is so much mental disquietude among all classes of society, and among persons of all ages, owing doubtless to the increasing excitements of progressive civilization, of misdirected education and discipline, of commercial vicissitudes, of political agitation, and of the numerous disturbing elements that spring from these sources." But if a physician needs to be pious, his patient needs the grace and support of piety much more.

During the siege of Breda, in 1625, when the garrison was on the point of surrendering from the ravages of scurvy—principally induced by mental depression—a few vials of sham medicine were introduced by order of the Prince of Orange, as an infallible specific. It was given in drops, and produced astonishing effects. Some of the soldiers, that had not moved their limbs for months before, were seen walking in the streets, sound, straight and well. Almost a thousand instances like these might be produced, of effects nearly miraculous, wrought by the mind upon the body which it inhabits. The will is sometimes active in these effects, and sometimes passive; sometimes it is the imagination, through the vivid exercise of which they are wrought alone.

This shows the vast importance of the agency of religion, for the welfare not of the soul merely, but of the body. A man whose mind is at peace with God may not be less likely to fall sick than one who has none of the consolations of religion, but he will be much more likely to recover, if he should be attacked by disease. There is no healing agent more blessed and more powerful than true faith. Hence, in part, the images by which the sacred writers denote sometimes the day of glory on the earth, when the love of God shall be in all hearts, and the earth full of his praise. There the inhabitant shall no more say I am sick, for the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity. Perhaps there is between the first and last part of this striking verse the relation of cause and effect. Sin being forgiven, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, reigning in every heart, the great cause of sickness will be done away, and the basis of an endless health will be established.

THE SHEAVES.

BY MARY ANN COLLIER.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall, doubtless, come again, with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 26: 6.

"*Goeth forth weeping!*"—There must then always, when anything valuable is to be accomplished, be a season of effort, a time when difficulties must be met and overcome,—when, it may be, they rise even as mountains. This seems to be in the very nature of things. as naturally precedes the attainment of any thing good or valuable, as the long-continued rains in spring-time precede the bursting flowers and the golden fruit.

Look where we may, when anything in any sphere has been achieved, has it not been preceded by effort, so deep, so strong, so soul-felt, as to be aptly set forth by the words which we have quoted above? One thing is set over against another, and the joy of success would lack a vital element had it not been preceded by effort—by tears. Yes, in its season of sorrow the soul learns the depths of its own nature, becomes acquainted with something of the mysteries of its own existence. More than this—it learns to seek after and trust in that higher Power, which might otherwise have been comparatively unrevealed. The soul, beset in its discharge of duty with obstacles and trials, "stirs itself up to take hold on God;" it wonders at the glory of the manifestation—it is softened by the tenderness of the divine love—the reality of the divine aid.

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"*Bearing precious seed!*"—Ah! thou who goest forth weeping, be sure that the seed borne is *precious*. See to it that the object which so tasks your strength is worthy the toil and the sorrow, else you may be only led by evil promptings, they may be only the throes of selfish ambition that so agitate your spirit. The results for which you are toiling may be as the fabled fruitage of a blasted shore, and too late will you sigh over departed years of wasted time and strength and forgetfulness of God. For while great efforts for worthy objects lead the soul to confidence in its Maker, chastening its superabounding activities, and causing it to move in accordance with His will; the same strenuousness of zeal in an object unworthy or trivial, leads it to self-confidence and possibly to self-worship. Above all, then, let the seed sown be precious, else the effort will be worse than in vain.

"*Shall doubtless come again.*"—*Doubtless!* Here is again a principle revealed, a glimpse of the eternal order of things. Hidden beneath the enfoldings of a beautiful simile, do we not find a great rule of the divine government? These labors cannot be in vain. They may seem so; the toiling one may have gone forth weeping, he may have laid down life even, his grave may be among desert sands, or in the ocean depths, yet *doubtless* he shall return. He shall learn in some wider, brighter revelation of God, the truth now but dimly discerned. That single ray of divine thought, shining out from the inspired pen, shall be changed to a full gush of sunlight. He shall come again, but under what circumstances?

"*With rejoicing.*"—There may be found, then, in the infinitely perfect plans of the divine mind, seasons of rejoicing as well as of weeping—of the full fruition of desire as well as its earnest and tearful outgoings. The soul shall rejoice in the glow of successful effort. Nor this alone. It shall have a deeper and more overflowing gladness in the conscious benediction of the Almighty.

"*Bringing his sheaves with him.*"—The result of his labors. What that result may be it is for the Infinite to decide. Yet this whole passage does truly encourage the laborer in a good cause, that he may meet with the very result and in the very form which he is seeking. For the sheaves must be the result of the seed sown. The success which seems afar off, or involved in difficulties, may yet come, these may be but the mould resting upon the germinating seed. Even now, God in His Providence, working with the toiler and weeper, even as the rain and sunshine of spring, may bring forth fruit from the apparently dead.

Again, should utter discomfiture occur, should hopes be wholly dashed, should even *precious* seed be apparently lost, the principle here revealed remains true. As the wild flower of the wood changes its appearance when transplanted to the cultured garden, so when hopes of joy and victory are thrown forward into that other world, which is yet so near, they become expanded and enriched. Yet has the joy of that other state grown from the trials of this, as truly as the plant from the seed. Beautified as with a new life are the productions of that fairer, that more sheltered clime, but they are the *sheaves* still!

STANZAS—TO A CRICKET.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

Dear, dear little chirper, how oft have I heard,
Thy voice far away or near by in the wall;—
Why never unite in sweet song with the bird,
But sound thy notes lonely when dews gently fall?

At twilight thou tunest thy happiest lay,
When bright rays of Luna dart into thy cell—
When cool breezes whisper departure of day,
And darkling comes forth the wild beast from his dell.

Oft, oft have I heard thee with stridulous tone,
Abroad in the meadows where lilies late grew,
Pipe hour after hour all concealed and alone,
Within thy leaf covert besprinkled with dew.

The concert of numbers—how deep your delight!
It brings into mem'ry my infantile years,
When joyful I heard you glad chirpers of night,
Nor ever unsealed was the fountain of tears.

Chant, chant, little cricket, thy vespertine song,
While green leaves surround thee and gladness thou hast,—
To-day thou art with me—I would it were long—
To-morrow thou diest in winter's chill blast!

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Editorial Miscellany.

THE GOOD PART.—"Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Our engraving illustrates this interesting passage. It was a *good part* in all respects. Christ approved of it. It secured his favor. This was better than to have gained the applause of the whole world besides. It was better than to have gained the smile of kings and emperors, and all the great ones of the earth.

It was a *good part.* It made its possessor happy—happy for time and eternity. No earthly power could destroy it. It took hold on things unseen. It lifted the curtain of the future and unfolded the glories of heaven as belonging to it. It was a clear title to all the blessedness of Paradise. Angels could not have a better portion, for they also are partakers of the same pure and holy joys.

Good part! It was better than all the gold and silver of the earth. It was the pearl of great price. It was more precious than rubies. It was a jewel of infinitely greater value than all the glittering diamonds so much prized by kings and princes. Nothing could be compared to it in value. Gain what else you will, and you would still be poor without it.

Good part! It will endure forever. It not only secures the favor of God, the joys of heaven, and is better than all things else, but it will never be taken away. Had Mary chosen an earthly portion, it would have perished with the using. But she laid up her treasure in heaven, and while the ages of eternity roll away, she will still enjoy the inheritance of the righteous.

Reader! the same good part is submitted to your choice, with the same exalted destinies. See Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus, to listen to his teachings. This is the place to learn of him and become like him. It is the part of true wisdom. It is the way to heaven. Neglect not to seek it earnestly, day by day.

ELECTROTYPE.—The beautiful engraving of the Crystal Palace on our first page is from the Electrotype Establishment of A. H. Jocelyn, No. 60 Fulton-street, in this city. This gentleman has brought the art to such a state of perfection, that we take great pleasure in calling attention to it. This is a method of duplicating any engravings, pages of types, heads of newspapers, &c., by making the most perfect copy of the same in copper. We understand that his is not the common mode of merely coating type and stereotype plates with a thin surface of copper, but his electrotypes are COPPER PLATES of any thickness desired, made by moulding from the type or engravings, without the least injury to the original. The expense is but little above the cost of stereotyping, and the advantages are durability, uniformity, and clearness. Every line is as sharp and perfect as the original. It gives a clear and beautiful impression, and lasts ten times as long as type metal. Publishers of newspapers would find it a great advantage to have their heading, which is in constant use, electrotyped, as it remains perfect longer and costs less in the end.

FABER'S "DIFFICULTIES OF INFIDELITY."—Thanks to Mr. W. Gowans, of this city, we have now a fine edition of this standard work, which was out of print, but we trust never will be again, so long as skepticism shall set its snares for men. A feature of this edition, which should be widely made known, is the appended *catalogue of works on the evidences of Christianity*, which few men could have made so full as Mr. Gowans, and which is itself richly worth the price of the volume. This catalogue will, in many ways, and for many purposes, be of great service; and this edition cannot fail to be sought after on account of this remarkable bibliographical appendix. Included, also, in the volume, is the great Discourse of Robert Hall on Modern Infidelity.

We trust that this admirable work of Faber will be widely circulated, now that it is furnished in a convenient, beautiful, and specially valuable edition. It should go into every family library. It is a book for the people. It is fitted to save the young from the influence of carping, disingenuous infidelity. It will carry with it great force to every manly mind. Let it be purchased extensively and read thoroughly. Those to whom it has yet been unknown have a high privilege to enjoy in the first perusal.

JOHN KNOX.—The preaching of this eminent servant of Christ before the lords of the congregation, as painted by Sir David Wilkie, and engraved by S. G. James, is a work of great artistic

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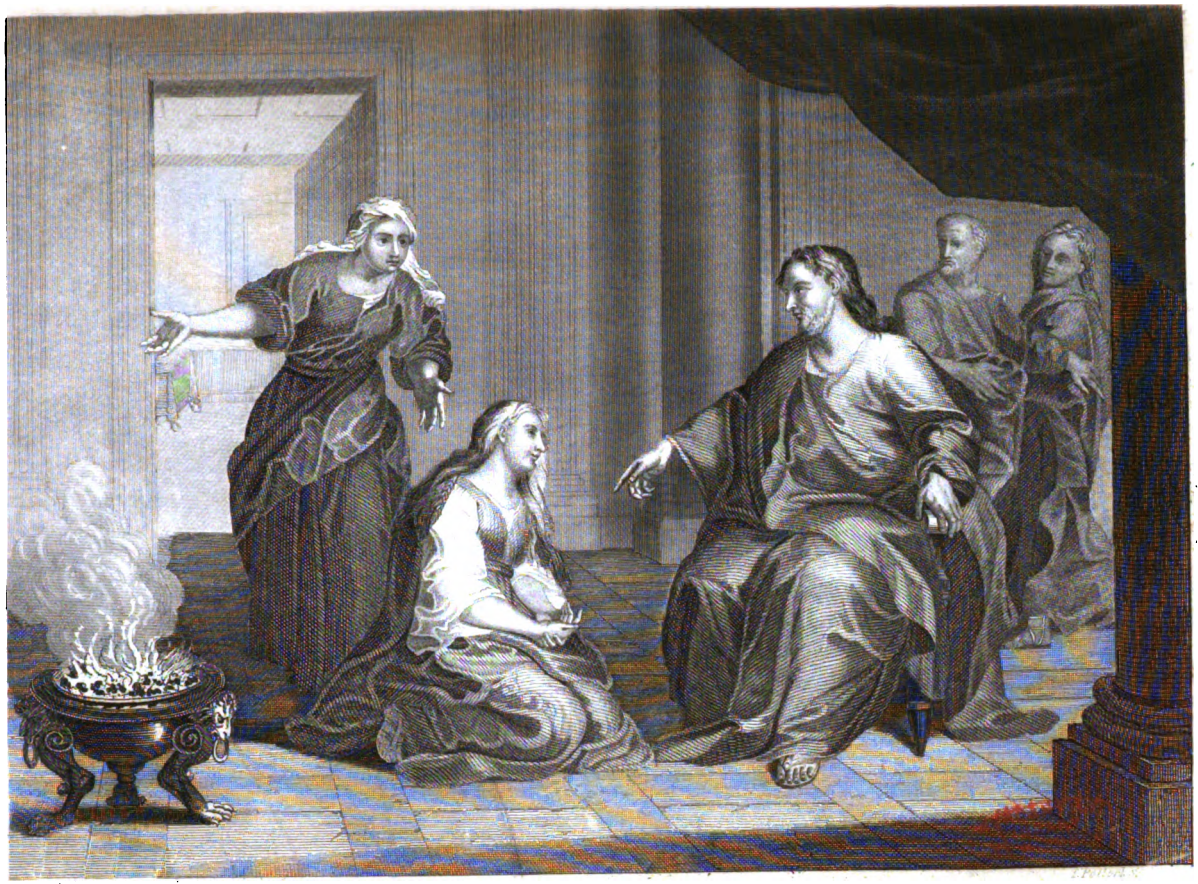

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merit, and full of interest, as it contains portraits of the most distinguished characters who figured during the Reformation. We have here a great historic fact, or truth, recorded, a characteristic expression, a spirited attitude, and brilliancy of effect, which will shed lustre upon the name of the artist and upon the age in which he lived.

George S. Appleton, of 356 Broadway, is getting up some of the finely-finished line engravings from the most celebrated paintings of modern and ancient times, such as will contribute to the growth of good taste and elevate the mind to the appreciation of a high order of the art. In addition to the one above named, THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD'S HOME, THE SHEPHERD'S GRAVE, THE WOLF AND THE LAMB, THE ANGLER'S DAUGHTER, THE ITALIAN HERD'S BOY, NAPOLEON, JOHN PROCLAIMING THE MESSIAH, and a large number of Scripture subjects, finely wrought. So fully is his attention devoted to this branch of business, that the public wants, in this relation, will be most amply met. The FINE ARTS are too little cultivated in this country. It could be desired that they were more highly appreciated in this age of railroads and telegraphic communication. The mass must push on without stopping to examine works of artistic merit; but there is some appreciative talent, which we rejoice to know is becoming fashionable by exercise.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.—The following hymn appeared first in the PARISH HYMNS, a collection which has come into extensive use in Presbyterian and Congregational churches, for evening meetings:

Mourn for the thousands slain—
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
And the deluded throng.

Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For Reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light,
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

FALL RIVER ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON.—As there is no other route between the two cities so pleasant, so there is none so popular and so well patronized as this. The company have two of the noblest and most magnificent steamers that float on our waters. These steamers, the Bay State and Empire State, have become well tried and trust-worthy friends with the travelling public, as are also their respective commanders, Captain Brown and Captain Brayton, combining experience with skill, and both with sound judgment and watchful care. If there are dangers in steamboat travelling, they are here guarded against with the most scrupulous vigilance. The accommodations, the saloons, and the princely tables are unsurpassed. And so great has been the press of travel on this route of late, that the steamer State of Maine has been added as a day boat to Newport—leaving New York on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8 A. M.—returning, leaves Newport on the alternate days at 7 o'clock A. M.

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.—On the last page of our cover will be found an advertisement of Munroe & Co.'s extensive clothing store, 441 Broadway. From what we know of these gentlemen as fair and upright dealers, we are happy to invite the attention of our friends from the country and others visiting the city to give them a call. They have a rich variety of goods, and all at very low prices, considering their excellent quality.

SABBATH MORNING.—How sweetly the Sabbath morning opens upon us! The atmosphere is purer, for it is no longer filled with the dust of trampling feet and thronging vehicles. The sunshine is clearer and softer, for it seems to fall lovingly upon a world charmed into a sacred repose. Trees and plants, and the green grass, wear the aspect of a happier life; as if they were left free to look up into the heavens and to commune with the influences by which they are nourished. The waters of the deep rivers seem to have a breathing space, and to lie awhile unruffled; and the brooks afar off in the country are dancing and making melody, as if they had regained the unmolested freedom with which they ran through woods and meadows in the early days of creation. The beasts are lying quietly in stalls and pasture fields exempt from labor. Hard-working men say everywhere, to-day there is no work to do. Now may every one who pleases be free from most of the burdens of human life. This is a blessed pause in the noise and toil of the world; and the rest and peacefulness of heaven, like a beautiful bridal garment, seems to clothe the earth. The children of men wear an expression of greater purity and benevolence. In many households there is the reading of the Bible and kindred books; hymns are sung

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and prayers ascend. And multitudes go into the Lord's house, and sing with gladness,

"This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own."

The Sabbath morning—how serene and inspiring! How full of sweet thoughts and precious gifts! Now we ought to arise betimes to catch its early light—its freshest smiles. It comes over the mountains or out of the deep sea, like an angel visitant walking in brightness. It comes with an open hand, scattering roses and shedding dews collected in more beautiful climes. It tells us that God is our best friend, our Father and our Redeemer. It is like the feet of God's messenger of love appearing on the mountain-top to publish peace, to proclaim glad tidings of joy, to say unto Zion, thy God reigneth. It tells us that God is reconciled and ready to forgive and bless us. It is the pledge of life and immortality—it gives us rays of the eternal day.

The Sabbath morning once let into our own bosoms as God's own light dawning there, will enable us to consecrate and enjoy the whole day. The light should continue to shine within us during all the hallowed hours. Having received such precious morning gifts, we should open our bosoms to the blessings of every following hour until the night closes in, and then we should lie down as if we were resting upon the bosom of God.

Oh, if we would only learn to make the most of our Sabbaths, hastening to meet God who visits us with their first dawning, then would our graces flourish, our peace be abundant, and we should find ourselves making our way prosperously to the heavenly glory.

The Perth Amboy Seminary, of which we furnished a fine engraving in our June number, was opened as a boarding-school for young gentlemen in 1836, by S. E. Woodbridge, Esq., who during several years previous had acquired a high reputation as a teacher in Connecticut. Although he retired from the active duties of the school some years since, he has been and still is considered as the *Patriarch* of the family, of which each scholar is a member; and his long experience and skill are a resource from which the present principals love to draw.

The institution is now under the management of Dr. W. E. Woodbridge, (son of its founder,) and Rev. S. Matthews, as principals, who are assisted by well-qualified teachers. Dr. Woodbridge, who has for several years devoted himself to the Natural Sciences, makes them his special department. Rev. Mr. Matthews is extensively known as a successful teacher in Virginia, and as President of Greenville College, Tenn. The location is particularly fine, commanding a view of Raritan river, the sound and bay; and from the observatory extending across Staten Island to the Sandy Hook light, and ocean beyond.

We think the institution is one of those which the judicious Christian parent would select for his son. When he beholds the ample provisions for convenience and comfort, the philosophical and chemical apparatus—the reading room, with a well-selected library, and numerous well-chosen periodicals; the family altar, where important truth is made prominent; the Sabbath lessons, the assiduity with which the intellect is trained, and the moral sense cultivated;—the gymnasium, and other provision for healthful recreation;—we think he may be ready to ask, what can the Christian parent expect for his son in a school, which is not found in this Seminary?

Opening of the Crystal Palace.—The Great Exhibition was opened on the 14th of July, with very grand and imposing ceremonies. The Palace, in its main features, was completed, and presented a spectacle of architectural beauty vastly beyond any thing ever before witnessed in this country. The stalls erected by exhibitors were many of them unfinished and unoccupied, yet this did not mar the general effect of the building. Platforms were erected in the northern and eastern naves and seats facing the centre. It has been estimated that about eight thousand people were present at this inauguration. The occasion was honored by the presence of the President of the United States, twenty-six governors of as many states, and a very great number of distinguished personages, officers of State, and foreign Ministers. As the President entered the building, he received a very enthusiastic greeting from the audience, and as he ascended the platform the bands played Hail to the Chief and other popular airs. The opening prayer was then offered by Bishop Wainwright, and the New York Harmonic Society, accompanied by the organ and orchestra, sang an appropriate hymn to the tune of Old Hundred. The harmony was exquisite, and the music rolled sweetly along the arches of the nave, filling the vast building with the richest melody. Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., the President of the Corporation, then addressed President Pierce, who made a brief but eloquent reply. After the ceremonies were concluded on the platform, the audience proceeded to examine the objects of interest in various parts of the building, while the bands enlivened the scene by playing alternately many excellent pieces of music. Several hours

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were thus pleasantly passed, when the bell rang for closing, and the avenues were thronged with returning guests.

THE GRANITE STATE.—We take great pleasure in again calling the attention of our travelling friends to this new and beautiful steamer, which commenced her regular trips early in the season between this city and Hartford. With such neat and splendid accommodations, such gentlemanly officers, and such an able and efficient commander as Captain King, it is not surprising that this boat has become such a general favorite. The equally splendid boat, the City of Hartford, runs as her companion on alternate days. Consequently the river travel has of late greatly increased, vast numbers preferring the cool breezes of the Sound, free from smoke and dust. It is not only a cheap route, but has everything to recommend it that makes steamboat travelling pleasant.

Book Notices.

FATHER GAVAZZI'S LECTURES in New York, with his Life. To those who had not the pleasure of hearing the great Italian Orator, this work will be invaluable. To those who did hear him, it will be equally valuable as a faithful and permanent record of most important facts on the great subject of Popery, and hereafter to be employed as a mass of burning testimony against the errors of the Man of Sin. These facts are timely, and will subserve the cause of civil and religious liberty. They will be read and pondered by thousands, and open the eyes of thousands to the evils and abominations of the "mystery of iniquity." May the work have a wide circulation, and find a place in every man's library.

Dewitt & Davenport, 160 Nassau street, N. Y.

HISTORY OF RHODE ISLAND. By Rev. E. Peterson. John S. Taylor, 17 Ann street. This valuable production exhibits extensive research and scholarly erudition. It passes over the two preceding centuries, and from the early days of the history of our country it sets before the reader the most important items of American History. There passes before the mind the trials of the Colonists, their conflicts with the Indians, the bitter religious disputations, and other important interests which attach to an early settlement, at a time especially when they are oppressed by their mother country. When the yoke is thrown off, there are many new questions of political *finesse* and State polity that arise to annoy. One would hardly suppose that the history of our little Sister Rhoda abounded with such a mass of thrilling historic reminiscences, such important and stirring events. We might suppose there was burning near us the incense of romance as we read the adventures of King Philip, and other Indian Chiefs, as we glance at the wonderful events of the Revolution, that came with destruction, that finally gave birth to civil and religious freedom. Those were sad times, when powerful fleets were hovering around the defenceless, when they whose soil was skirted by the waters of the Ocean were continually subject to sharp conflicts with powerful foes.

We ought to be familiar with the scenes our Fathers were compelled to witness and engage in. Such a valuable work, we are pleased to see, is largely patronized by the distinguished men of our country. Thousands of copies should find their way into private, school and public libraries in our land.

ELEMENTS OF THE ART OF RHETORIC: adapted for use in Colleges and Academies, and for private study. By Henry N. Day, Professor of Rhetoric in Western Reserve College, Ohio. The whole subject is treated in a clear, systematic, and effective manner, making many nice distinctions in style and language that are too little thought of. From a long acquaintance with the author and his own logical habits in speaking and writing, we are confident this work is one of experience, as well as of much labor and study. It has a copious index, and if any one wishes to improve his own style, he will find it admirably adapted to private use. A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John street, N. Y.: H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE WAY OF PEACE. By Henry A. Rowland. In this day of light reading, this work will be a precious gem to every devoted Christian. It will strengthen the weak and confirm the strong. It is designed for those who long for peace and hope they have found it, and have begun to walk in it. It discusses a great variety of topics belonging to the general subject. Its chapters are short and to the point. It is eminently a devotional book. It is a book that is greatly needed at such a time as this. To every earnest pilgrim travelling towards the celestial city, it will be a precious treasure. All thanks to the author for it, as well as for his other works on experimental religion. Published by M. W. Dodd, N. Y.

EDGAR CLIFTON; OR, THE RIGHT AND WRONG.—A very entertaining story, highly moral and religious in its character, is found recorded on the pages of this book. We are pleased to recommend it to guardians of the intelligent youth of our land, as a work alike well calculated for the improvement of both. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, N. Y.

ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS. By Charles Lanman. This little book consists of a series of essays on a variety of casual topics, written in an easy, off-hand style, yet with much vivacity and force of thought. The author spreads a fresh and living verdure over the most common things and common events. Religion is made to appear in its true light,—comforting, sustaining,—paramount to all

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things else. The moral effect left upon the mind is always happy. Published by M. W. Dodd.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL ARITHMETIC is the name of a school-book, designed for the use of advanced classes in schools and academies. It professes to go into the *philosophy* of numbers, and acquaint the pupil with the *whys* and *wherefores* of arithmetic. John F. Stoddard is its author, and it seems hardly possible that the principal of the University of Northern Pennsylvania should fail in doing such a work well. It is issued in a handsome form by Lamport, Blakeman & Law, No. 8 Park Place, N. Y.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY RECORD OF THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.—Such is the name of a new publicational enterprise just commenced, under the editorial care of Professor B. Silliman, Jr., C. R. Goodrich, and other writers, eminent in each department of science and art. The object of this undertaking is to furnish in weekly numbers a true and full account of the origin, progressive history, and results of "The New York Industrial Exhibition," including essays, descriptions, and criticisms in the departments of natural science, machinery, manufactures, and the fine arts. The work is to be well supplied with cuts illustrative of articles on exhibition. G. P. Putnam & Co., Publishers, Crystal Palace, and No. 10, Park Row, New York.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.—This is an entertaining and able monthly, illustrative of natural scenery, and works of art, in different parts of the world; accompanied with interesting narratives, in the lives of the distinguished artists, whose productions are, from time to time, pictured on its pages. Alexander Montgomery, Publisher, No. 17 Spruce-street, New York.

HOME PICTURES. By Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 329 and 331 Pearl-street, New York. This is a chastely beautiful description of the mind and feelings of a fascinating and guileless country-girl of sixteen; her marriage to a fashionable city man of wealth, and her experience as a wife and mother, in prosperity and adversity. We think it a book instructive and interesting, and well calculated to exert a purifying influence on the heart.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—Such is the title of an educational publication, appearing in monthly numbers of the usual magazine form, the first of which was published in May last. The object of the work is to furnish the multitude with a general knowledge of the world's geography, history, arts and sciences. It appears to be, thus far, ably conducted, and as such deserves an extensive patronage. It is well illustrated with cuts, &c. Published by Alexander Montgomery, No. 17 Spruce-street, New York.

MILES TREMBLEBEE; OR, THE LOVE TEST. Stringer & Townsend, No. 222 Broadway, New York. We have as yet had no opportunity to look over the pages of this production of the lady author of "Zingra, the Gypsey." We are no friend, *in general*, to works of romance, but are assured by a friend at our side, who is now engaged in reading *this* particular one, that he finds it, thus far, a book of much interest, and *superior*, in its moral tone, to the majority of works of fiction.

HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway, dealers in pianos and music *extensively*, are continually publishing inspiriting music for amateurs. We take pleasure in noticing the following new and choice pieces:

1. "Mother's Vow." Composed by H. Waters.
2. "When other Friends are round Thee." Words by Geo. P. Morris. Music by J. F. Bassford.
3. "I will not leave my Mountain Cot." Poetry by J. Simmons. Composed by Frederick W. Brower.
4. "I cannot tell Thee how I Love Thee." By H. C. Griffiths.
5. "Pride Schottisch." By Frederick W. Brower.
6. "Morning Glory Polka." By L. H. Vultee, Jr.
7. "Clara Polka." By Henry Eikmeier.

The first four are songs. The first three are excellent, and are much sought for by amateurs. No. 5 will prove an excellent thing to all who try it, and the title-page is beautifully embellished.

The following pieces from Firth & Pond have been received from their large stock of recently published music:

1. "Nancy Till," with variations.
2. "The Holiday Schottisch." By Stephen Foster.
3. "Linda's Gone to Baltimore." Beautiful melody.
4. "The Friends we've left Behind." Song. By F. Buckley.
5. "Agnes May." Song. Composed by Henry Tucker.

We would call the attention of all lovers of music to the following pieces of music recently published by Hall & Son, 239 Broadway:

1. "The Daisy Polka." Rondo. By Wm. Jucho.
2. "Flowers of the Valley." Rondo. For the Piano-forte. By J. A. Fowler.
3. "Woodland Schottisch." By Johan Munck.
4. "Gothamite Quick Step." By Chas. Grobe.

"ECHOES OF A BELL OR, A VOICE FROM THE PAST." Such is the title of a very readable little book, suitable to assist persons in passing the time agreeably during their summer journeyings. It is published by those enterprising publishers, Geo. P. Putnam & Company, No. 10 Park Place, New York.

"RUDIMENTS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE." Just published by McElrath and Barker, No. 17 Spruce Street, New York. We have not had time to look into this work as we would like, but are prepared to say, that the *subject* is one of great importance to the male portion of the rising generation of our country. We invite for it the notice of teachers, and all those who wish to improve themselves in the art of persuasion.

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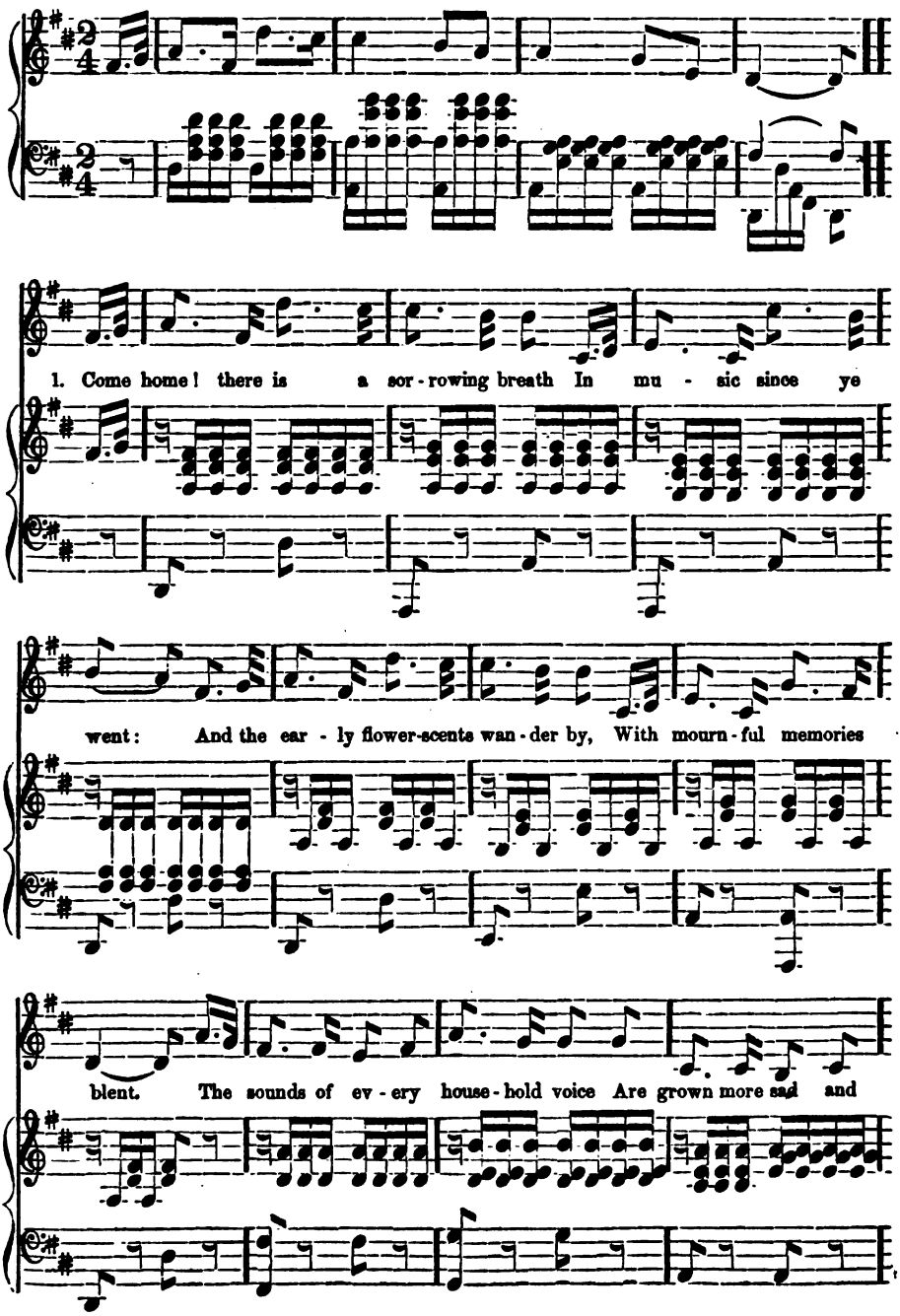
Come Home!

Words by Mrs. HEMANS

Music by Miss MARY B. SHIPMAN.

1. Come home! there is a sor-rowing breath In mu-sic since ye
went: And the ear-ly flower-scents wan-der by, With mourn-ful memories
blent. The sounds of ev-ery house-hold voice Are grown more sad and

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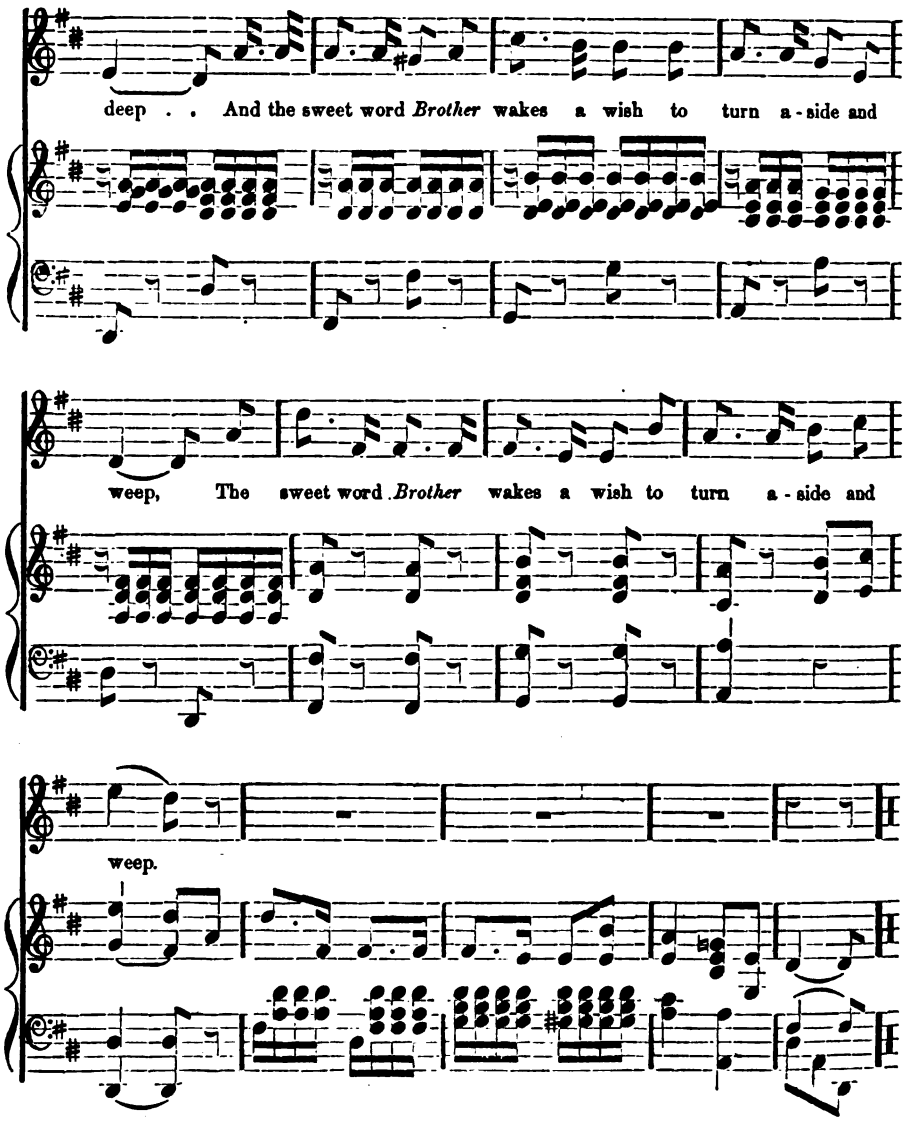
deep . . And the sweet word *Brother* wakes a wish to turn a-side and
weep, The sweet word *Brother* wakes a wish to turn a-side and
weep.

2. Come, beloved, come home! the home of many a fleeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song returns, and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls on the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness, that deepens 'mid the gloom.

3. Where finds it you, ye wand'ring ones! with all your childhood's glee,
Untamed beneath the desert's palm, or on the lone, wide sea!
'Mid stormy hills of battles old, or where dark rivers foam!
Oh! life is dim where ye are not—back, ye beloved, come home!

4. Come with the leaves and winds of spring, and swift birds o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful; bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—still, still your home is fair;
The spirit of your sunny life alone is wanting there.

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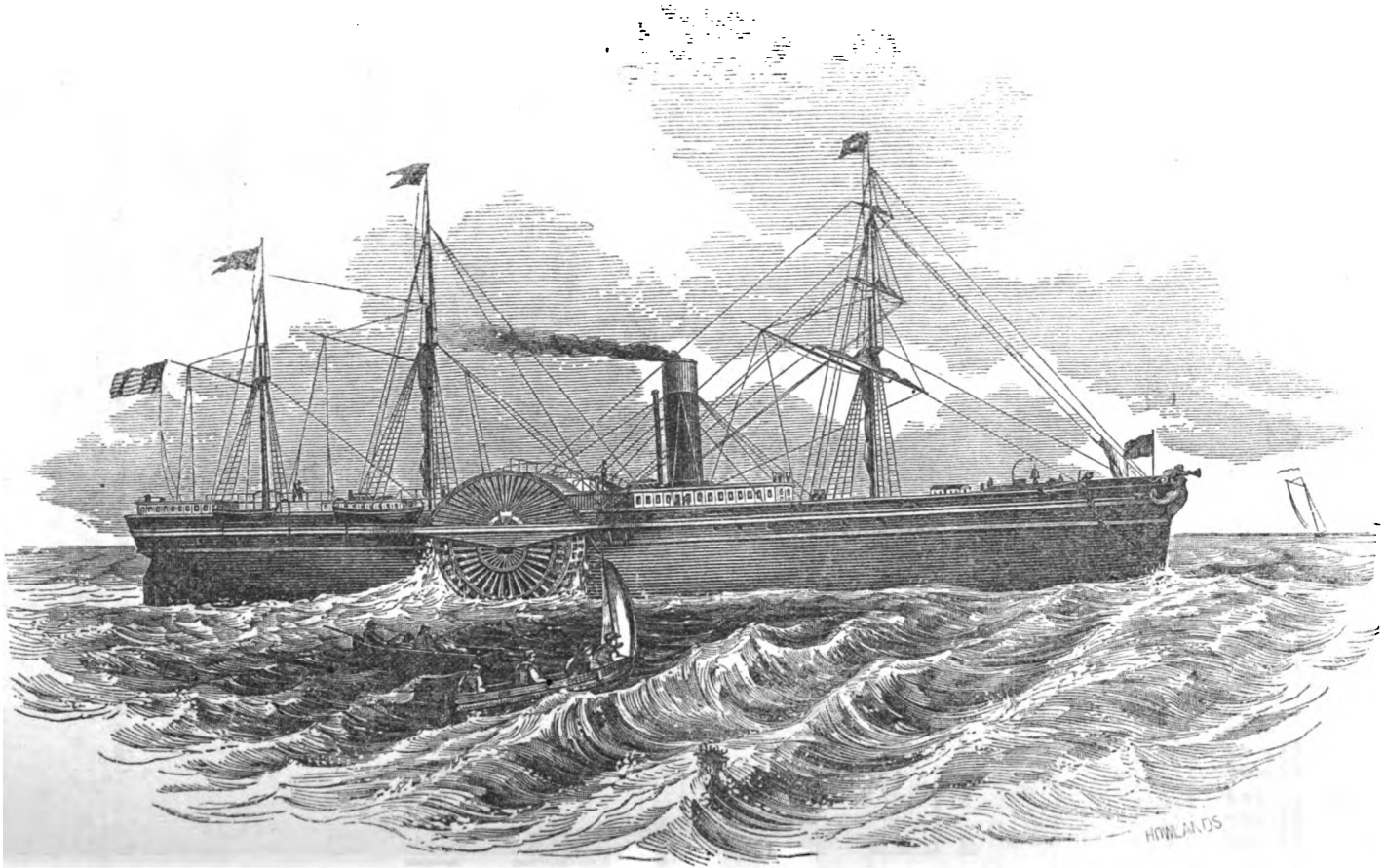

STEAMSHIP ATLANTIC.

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

DEATH AND THE MOTHER.

A SKETCH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A MOTHER sat beside her dying infant's couch, weeping bitterly. The poor baby was very pale; and lay quietly—with its little eyelids closed, and its breathing growing fainter and fainter every moment—until the mother's alarm amounted to agony.

A knock at the door was heard; and an old man slowly entered, wrapped in a large rug to shield him from the cold. He had need of it, for the season was the depth of winter. Everything was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew sharply enough to cut one's chin off. The old man stood shivering with cold, while the mother, taking advantage of a moment when her child appeared easier, placed a can of ale near the fire to warm for her aged visitor. She then resumed her place beside her infant; while the old man, sitting down, rocked himself silently to and fro.

The baby's breathing became more labored; and the poor mother, taking its tiny, wan hand between her own, turned for comfort to the aged beggar—for so he seemed.

"Do you think he will live?" she said. "God will surely not take him from me!"

The old man for reply made a singular gesture, that might be taken for either yes or no.

The mother sighed, and tears flowed over her pale cheeks. She had not closed her eyes for three days and nights; fatigue overpowered her, and she slept. It was but for a moment; in the next she started up, trembling from head to foot.

"What is that?" she asked, looking wildly round.

An ancient clock droned and ticked in the corner. The noise that startled the mother was caused by the fall of its heavy leaden pendulum, which fell with crash upon the floor, and then was silent. The mother looked round for the old man, but he was gone; then at her baby, which had appeared to sleep, so still it had lain beside her—alas! it was gone also.

The poor mother rushed frantically out of the house, raving, shrieking for her child. In the midst of the snow sat an old woman clad in long black garments. She stopped the distracted mother, and said to her, "Death has been beneath thy roof. I saw him hurry forth with a little infant. He flies swifter than the wind; and what he once takes he never returns."

"Tell me which way he has gone," implored the forlorn mother. "Tell me, that I may find him."

"I could tell you with the greatest ease in the world," replied the woman in the sable garment; "but, before I enlighten your ignorance, you must sing me all the songs you sang to your child. I am the Night, and your songs have often beguiled me."

"I will sing them all, all," replied the poor mother, "but do not hinder me now. Let me overtake him—let me find my child while yet I may!"

Night remained silent and immovable. The mother wrung her hands and sang. Such songs! flooded, drowned in tears!

At length Night relented, and she said, "Go into yonder dusky pine-forest, for thither I saw Death take his way with the child."

The mother hastened to the forest, but many paths wound through it, and she doubted which she should take. Near her stood a thorn-bush, which bore neither leaves nor flowers, but, instead thereof, icicles hung on the boughs.

"Have you seen Death pass by with my little one?" said the mother to the thorn-bush.

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"Yes," replied the Bush; "but I shall not tell you which way he took, unless you will warm me in your bosom. I freeze to death."

The devoted mother embraced the cruel bush, and pressed it so closely to her bosom that the thorns pierced her delicate flesh, and the blood began to flow in large drops. Wherever these drops fell, the ground thawed, and flowers and fresh green leaves sprang forth; so warm is the heart of a mother!

Then the thorn-bush showed her the way she should go, which led to a wide river. What was the poor mother's despair at finding no means of crossing it! The water was not sufficiently frozen to bear her weight, and it was too deep to be forded. Yet she must pass over to find her child. The insane idea seized her of endeavoring to drink the river dry, and she stooped for the purpose of doing so; for in her distraction she believed that a miracle might happen.

"Nay," said the River, "that cannot be; let us rather try what we can do together. I have a fondness for jewels, and your eyes are the clearest diamonds I ever saw. Give them to me, and I will guide you to the great hothouse where Death rears his human flowers."

"Oh! what would I not give to find my child!" said the weeping mother; and as she wept, her eyes fell to the bottom of the river; where they lay, and glistened like jewels of the first water. Then the river embraced her with its watery arms, and in a moment wafted her to the opposite shore, where stood a large and wonderful edifice, so singularly constructed that one knew not whether it were formed by nature or art. But the poor mother could not see it, having wept herself blind.

"Where shall I find Death, who has taken away my child?" she asked of any that would answer.

An old gray woman replied, who guarded the entrance of the wonderful hothouse—"He has not yet arrived. How have you found your way thither? Who has assisted you?"

"God has aided me. He is merciful. Show thou mercy also, and tell me where I shall find my child."

"I do not know it from another," said the old woman, "and you cannot see. Many flowers have withered to-night, and Death will soon be here to transplant them to other regions. In every tree and flower that this hothouse contains beats a human heart, identified with the life of a human being living upon the earth. Enter; you will perhaps be able to recognize the beating of your child's heart. But stay a moment; what will you give me in return for my good offices?"

"I have nothing to give," said the poor mother; "but I would go to the end of the world for you."

"There is nothing I particularly care for there," said the old woman; "but you can give me your long black hair. It is beautiful, and pleases me. I will give you mine in exchange."

"Is that all you wish for? I give it you willingly."

So the young mother parted with her beautiful tresses, and received in exchange the old woman's snow-white locks.

And now enter with her the hothouse of Death, where plants and trees of every variety bloomed side by side. Here stood splendid hyacinths, under glass shades; there blossomed immense water-lilies, some fresh and handsome, others half-dying, with water-snakes coiled round their stems, and black crabs clinging tightly to their leaves; glorious oaks, palms, and plantains, reared their lofty heads in the midst, while primroses and sweet-scented herbs nestled close to their roots. Every tree and flower had its name. There was one peculiarity observable. Many large trees were confined in little pots, which had become too narrow, and were almost bursting with the bulk of the root within. Little weak flowers, on the contrary, were often placed in immense pots, and appeared almost lost to perception in the midst of the rich black soil covered with moss.

The miserable mother, her bosom slowly heaving with a sigh of hope, bent over the smallest plants, and listened to the beating of the hearts within. Out of a million, she recognized the heart of her child.

"Here it is!" she exclaimed, stretching forth her hand towards a little crocus, which feebly drooped its head.

"Touch not the flower," said the old woman, "but stand aside; and when Death comes—I expect him every moment—listen to his movements. If he approach the crocus, do not let him root it up, but threaten to do the same with all the rest. He will then be afraid; for none of these plants may be uprooted until God gives him leave."

An icy chill rushed through the apartment, and the blind mother felt that Death approached. He soon espied her.

"How hast thou found thy way hither?" he inquired.

"I am a mother."

Death stretched forth his hand to the little crocus, but the mother protected it with both hers, so as not to disturb a single leaf. Her adversary breathed upon the shield thus interposed, and the hands fell powerless.

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"Against me thou canst do nothing," he said, with hollow voice. "I only fulfil the will of the Almighty. I am his gardener. When the appointed time arrives, I take up his trees and flowers, and transplant them into the garden of Paradise, in the unknown land. How they prosper there, it is not for mortals to know."

"Give me back my child," said the mother, and she wept and groaned. Suddenly, in her agony, she seized two delicate flowers, and exclaimed, "I will destroy all thy plants, for I am in despair."

"Touch them not," said Death, gently. "Wouldst thou make other mothers as wretched as thyself?"

The poor mother released the flowers, conscience-stricken.

"I give thee back thine eyes," said Death. "As I passed the wide river, I saw them shining brightly, and took them out, though I knew not they were thine. They are clearer than before. Replace them in their sockets, and gaze into this fountain. I will show you the future human life of the two flowers you would have uprooted."

The mother did as she was desired. She looked down into the depths of the pure fountain, and beheld how one life became a blessing to the world, spreading joy and happiness around. The other, on the contrary, was full of sin and sorrow.

"These lots are equally ordained by God," said Death.

"Whose lives are they?" asked the mother, trembling.

"That I may not exactly tell," replied Death. "This much I am permitted to reveal. In thy distraction, thou didst seize upon the little crocus, and one of the fates which thou hast before thee is the future of thine own child."

The mother shrieked with terror. "Which is my child? Tell me that. Oh! deliver my child. Preserve him from such misery. Rather than that, take him away to his Father's kingdom. Forgive my tears, my prayers, all that I have done to recall him."

"I understand thee not," said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child back, or must I take him to the unknown land?"

The mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed. "O God! deny my petitions when they are contrary to thy will, for thou alone knowest what is best for thy children!"

Her head sank back upon her breast; and Death conveyed her little one to that unknown "bourne whence no traveller returns."

FORGIVENESS.

Thou hast been wrong'd—and tears, which rise
From fond affection's sacred source,
Check'd by hurt pride's indignant force,
May freeze, nor fall from throbbing eyes!

Yet curb thine anger! Rather weep
For sorrow, than repress such tears
As soothe displeasure; anguish bears
A harvest which no wrath should reap.

Thou hast been wrong'd by one most dear;
By one, perchance, of kith and kin;
By one beloved, and kept within
Thy heart, like gold, as kind, sincere.

The holy trust hath been despised,
And thou (who trusted) scorn'd, malign'd;
So erring passion fills thy mind
With rage and vengeance unadvised.

Yet, ere the sun goes down, and thou
Thy evening prayer pour'st forth, forgive—
Even as thou hopest to receive
Forgiveness for the *was* and *now!*

And, as thou kneelest, humbly bent
In supplication for thy sins,
Remember he who pardons wins,
And not the heart on ire intent.

Forgive, even though unask'd; forgive,
Though true esteem exist no more;
Though slighted love still pain thee sore,
And in thy breast its arrows live!

Nor go to thy God-shelter'd bed
With an unpardoning mind, at war
With a frail human brother! Are
Repose and peace by discord bred?

No! Grief may sigh itself to sleep
Pillow'd on prayer; but anger still
Fevers the soul with restless ill,
Spreading oe'r thought a venom deep.

Lo, there the sun goes down! With it
Departs thine unforgiving wrath.
Turn to thy God, and on his path
See the bright lamp which peace hath lit!

THE DEAD BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. DENNISON.

Poor thing! it is dead—the glory of its short reign departed. What beautiful gold and crimson wings! and how the shining dust falls off and gems the paper! Art cannot approach this exquisite coloring. Pencil and canvas, and paint, man need not take in the vain hope of creating these lustrous wings.

We believe it was Wordsworth who so sang of his childhood's sports, that men framed them in their hearts, and poetry made them immortal. He, with the heedless fire of youth, ran in hot haste after the glittering creature, hat high in hand, ready to dash his delicate captive to the earth; but she, gentle heart, would not so much as touch it, fearing to brush the "dust from off its wings." How womanly sweet that timid dread makes her appear—indeed, the shrinking delicacy, and gentle, quiet attributes of woman, are her chiefest charm and ornament.

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SOCIAL CONVERSE.

BY TIMOTHY OLDMAN.

CONVERSATIONAL people are exceedingly scarce. Rarely do we meet with persons able, or, if able, willing, to beguile the time by conversation on the trifling, general, current topics of the day. This want of conversational power is a standing, almost universal, and very lamentable feature in the character of the Englishman. Nor does the Scotchman appear to at all greater advantage in this respect. Some of our Continental neighbors are still more taciturn than we. Others of them, and especially the French, fall into what, if it be an extreme, must be acknowledged to be a far more agreeable one than ours.

We account it to be a radical, and beyond question a very serious, defect in our character as a nation, that, between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five, in every rank of life, we are, when in company with strangers or even acquaintances, unless they be particular friends, almost to a man as silent as statues. American children can chatter for hours together; old men are insufferably garrulous; youths and maidens, men and women, and more particularly the second and fourth classes, can, when in what they deem proper company, manifest as great a fluency of speech as is at all desirable. But this is at home, or, as we have intimated, on fit occasions, at certain times and places. It is not for want of information; it is not from a deep affection or even reverence for silence; it is not that most of us have by nature a remarkable gift of saying nothing, that we are mum; for, as we have said, we can talk away rapidly and sensibly enough at home.

Surely it is wholly owing to an extraordinary oversight, that none of those philanthropic and patriotic individuals, whose energies, bodily and mental, are constantly put forth in endeavors to benefit their fellow-creatures and themselves, by proposing schemes and projecting plans for "the improvement of the people," "the welfare of the masses," "the good of the million," and so forth, have never yet originated a "society for the promotion of rational conversation among railway travellers, and in small and select parties." Why should incessant ingenuity expend itself in the supply of "comfort for steam-boat and railroad travellers," in the various forms of horse-cloth rugs, mufflers, woolly, silky, furry, fuzzy caps and gloves, spirit-flasks, and sandwich-boxes? Why, we indignantly and remonstratingly ask, should daring enterprise confine its lofty mission to offers of life and limb insurance, founded on Cockerish calculations of fractures and deaths per mile per head?

Collect any half-dozen or eight persons promiscuously from the middle grade of society, and shut them up in a car, and, ten to one, every individual will, as he or she settles down into a seat, subside into a state of glum isolation from all around. Such a curious combination of gravity, dignity, and suspicion overspreads every countenance, that you would imagine you had stumbled upon a grand jury, or rather a bench of judges, assembled to hear some very important cause argued. Each one looks, and doubtless feels, uneasy, and eyes the rest as though expecting momentarily to have to resist some encroachment or repel a sudden, malicious attack. These poor people possess a thousand wishes, feelings, and sympathies in common. As many subjects of conversation in which all might join are open to them; but, unless the ice be broken on first taking their seats, it is more than probable they will maintain their reserve until they reach their journey's end. If any adventurous wight design to inveigle his fellow-travellers into a little pleasant intercourse during their ride, let him be advised to give no quarter, but to commence the attack at once on entering the carriage. We have heard the very profound and original, not to say exciting remark, that the train was two minutes and a quarter behind time in starting, give rise to quite an interestingly-animated conversation. But let the critical moment pass, and it is to the last degree improbable that there will be a nice opening for a young man again during that journey. Every minute the coolness chills, soon it arrives at the freezing point, and how many degrees below zero it reaches by the time of separation we possess no means of ascertaining. Indeed, if silence has been preserved until the first station be reached, he must be a courageous mortal who would then attempt to break it. Such an attempt would seem to argue a presumptuous confidence in one's own power of communicating information, or of pleasing, that would naturally arouse the opposition of every right-minded American. And then, what can be said at such a stage of the proceedings which shall not wear the appearance of having been studied? and how can the most simple observation be at all appropriate? Should any singularly magnanimous person on first starting hazard the statement, that the weather is very fine or wet, as the case may be (though, by the way, let us advise our readers under such circumstances always to omit the intensive adverb, and to say, "The weather is fine, sir or

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madam," which omission gives the person to whom your remark is addressed the opportunity of carrying out your idea, and of not only acquiescing, but of avoiding a servile agreement with you by adding, Very), this remark will appear quite natural and disinterested, if made just as you are elbowing yourself into your seat; but how strange, how uncalled for, how almost absurd, would it appear after you have sat staring through the window for a quarter of an hour to make such a reflection on the weather? Of course it would sound as though you had just made the discovery, or had suddenly waked up out of a nap, or had some special end in view or interested motive in saying so. And, in fact, whatever idea you might venture to propound to interrupt a silence of fifteen minutes' continuance, would necessarily have such an air of sudden inspiration as would render the utterer of it an object of unpleasant observation for some considerable period. Besides this, to whom are you to address yourself? There seems to be something almost invidious in singling out any individual in particular to be the butt of your wit, malice, or kindness, as it might be variously considered; while, should you address yourself to your audience generally, it is more than probable the prevailing opinion will be, that you are thinking aloud, or talking to yourself.

In short, were a Frenchman to pop his head into such a carriage, he would imagine that a company of unfortunate creatures were going to be executed, or at least imprisoned for life. And yet, perhaps, every one present is travelling with the intention of enjoying himself. There, in the right-hand corner, sits an old gentleman who has closed his eyes and his lips most pertinaciously ever since he seated himself; and yet, when he is in company with persons he is acquainted with, he is an unbearable old bore, ever and for ever telling little tales, which branch out when half told into two or three anecdotes, and these at certain points bifurcate into other stories; so that, though you may have climbed the trunk, and have crept along a branch, and so have proceeded to a smaller bough, you quite despair of ever gathering a leaf of the tree. Oh, that he would now become "the old man eloquent!" There is not a story he narrates, not even the most gnarled, but would now prove acceptable. But no; there he sits as mute as though he were dumb. Next to him is our young friend, rather fashionably dressed; and, having glanced at the illustrations in the "Pick," he finds even its piquant sentences too tame to excite his appetite for amusement. Now, although he sits there yawning, and looking the picture of Ennui, he could talk very passably on two or three subjects, if any of his companions had but the skill to draw him out; and, on the whole, he could amuse both his fellow-travellers and himself pretty tolerably for half an hour, or, in judicious hands, perhaps for forty minutes. Then there is a commercial gentleman, who will leave the train at the next station, and will do as much talking in the town you are approaching as would serve to entertain his railway companions for a week. And here we have a lady reading, or pretending to read, one of the monthly magazines, and although, having now arrived at years of discretion and verging on old maidenhood, she tries to look demure, and amiable, and prudent, and kind, and affable, and dignified, and happy, and sensible, and contented, and self-possessed, and comfortable in mind, body, and estate, all at once, and certainly succeeds in throwing as much, and as many, of these expressions into a look as we conceive it possible for one and the same visage to convey at one and the same time, still she cannot so purse up her mouth, nor control her glancing, twinkling keen eye, as to mislead us into the supposition that she is "the silent woman." She hath not opened her mouth yet, but there is not a movement of her eyebrow, her lip, her hand or foot, where her voice is not heard, and, unless we greatly err, those who hear it least like it best. Still, restrained by association with those on whom she is doubtless desirous of making a favorable impression, she might have rendered the journey much more agreeable by a few words. And there we have a young lady, with all the airs, and a few more than the graces, and a little more than the self-possession, of a boarding-school miss. She is reading one of those light green-backed books which make such an imposing show on our railway literature stalls, investing them with somewhat of the appearance of green-grocers' standings. The book is clearly one of the Rosa-Matilda style of novels, and, although our fair friend is occasionally betrayed into a semi-simper of incipient heroism, it is abundantly evident that every now and then she gets tired of her book, and would not take it amiss were our fashionable friend to commence a chat with her, and thus make her, in her own imagination, rather more of a heroine than she is already. But no more of this; they each and all of them richly deserve to be cooped up there in unbroken silence for not making some effort at obtaining deliverance from durance so vile.

It is very sad and humiliating, in this day and

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country, to meet with a score of human beings who can only talk to their husbands, wives, parents, children, perhaps uncles and aunts, and other near relations. It is important that we should ascertain the cause of our taciturnity, and try to have it removed. We cut the ligament which occasionally ties the tongues of our children; why not make it a part of their education to acquire a readiness in expressing ideas before strangers? Why not banish that selfishness, or pride, or whatever else it may be, that makes us so distant and inaccessible to strangers, though respectable; so unwilling to address ourselves to any one with whom we may casually meet, without waiting for a formal introduction to guarantee the propriety of an interchange of sentiments? Be it independence or shyness which induces us to twirl our thumbs in silence, we gain nothing by it in the estimation of more intelligent and sociable people, and we lose a great deal of the pleasure of quiet life, by thus cutting ourselves off from communication with the world around us in its various phases—instructive, amusing, and so forth. What possible reason can be conceived, why fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen of various ages, meeting to spend an evening together at the house of a friend, should feel under so great a restraint, that perhaps they shall separate without having exchanged half a dozen ideas at all beyond the merest commonplace?

The lady of the house is evidently quite at a loss how to entertain her guests. During tea, a few of the more ambitious commence short chats with their neighbors, right and left, and a few of the older cronies indulge in a little local gossip—

> 'Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,
> And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed!'

Some young gentleman, who has had his neck and chin encased in stiff, erect collars quite long enough to have forgotten his turn-overs, is doing his very best to talk, and is succeeding admirably. The two old, and three young ladies who are listening to him are quite interested in the subject, and they chat away pleasantly enough, until, just as he is finishing a sentence, one of those occasional lulls in conversation and the rattle of the tea equipage occur, and he suddenly finds his audience comprising every individual in the room. Rather disconcerted at becoming thus the centre of observation to all present, and alarmed at the sound of his own voice, he gets confused, and makes some slight mistake, mispronounces or misplaces a word, perhaps, and, coloring up to the eyes as though he had upset the tea-table, or had been detected with his hand in somebody's pocket, he flounders on to the end of his observation, looking and feeling abject and miserable. The lady who presides at the tea-tray kindly withdraws the attention of the company from him by some appropriate remark, but he is shut up for the remainder of the evening, and his sad fate operates as a warning and check to all other adventurous aspirants for fame on the same harmless line.

After tea, matters become decidedly worse. Three or four elderly ladies keep up a desultory kind of running fire for a short time, then comes a total cessation of talk; nobody likes to break the dread silence; the tone of one's own voice would sound quite strange and startling; still, you long to start some subject of conversation; you seem suddenly bereft of imagination, memory, and judgment—you cannot think of anything to utter which does not appear to the last degree inappropriate; at length some one ventures an observation—plainly it is received with devout gratitude. But an observation thus uttered, instead of serving like a wedge, to open the way for something better, proves to be exactly the reverse; the whole breadth of the subject seems to have presented itself at once, and it begins gradually to dwindle away. Every succeeding remark narrows its range, and you can readily set before your mental vision a vista of short sentences by which the topic shall be fairly exhausted. The end approaches, and another blank silence is inevitable. It comes at length, and you feel conscious that the poor lady whose arduous office it is to keep up the spirit of the party would, if you dare steal a look at her, present a ludicrously elongated visage. You can feel your own heart beat, and can almost hear the pulsations of your friends' hearts. Presently the crisis arrives, and you hear Miss Gamut invited to favor us with one of her beautiful songs. Miss Gamut, in spite of a very bad cold, which she is sure will prevent her from singing through the first verse, begins to warble. When she has finished her performance, a second young lady takes her seat at the piano, and, strange to say, as soon as the tones of the instrument in some degree drown the sound of the voice, every one finds a tongue. Little knots of talkers and hearers are formed, and the difficulty now is to obtain silence for the singers. Music is not the only substitute for conversational ability at such gatherings. Dancing, card-playing, reading aloud, and various kinds of amusing games, serve the same purpose of helping to beguile the time.

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Now, in such an assembly, it is curious and interesting to observe how sometimes one person, who possesses the enviable faculty of conversing sensibly and fluently, will keep a large party in pleasant conversation. Should it seem to flag for a moment, some exceedingly appropriate but quite simple remark reanimates it at once. With such a character present, it seems to be the most natural thing in the world for everybody to take part in the conversation; and all please, and are pleased. There is no doubt that this power of sustaining conversation is with many persons a natural gift, but, on the other hand, any one may, by cultivating the habit of promoting such an interchange of thought, very materially strengthen the faculty, even if they may not acquire it.

"Though nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To every man his modicum of sense,
And conversation in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil."

It is really worth while, and in our own land, and at this period, we have encouragement as well as reason to do so. We meet so frequently for the express purpose of passing time in conversation, that it is very desirable to become proficient in the accomplishment, that so we may be able to make such occasions pleasant and useful. And we have, too, an immense variety of topics on which to enlarge. With all the important interests around us, and the rapid progress of invention, we never need be at a loss for subjects on which to converse. How conversation was sustained some three or four thousand years ago, it is difficult to conceive. Among the people in general, in all nations, there were no books, no newspapers or magazines, no new music, no exhibitions of national industry, little travelling, indeed nothing to talk about. To be sure there was the flood, but people could not talk about the flood always. An eclipse would not afford matter for endless discourse. Earthquakes, storms, and various other natural phenomena, might occasionally furnish subjects for chat, but these would occur but rarely, and such provision would speedily be devoured by the hungry multitude of talkers. War, with its wild and horrible adventures, would contribute to the stock, but this, too, would soon be exhausted, and the silenced ones would again betake themselves to their dancing-girls, story-tellers (not liars, gentle reader, but a species of *viva voce* poets and novelists), musicians, and singing-women, which served the same purpose as our cards, drawings, albums, and drawing-room nick-nacks, which are in these modern days handed round to amuse us up-grown babies, and, perchance, to provoke a remark, or at least a note of exclamation. Having, however, in these days, such a mass of material for small talk waiting to be used, we commend it to the serious consideration of our readers whether, having dismissed the above-mentioned companions of leisure, we had not better foster the conversational faculty, and so do what in us lies towards introducing a new and better state of things in this respect.

TIME AND THE MAIDEN.

BY A. R. L.

A MAIDEN sat by a river side,
With roses in her hand,
As Time came rowing in his boat,
And touch'd the silver strand.
"I will sail with thee," the maiden cried;
"But pray thee, hasten on,
For I would reach yon shining shore
Before an hour is gone."

The boatman smiled a strange cold smile,
As the maiden leapt to his side;
He hoisted a sail, he plied his oars,
And away they flew with the tide.
The maiden sang right merrily,
With the fairy-bright shore in sight;
It sparkled and gleamed like rubies and gold,
In the rays of the morning light.

A full hour and more they sail'd down that river,
And yet the bright shore seem'd no nearer.
"How is this?" cried the maid; "you deceive me, my friend,
The light becomes fainter and fainter."
The roses were dead, her glad song had ceased,
The noon it was past, the sky hid in mist,
Wild waves dash'd in fury, day faded away,
And the shore it had changed into rocks stern and gray.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the maiden, in fear and dismay.
"Take me back to the dawn, and the clear light of day."
"No, no!" quoth grim Time, "it cannot be so;
I never sail backwards, fair mistress, you know."
The poor maiden wept her rash haste of the morning,
When the fair silver strand she had left for a dream;
She was wreck'd amidst rocks, and there she sat weeping
Alone, by the side of life's perilous stream.

TOMBS.

TOMBS are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered. A good memory is the best monument. Others are subject to casualty and time; and we know that the Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. Let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves.—FULLER.

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THE LESSONS OF DEATH.

BY REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER, D.D.

How many, how constant, how powerful they are! Beneath us, around us, on every side, are the intimations of our mortality. And with them all, there comes to us a voice, Prepare to meet thy God! We are all dying daily, some more slowly, some more rapidly, but all dying. The candle of life that is burning, is but the physical frame dying; and every day snuffs off a new portion of the wick, and leaves less remaining. In a few days more it will be burned to the socket, and the process of dying will be finished, and then comes LIFE.

Every man is dying daily, but every man does not feel it, is not willing to acknowledge it. Happy are they who do feel it, and who, while day after day drops into the past eternity, are learning to die unto self and sin, are forming the habit of living unto Christ and in Christ, the habit of that life which is hid with Christ in God. Happy are they, who, as every day declineth, are taking so many blessed steps towards God in heaven, for whom, while all behind is shadow, all before is glory, and whose faces gather brightness instead of blackness, as they come towards the Great Day.

Richard Baxter was such a man. And one reason for Baxter's extraordinary and living piety was this: that God made him more sensible than most men to the intimations of death within him and around him. God laid him at death's door every day. He wrote some of his works holding his pen in one hand, and the fleshless hand of Death the skeleton in the other. What a vivid, powerful sense of eternal realities this helped to produce in him, any man may see by consulting his writings, any man may *feel*, who watches his own experiences, whenever he himself finds that he is brought near to death, and is about to enter on eternity. Now, if we would all live under that sense of nearness to eternity, which for a long period so marked Baxter's experience, doubtless we should be much more holy, and should do much more for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world.

But this cannot be a happy state of mind, unless the soul is relying upon Christ, and living in delightful communion with him daily. If a man feels himself dying daily without Christ, it is the most gloomy and terrible conviction that can be experienced. And in proportion to the dimness with which Christ is seen by the soul, and the distance at which the soul lives from him, will be the gloom with which death is shrouded. But how desirable to have this gloom taken away! How desirable to look upon death as a friend and not an enemy, as the messenger of Christ for our good, and not the sheriff of sin for our punishment. But none but Christ *can* take this gloom away. None but Christ *can* make death look friendly and pleasant to us. But blessed be God, Christ *can*, and *will*, and *does*, for all who rest on him. Baxter was very happy in his abiding impressions of death and eternity, and why should not every child of God be happy in the same way! Baxter used to feel that life had no charm for him, but to be spent in the service of his Saviour. Baxter used to sing to himself about the shortness of time, the decay of life, and the nearness of death, and to say within himself, To be sure I should love to live long, that I may serve my Saviour long, for his service is my happiness; but then if I die soon, so much the sooner shall I be with Christ; and he will give me the same pay as if I had lived and labored threescore years and ten. If life be long, sung the happy Baxter—

> If life be long, I will be glad,
> That I may long obey;
> If short, yet why should I be sad,
> That shall have the same pay?

Such was the happy greeting that a man like Baxter gave to Death, when he shook hands with him, as it were, across his opened grave. Now the lessons of death are not quite so near and obvious to all men, as they were to Baxter beneath the hand of disease, but yet to all men they come thick and constant. We could not help feeling, while whirling the other day in the railcars past a burial-ground in the outskirts of Worcester, how near death borders on life, the extreme of death's silence and forgetfulness on the extreme of life's noise and bustle. How startling the contrast! Hundreds of living beings in health and gayety, shot past the mouldering coffins of hundreds who have gone to judgment! The furious whirl of life, past the deep stillness of death! Sometimes the railcars seem to hurry past a grave-yard, as if they were afraid of it. And yet, life itself is but one great railroad, whose last station is in the deep and silent grave.

Alas! of what avail are these lessons, if men will not lay them to heart? Nay, men will moralize upon them, and yet remain in the same profound insensibility, just as if an idiot were drumming upon a piano. Men will write of death, talk of death, think of death, sing of death,

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and yet not lay to heart a single lesson of death, not take one step in preparation for death and eternity. Men will sing,

> Our hearts like muffled drums are beating
> Funeral marches to the tomb,

and never think of what is beyond the tomb! Out of such dread insensibility, what can awaken the soul? From such fearful madness, what can deliver us? Who can bring either poet, or philosopher, or merchant, or mechanic, or farmer, or day-laborer to his senses? Who but God?

So profound is the reigning sensibility to the lessons of death, and so fixed the earthly habits of men's souls in life, that methinks if Death should march into every counting-house in the city of New York, the first care of every man, after the immediate startle was over, would be to put his ledgers and his money into his salamander safe. There are also what are called Christian Mammonists, whose attention is far more fixed, in spite of the lessons of death, in laying up treasure on earth, than in heaven. Probably many men expect to enter heaven, whose hearts, up to the very hour of death, have never gone thither. Yet there is that sentence, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle." "Often as the motley reflexes of my experience," says Mr. Coleridge, "move in long processions of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world-honored company of Christian Mammonists appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet all at full speed and each in the confident expectation of passing through the eye of the needle, without stop or halt, both beast and baggage!"

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

Rev. Mr. Willets, of Philadelphia, in illustrating the blessedness of cultivating a liberal spirit, uses this figure:

"See," he says, "that little fountain yonder—away, yonder in the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it; 'Whither away, master streamlet?' 'I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given me.' 'Ah, you are very foolish for that—you'll need it before the summer's over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it—you will dry up then.' 'Well,' said the streamlet, 'if I am to die so soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it.' So on it went, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool smiled complacently at its own superior foresight, and husbanded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away. Soon the midsummer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink, and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them, and the sun peeped through the branches and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say,—'It's not in my heart to harm you,'—and the birds sipped its silver tide, and sung its praises; the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom; the beast of the field loved to linger near its banks; the husbandman's eye always sparkled with joy, as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows; and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all!

"And where was the prudent pool? Alas! in its inglorious inactivity, it grew sickly and pestilential. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breeze stopped and kissed it by *mistake*, but shrunk chilled away. It caught the malaria in the contact, and carried the ague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it and had to move away; and at last, the very frogs cast their venom upon the pool and deserted it, and heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up!

"But did not the little stream exhaust itself? Oh, no! God saw to that; it emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it on to the sea, and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away—away to the mountain that gave the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming cup, and poured the grateful baptism down; and so God saw to it, that the little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry. And if God so bless the fountain, will he not bless you, my friends, if, 'as ye have freely received, ye also freely give?' Be assured he will."

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THE OTHER DAY.

Upon the meadows spread below,
Full softly fall the flakes of snow,
  Yet choke they up the way
That lately wound along the scene,
'Mid fields of gold and swards of green,
  Ay, but the other day.

The sun has shrunk into the south,
And every bird hath shut its mouth,
  And broken off its lay:
And yet with sultry beams the air,
And yet with songs the woodlands fair,
  Were full the other day.

All things are here but for a while,—
The frown must vanish, fade the smile,
  E'en beauty must decay.
And who upon that wrinkled face
The lily and the rose can trace,
  We saw the other day?

But form and beauty, too, might die,
And fire forsake the aged eye,
  Could any mortal say,
My heart is still as warm and light,
As full of hopes and fancies bright,
  As 'twas the other day!

Repose mankind can never know,
They change as on the seasons flow,
  Until they pass away;
And whilst we live there's not an hour
That sees not fall some cherished flower,
  That bloomed the other day.

The mother sadly bends her head
Upon that breast that lately fed
  A child with glances gay;
See how her eyes now vainly seek
The softly dimpled rosy cheek
  She kissed the other day!

But wander through all scenes of life,
Through scenes of peace and scenes of strife,
  Consult the whole array!
Seek amidst every rank of men,
For one who would not fly again
  Back to the other day.

Lovers regret their early sighs,
Regret the maiden's downcast eyes,
  When first she said them nay;
All quaff too soon, all would regain
The feelings they esteemed a pain,
  And quenched the other day.

Children alone look forward still,
They pant to climb life's rugged hill,—
  Oh! in the valley stay;
Stay in the balmy land awhile,
Where heaven, and earth, and all things smile,
  Now as the other day!

They listen not, but onward throng,—
Farewell to innocence ere long,—
  Enjoy them whilst you may!
Those radiant brows ere long will lower,
Ere long you will regret the hour
  You scorned the other day!

But if in joy, and if in woe,
Along these twilight plains below,
  You follow virtue's ray,
Less bitter pangs may wring your breast,
When rise amidst your hours of rest
  Dreams of the other day!

THE CHANGING CLOUDS.

A BEAUTIFUL sight it is, to stand and gaze on the clear blue firmament above. It is charming to watch the light feathery clouds, as they seem to come into being before our eyes, and then rapidly change their forms, and pass away; or to behold the dense white vapors gather in masses of ever-changing form, assuming the most fantastic shapes, or seeming to grow up into lofty, snow-capped mountains. You have doubtless often gone abroad into the fields on a lovely autumnal evening, when all is calm around, and the feathered tribes are seeking their repose. The setting sun is illuminating the earth with its last rays—"the clouds above with golden edgings glow"—and all the western sky is lighted up, in the most brilliant and gorgeous manner, in colors that are nowhere else to be seen. Have you not admired such a sight as this? Have you not sometimes asked—"Who can paint so glorious a scene?" Now, all this beauty, and this ever-varying picture, is caused simply by the sun's rays falling upon those clouds aloft, as they are constantly arranging themselves in new and fantastic groups. It is a great pleasure to all who are lovers of nature to watch their changing forms. The clouds, indeed, appear the most fleeting objects in nature. There seems to be no order or regularity in their motions or their shapes. And it may appear to you a hopeless task to attempt to describe them. Nevertheless they have been described; and the task is less difficult than you may imagine.

We have already explained to you, in our account of rain, the way in which the clouds are formed. They are generally believed to be composed of an immense number of hollow globules collected together. Each one of these very much resembles the soap-bubbles you may blow with a tobacco pipe; only so exceedingly small that they are not visible to the eye, except when collected in masses. In this condition the clouds are capable of floating aloft in the air. But if, from any circumstance, such as a change in their electric state, they become more closely com-

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pacted together, they are then too heavy for the air to support, and therefore must fall to the earth. The more widely the particles which form the cloud are separated from one another, of course the lighter the cloud is, and the higher it will float in the air. Generally, however, they are observed to be not more than one mile from the surface of the ground; though very light fleecy clouds have occasionally been seen as high as five miles, or even more. If you have ever ascended mountains, and been overtaken by a storm, you have no doubt observed the clouds rolling in large dark masses below your feet. You have perhaps witnessed the fine sight of a storm raging below, while all has been calm and sunlight above.

Clouds, as you are aware, present the greatest possible variety of form. Yet still they have been classified, or arranged in several classes, according to the different shapes they appear to us to take. All the varied forms which they assume are reduced to six or seven different kinds; which, with a little attention, you may readily learn to distinguish. These various kinds have received different names. They are taken from the Latin language; but we will mention them, in the hope that, by the aid of the explanation we shall give, you may be able to recognize them, and call them by their right names.

The first kind is called the *cirrus*, or feathery cloud. Clouds of this description usually appear like a number of fine white threads, painted upon a clear blue sky, or like the feathers of a quill. They exhibit the utmost variety, yet always appear of a feathery, or thread-like form. They are the lightest of all the clouds, and are therefore generally seen very high in the sky. They are usually regarded as a sign of wind, and are frequently followed by a storm. No doubt you have noticed the long streamers which often stretch out from this kind of cloud; and have learned, that when they point upwards, they are a sign of rain, and when downwards, a sign of fair weather.

The second kind is called the *cumulus*, or cloud which appears in heaps, accumulated one upon another. These, in consequence of their dense character, are generally near the earth. Clouds of this kind often indicate fair weather. In this case, they begin to form soon after sunrise, and continue to increase till the hottest part of the day. They then gradually diminish, and disappear entirely about sunset. Such clouds are sometimes exceedingly beautiful. As the mass gradually increases, and heap is added to heap, the edges become tipped with the most brilliant white. They grow up into mountains, whose tops seem clothed with the snows of ages, or hang down in festoons of rich drapery. No wonder the poet speaks of the surpassing beauty of "those hanging snow-white palaces," for certainly they almost seem to be creations of some fairy hand.

You have often been in the country, and walked abroad, it may be, as the shades of evening were coming on. If so, you cannot fail to have noticed, on a calm evening, the rising of the gentle mist from the lower ground, and from the surface of the river or the lake. You have seen it, as the sun was setting, slowly stealing along, till it has spread over the entire country, and covered the fair landscape with its sober veil. It gradually becomes thicker, and more properly a cloud, as midnight comes on. Frequently it lasts through the whole night; rising, towards morning, higher in the air, when it is dispersed by the rising sun. This is the third kind of cloud. It is called the *stratus*, or cloud that is spread out into a widely extended sheet. It is the lowest of all the clouds, since it rests upon the surface of the earth or water. At sunrise it is frequently turned into the cumulus. It then may be seen gradually rising in those heaps which are so well known to you, and which have so long been regarded as a sign of fair weather. In November, as the winter's frosts are coming on, this kind of cloud is not changed into the cumulus. It hangs over the earth for some time after sunrise; and is well known as the morning fog, which passes away as the sun's rays become more powerful.

These are the three principal varieties of cloud. But, besides these, there are four other forms, which consist of different modifications of those already described. There is, for instance, the cloud which gives a mottled or dappled appearance to the sky; the kind of cloud you so often see in summer, during fine weather. This is the *cirro-cumulus*. It partakes partly of the character of the cirrus, and partly of the cumulus. It is generally seen in small roundish patches, arranged in regular order. Frequently, too, it appears in distinct layers at different heights in the sky; "the beauteous semblance of a flock at rest." It is one of the most elegant forms of cloud. It is not only pleasing to the eye; it is pleasing also as a sure sign of fair and warm weather. It is usually formed from the cirrus, by the feathery threads of the latter becoming collected in small round masses, and taking a lower position in the sky. There is also the *cirro-stratus*; which consists of thin streaks of cloud lying regularly side by side, sometimes in a horizontal direction, sometimes slanting across the sky. They will often call to your mind the ap-

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pearance of a vast shoal of fish, pursuing their course in the deep. Often, too, it exhibits a thick mass in the middle: passing off at the edges into horizontal streaks along the sky. This cloud is almost always followed by wind and rain. It forms a very beautiful sky, especially when mixed with the cirro-cumulus, but is one which, no doubt, you often regard with distrust, on account of the signs it bears. Very often the cirro-stratus and the cumulus become united into one. They then from a large dense cloud, called *cumulo-stratus*. This cloud seems to swell up into an enormous overhanging top or crown. It often puts on the appearance of mountain scenery; varied only by darker patches here and there. This is the thunder-cloud, and hence is of course the forerunner of a storm.

None of the forms of cloud we have yet mentioned discharge rain upon the earth. Before they can do this, they must be changed into the *nimbus*, or rain-cloud. This is a cloud whose upper part presents the light feathery appearance of the cirrus, while the lower part is in the act of being condensed into rain, and from it rain is falling. Yet the upper part is generally unseen, except in partial showers, for its base most commonly spreads out into one continued sheet, and obscures the sky. When this sheet breaks, and the sun's bright rays dart through the opening, our hearts grow more light, and nature seems more beautiful than ever; for this, as you well know, is the sign that the rain is about to cease. This breaking up of the sheet of cloud is not entirely caused by the sun's power, as you might perhaps imagine, but by the clouds ceasing to arrive in sufficient quantities to keep up the condensation of the vapor into rain. On the gathering of a storm, the cumulo-stratus often presents a magnificent bank of clouds. This in different parts becomes converted into the nimbus. From the latter the lightning flashes, frequently causing it to appear in one blaze of light, from the base to the crown. Such is the case in storms. But showers are often caused without the different kinds of cloud uniting into one. Whenever there are two layers of cloud spreading out, one above the other, condensation may take place; the rain cloud may form, and a shower of rain descend upon the earth.

The course of the clouds is as fleeting as the wind; for it is the wind that bears them along. You have often seen one layer of cloud moving one direction through the sky, while, above this, another layer is moving in just the opposite

They are wafted along by the currents of the wind, and these blow from all points of the sky. Whenever they strike against the summits of the mountains, they become condensed, and fall as rain. And it is because the presence of mountains favors the condensation of the clouds, by changing the direction of the currents of air, that mountainous countries are so subject to rain.

Thus we have endeavored to describe to you the various forms which the clouds assume. Although they exhibit every possible variety of shape, and scarcely keep the same form for five minutes together, they can still be arranged, as you see, in a few classes. We have doubtless said enough to enable you to distinguish the different kinds, and to form some idea of the sort of weather that may be expected from the character of the clouds. When you walk abroad, do not forget to give a look now and then upon the clouds. But think not merely of their beauty, and the fantastic forms which they assume; sometimes, at least, let your thoughts dwell upon the wonderful manner in which they are formed, and the blessings they diffuse around, when they pour forth the gentle showers upon the earth.

THE SMILE OF JESUS.

LOVELY is the face of nature
Deck'd with spring's unfolding flowers:
When the sun shows every feature
Smiling through descending showers,
Birds, with songs the time beguiling,
Chaunt their little notes with glee:
But to see a *Saviour* smiling
Is more soft—more sweet—to me!

Morn, her melting tints displaying
Ere the sluggard is awake;
Ev'ning's zephyrs, gently straying
O'er the surface of the lake:
Melting hues, and airy breezes,
All have powerful charms for me;
But no earthly beauty pleases,
When, my Lord, compared with *Thee!*

Soft and sweet are showers descending
On the parch'd, expecting ground;
Fragrance, from the fields ascending,
Scatters health, and joy, around.
These, with every earthly blessing,
Loudly for thanksgiving call:
Yet, one smile from *Thee* possessing,
Surely, far exceeds them all!

Sweet is sleep to tired nature;
Sweet to labor is repose;
Sweet is life to every creature;
Sweet the balm that hope bestows.
But tho' morn, and ev'ning's breezes,
Sleep, and hope, and life, to me
All is pleasant,—nothing pleases,
Jesus! like a smile from *Thee!*

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SELF-COMMUNION.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

If "the proper study of mankind is man," surely there can be no object of study more suited or more interesting to each individual than himself. One higher and nobler aim of human intellect there doubtless is, the endeavor to know all that we *may* know of the great Creator and First Cause of all things. But, next to this peerless subject of contemplation, there is not one which seems so proper for man as the study of himself, properly so called—his immortal spirit—his intellectual and moral being. This study has been called the "philosophy of mind;" and, being so designated, many have been frightened away from it. The young especially have imagined that it must be dry and uninteresting, whereas nothing can be more rich and suggestive of new and clearer ideas; and some go so far as to allege that, in seeking to form a science of mind, we overstep the due limits of human research, and tread presumptuously on forbidden ground. Why should a lingering prejudice remain in the minds of any against this most reasonable study? "According to the utmost of our conceptions, this wondrous moral being is the highest of our Creator's works; for he has endued it with the capacity of rising to the contemplation of himself, and to the imitation of his own moral perfections." The diffidence, therefore, which many well-meaning persons feel about engaging in the study of mental philosophy, arises from false ideas as to the natural tendency of such a study. They fear lest human intellect should be unduly exalted, and human depravity and weakness too much lost sight of; but the very reverse is the fact. The most thoughtful are always the most humble men. The more we seek to understand ourselves or anything else, the more do we learn. How little we can as yet understand! We look within, and see great and varied powers, and a superficial observer tells us that such a glance fosters pride. How false a theory! the deeper and steadier we gaze, the more thrilling grows the thought—"I am not self-endued with all these germs of immortality; the great Creator placed them here, as seeds, to germinate a little under ground, as it were; another clime must ripen them."

Is this a thought to foster pride? It holds true of everything, that "a *little* knowledge is a dangerous thing." Pedantry is nurtured by ignorance; but who was it that felt himself like a little child playing with pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay stretched out at his feet—trackless—fathomless? Great philosopher! thy humility proved thy greatness.

Do we ask, why is it that we can know so little here? A little reflection teaches us part of the answer to this question. We are not destined to live for ever on this earth, in these mortal bodies. We are but in the infancy of our existence as long as we are here—undeveloped, imperfect. This explains the thirst of the human soul—a thirst unquenchable, enduring; at times almost maddening. We strive to slake it, and we cannot. Why? Because it is not possible to fill a bottomless sea from any but an infinite source. And yet generation after generation of mankind goes on, making the vain attempt to fill it from every muddy, shallow pond; and generation after generation fails. No one will learn from the experience of another; and why should he? Such learning were not experience. Therefore it is that each one tries it over for himself, and the same sighs, and groans, and painful yearnings, and deep, incommunicable longings, are experienced by one after another as they tread this vale of twilight.

But there is deeper meaning in our present ignorance—a clear and beautiful revelation in our very darkness. We cannot here refrain from quoting a remark made to illustrate another subject, but which is strikingly applicable to this. "We love that night, which, peopling the deserts of the heavens with ten thousand stars, unknown to the day, reveals the infinite to our ravished imagination. Why, then, do we not love the night of divine mysteries?—night, gracious and salutary, in which reason humbles itself, and finds refreshment and repose; where the darkness itself is a revelation; where one of the principal attributes of God, immensity, discovers itself more fully to the mind, and we behold Him, the centre of all thought, the law of all law, the supreme final reason of everything!"

At night, "Creation widens in man's view." The "countless orbs," concealed from us by the sun, then stand revealed to our admiring gaze. "The darkness is a revelation." Yes! let us not fear to seek and understand our own minds; the little we can learn of them will prove a most sublime and instructive, because most humbling revelation. By this we would not discourage any one from the attempt to learn all that is possible to know of them. Far from it; such a feeling would paralyze all inquiry on every subject. Who need suffer from ennui when he has himself to converse with? Who can need a subject of meditation when he has himself to think about? What am I? How stirring and interesting a question to begin with! Yet even at this first

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question we must stop, not finding a full and sufficient reply. We may talk about it, and puzzle ourselves with multitudes of words; but it remains unanswered, because in our finite state it is by us unanswerable.

What is that strange thing we call life?—equally unanswerable. We fancy that we know something about it, but we only know it by its effects, and by its opposite, which we call death.

What is the soul? We only know that it is to live for ever; it is not like the body; it knows not weariness; it never sleeps; it cannot perish with its frail companion; it is immortal! What is that which makes up what each individual calls *I*? 1. There is the tangible, material portion, made of dust, to return to dust, yet mysteriously endowed with life. The anatomist has dissected this body, and the chemist has experimented upon it; yet the anatomist, with all his science, and the chemist, with all his analysis, fail in discovering what this principle of life is; nor can they retain it when the time has come for it to depart. And then the spirit flies away, too, and an empty, lifeless, loathsome thing remains. 2. And what is this mental part, this immaterial *I*? It is unseen; yet who doubts of its existence? We feel our internal *I*; and then its complicated connection with the material part. Now, is this explainable? At times they feel almost identical; at times quite distinct. How wonderful is the connection! How still more strange the *felt* separation! We feel that mind may exist alone; we grow confused as we think about it; yet how interesting is the subject of thought! It was not our intention to enter into anything like an analysis of the compound mental *I*, the divisions of mind being as minute and as varied as the nerves, and veins, and arteries in the body. Our idea was simply suggestive, leaving the reader to cast an inward glance upon himself.

The subject is in fact exhaustless, because it touches on the domains of infinity; yet is it not, we think, profitless, if it teach us that "we know nothing yet as we ought to know;" and if it lead our immortal minds away from the frivolous pursuits of folly, to gaze upon that broad ocean of truth and reality, upon whose sunny surface we may venture too, in the bark of humility, though we dare not plunge into its unfathomable depths.

CONSISTENCY.

If we ask for a blessing, and regard iniquity in our hearts, God will not listen to us. Let our hearts but be clean, and let our souls be full of holy, burning zeal, and it shall come to pass that before we call will God answer, and while we are yet speaking will he hear.

TEMPORAL BENEFITS OF RELIGION.

Without some religion no government can be long maintained. This has been understood by the most sagacious of the leaders of mankind in all ages and countries. Even false religions have had their uses in this respect. They have contributed to the stability and power of the governments with which they have been associated. But these religions, having no basis of truth, contain in themselves the germs of their own destruction. So the States of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome were corrupted and destroyed by the false morality of the very religions which, for a while, had strengthened their power, and fostered their genius and civilization. And what has occurred in all past ages, in these relations, may be expected to occur in the future. All the governments of the earth, whose sanctions are derived from false systems of religion, however long some of them have been maintained, through revolutions and convulsions, are, doubtless, destined to be given up, with the systems of falsehood by which they have been upheld; and the true faith, with its pure morality, will yet give permanence to new forms and principles of social order and security in all the heathen and anti-Christian nations.

The true religion has, in itself, a vital energy which renders it immortal. Maintained in its purity, it not only opens to our hopes an eternal heaven of happiness, but will correct what is wrong, and give immortality to all that is right, in the principles and usages of our social life and government.

> "Religion! what treasure untold
> Resides in that heavenly word!"

If we would know the value of our religious privileges, we must place them in contrast with the utter destitution of divine light and instruction, in which millions of heathen have sunk down into the lowest depths of depravity and moral ruin. Think of the lands and the times of darkness. Think of our own land, in all the extent of it, only two hundred and thirty years ago.

> "The sound of the church-going bell
> These valleys and rocks never heard,
> Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
> Nor smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd."

But what is it which renders the city, the mart of commerce, the populous village, the school, the college, the house of worship, the court, the prison, the hospital, the smiling harvest-fields, and all the peaceful occupations of

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the people, upon the land and the ocean, so much better than the hut, and the chase, and the rude and cruel life of the savage? It is Christianity, mainly—the individual hopes, the social morality, and the all-pervading influences of the true religion—at once the gift of God, and the right and the duty of man. He, therefore, who promotes the faith of the gospel, in the life and power of its principles, and their application to the laws and usages of our social and civil relations, is, of all patriots and statesmen, the most serviceable to the State, to the Union, and to the best interests of mankind. Let religion—pure religion—be revived, in all our borders, and it will calm the turbulence of political parties. Sectional jealousies will give place to mutual confidence and brotherly love, and we may hope to see, both from the North and the South, men of simplicity and godly sincerity, in our cabinets of government and halls of legislation.

CHRIST EXPOUNDING THE LAW.

"And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him, were astonished at his understanding and answers." LUKE ii. 46, 47.

THE voice of God was mighty, when it brake
Through the deep stillness of chaotic night,
Uttering the potent words, "Let there be light!"
And light was kindled as the Eternal spake;
While Hosts Seraphic hymned the wondrous plan
Which formed Heaven, Earth, Sun, Sea, and crowned the work with MAN.

The voice of God was mighty, when it came
From Sinai's summit, wrapped in midnight gloom,
When ceaseless thunders told the sinner's doom,
And answering lightnings flashed devouring flame;
Till prostrate Israel breathed th' imploring cry,
"Veil, Lord, thy terrors; cease thy thunders, or we die."

The voice of God was mighty, when alone
Elijah stood in Horeb, and the blast
Rent the huge mountains as JEHOVAH passed,
And the Earth quaked beneath the Holy One;
When ceased the storm, the blast, the lightning glare—
And but the "still small voice" was heard—yet God was there.

Yet not alone in thunder or in storm
The voice of God was mighty, as it came
From the red mountain, or the car of flame:—
When stooped the Godhead to a mortal form;
When Jesus came to work his Father's will,
His was the voice of God—and it was mighty still.

He chid the billows—and the heaving sea
Lay hushed,—the warring winds obeyed his word,—
The conscious demons knew and owned their Lord,
And at his bidding set the captive free.
But is not Hatred strong as wave or wind,
And are the Hosts of Hell more stubborn than mankind?

These, too, he vanquished When the Holy Law
From his pure lips like mountain honey flowed:
Still, as he spake, the haughty heart was bowed,
Passion was calmed, and Malice crouched in awe—
The Scribe, perversely blind, began to see,
And mute conviction held the humbled Pharisee.

"Man never spake like this man," was their cry,—
And yet he spake, and yet they heard in vain:
E'en as their sires to idols turned again,
When Sinai's thunders shook no more the sky—
So these went back to bend at Mammon's shrine,
And heard that voice no more, yet felt it was Divine!

THE ATTENDING ANGEL.

THERE is something impressive and awe-inspiring in the thought that we are constantly surrounded with spiritual beings, and that angels are the invisible spectators and witnesses of what is said and done on earth. No man is ever absolutely alone. He cannot be. Wherever he goes or abides, some sentinel of the invisible world has an eye upon him. Men often seek to be alone, and think and feel that they are, and act accordingly; but they may rest assured that the eye of some watchman is upon them, more sleepless and vigilant than any earthly police could ever boast of. In the thronged city, amid the busy haunts of men and in the gay and festive circles of fashion, as well as in the quiet solitudes of the country, there are those present who gaze with intense interest on the transactions of earth and on the conduct of candidates for the judgment and immortality.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep.

So said Milton, the prince of poets; and a greater than Milton recognizes the fact that angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, and urges to fidelity and untiring vigilance, from the fact that we are surrounded with a great cloud of witnesses. There is, however, a practical disbelief of this truth among men. They are not often restrained from wrong conduct by the belief of invisible spectators. The practical influence of such a belief would often be salutary. If men realized that invisible agents are always present to watch their conduct and immediately report to the great police above, how much more circumspect would they be than they often are! How differently, too, would they receive and treat the messages of mercy and salvation which are delivered from Sabbath to Sabbath! Instead of the drowsy inattention and the vacant stare which is often

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observed, what full-souled earnestness would fix the wrapt attention to the great and absorbing themes of eternal salvation! In the case of how many individuals at home or in the house of God each Sabbath is the attending angel compelled, in sadness, to carry his report above that that Sabbath has been wasted, lost, misimproved, and the means of grace been enjoyed to no good purpose! And did each preacher of the gospel—each ambassador of God—prepare for the solemn transactions of the Sabbath, and deliver the messages of Heaven's King to his fellow-men, under the full impression that an attending angel was present to mark the manner of both preacher and hearer under each discourse, and ready to begin his flight to heaven to make report there, what a different aspect would often appear in the services of the sanctuary! And it can hardly admit of a doubt that the comparative coldness and indifference which often mark the manner of both preacher and hearer is offensive to God, and grieves His Spirit to withdraw those sacred influences which otherwise had exerted the most salutary and blessed effects. An incident in the life of Whitefield strikingly illustrates a truth of this kind. Near the close of an impressive discourse, which he delivered to assembled thousands, he made a solemn pause and then addressed his numerous auditory:—"The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways!" To give greater effect to this exclamation he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and his eyes to heaven, and, with gushing tears, cried aloud, "Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." He then, in the most simple but energetic language, described what he called a Saviour's dying love to sinful men: so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears.

This anecdote is related by the infidel Hume, who was present, and was much affected by the solemn representation; and well had it been for him had he yielded to the salutary impressions of that day and allowed his name to be entered by the recording angel in the book of life. And is it too much to suppose that attending and witnessing angels will be called on in the great day to testify against men whom they have seen from their invisible stations sitting under the ministrations of the gospel, from Sabbath to Sabbath, with cold and heartless indifference? How appalling to the sinner in that day to hear such testimony from the attending angel, who is now watching him from Sabbath to Sabbath!

PROCRASTINATION.

A LA FANNY FERN.

"JULIANA, my dear, you will be too late for the post. It goes at twelve; yet there you are, scribbling away at your crossed letter of eight pages, as if you had all the day before you."

"Oh! never fear, papa," replied Juliana, a spoilt boarding school miss of some sixteen years of age. "I *must* finish this for my dear Letitia, or she will be *so* disappointed."

"But, my dear, you ought to have written it yesterday. You knew as well as I that the post was early to-day, and that not being able to go myself, nor trust the boy, I should have to depend on you to take some very important letters. But ever and always this procrastination!" And Juliana's father threw himself back in his gouty chair, and sighed impatiently.

Juliana thought to herself, "What an old fidget papa is!" and then she went on with her long, crossed scrawl, abounding in "dears," and "loves," and emphatic dashes. The clock struck eleven.

"Juliana, I must insist on your coming to a conclusion. The walk will consume nearly half an hour, and I know to my cost how long it takes you to put on your bonnet."

"Papa, what nonsense! Just as if I should care how I put on my things to go to a country post office. One moment and I have just done. ('With *warmest* love, and many, *many* kisses, your ever affectionate though *melancholy* JULIANA.') Now, papa, I will not be five minutes. Stay! I must seal my letter. Oh dear! where is my tiny love of a seal?"

Juliana searched her writing-desk, her work-box, her drawing-box; in vain. Meanwhile, her papa was almost stamping with impatience, and the clock chimed a quarter past eleven.

"Oh! here it is, in the pocket of my apron. Now, papa."

Up flew Juliana to her bed-room, two or three steps at a time. She had nearly attired herself for her walk, when she remembered that there was a chance of her meeting the new curate in the village. "This old straw bonnet will never do," she thought. "I look such a fright in it." So she put it off again, and taking a pale green silk one out of a band-box, was proceeding to arrange it on her elaborate curls, when the voice of her

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father sounded from the bottom of the stairs in accents so unlike his usual mild tones, that she ran down stairs all in a flurry, with her bonnet strings untied.

Mr. Kerr was indeed very angry, and his face and manner, as he told her that the clock had chimed the half-hour, and gave the important missives, together with her own to her dear Letitia, into her yet ungloved hand, convinced her that he was no longer to be trifled with. She hastened through the garden, and down the hill towards the village, tying her bonnet and putting on her gloves as she went.

But the conventional school-girl, trained to walk in a stiff double row of her fellows, with the stately governesses bringing up the rear, and on the watch to repress any vivacious movement, was ill fitted to bear the exertion of a run uphill and down-hill, such as she was now taking; so that the natural consequence of her unwonted exertion soon reached her in the shape of what is vulgarly called "a stitch in the side." This took her so suddenly and so violently, that she was compelled to stop, and walk very quietly up the abrupt ascent towards the village; and while thus slowly progressing, the village clock rang the quarter to twelve.

Juliana well understood the importance of posting her papa's letters in time, and it was only her blamable habit of procrastination, and not any real indifference about her errand, that had caused her to run so great a risk of being too late after all. "There is time enough," has been the ruin of many important interests; even of that most weighty one of all, the salvation of an immortal soul. Having with much effort surmounted the abrupt ascent, there was still the long village street to traverse, on the left hand of which, mid-way to the post-office, stood the church. As Juliana passed the gates, she cast an anxious glance up at the clock. Seven minutes to twelve.

Oh! how the poor girl tugged and strained to overcome the remaining distance. Too late! the post-office window closed inexorably down just as she reached it, and to her knockings and timid supplications, she could only obtain the cool, matter-of-fact answer, "The bags are being made up; we can take in no more letters."

The father could not but forgive his child, at the sight of her sincere repentance, but Juliana could not forgive herself. Nor were the results of her delay so easily averted. They extended through many anxious years. But the youthful culprit was effectually cured of her fault, and never afterwards could any one accuse her of undue delay in the prosecution of a duty.

A spirit of procrastination, though not usually reckoned an important defect in a character, is sufficient to mar the worth of the most amiable; its consequences, if the fault be not radically cured, extending even into the ages of eternity.

LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

We candidly confess ourselves guilty of a cold misanthropical "*nil admirari*" kind of disposition, amounting almost to sympathy and fellow-feeling with the ignorant Athenian clown, who could, without compunction, write the name of Aristides on a shell, and so help ostracise that incorruptible patriot, only because admiring citizens would always call him "*Just.*"

We never could endorse the maxim, "*Vox populi vox Dei,*" and a clamorous Ephesian rabble, shouting "*Great is Diana,*" and worshipping the little wooden image which fell down from Jupiter as a Celestial Goddess, seemed not to us more palpably absurd than that irrational furor of popular applause which greeted the first appearance of Uncle Tom. And we were not *alone* in this perverseness, for a sensible friend of ours, though an omnivorous novel-reader, declared he would not read it; he would not even hear of it, and when he passed a bookstore turned his head another way to avoid the sight of paper handbills staring from a pasted board to advertise this nine days' literary wonder to the gaping world outside. But he *did* read it, and so did we, and straightway joined our voice to swell the rabble's loud "*Hurra for Harriet Beecher Stowe!*"

Now we maintain that a work which can thus force admiration from the indifferent, and compel respect even from opposers, must have most extraordinary power. We speak now only of its merit as a literary work, and without reference to its moral bearings on slavery, that most vexed of all national and social questions. Though much ephemeral popularity has doubtless been derived from its sympathy with the strong anti-slavery spirit of the North, and its opposition to the still stronger pro-slavery spirit of the South, we must still regard it, after all these abatements, as a work of the very highest order of literary and artistic merit. The characters have a dramatic interest and power of exciting sympathy which does, and ought to give an enviable, because a well-deserved, reputation to its accomplished author. Such pages need no "*puffing*" to give them currency.

And then, again, like Marvel, the *incomparable*

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Ike Marvel. We did not care a fig about him or his Bachelor Reveries, though everybody told us they were "*very fine indeed*," till the papers said he had got married, got into office, gone to Venice, and would forthwith produce a History of that far-famed Republic; and so, not to get rusty and old fogyish in current literature, we got his books and read them, and found, to our surprise, that they were, *sui generis*, a sort of "*rara aves*" amongst the crowd of novels, essays, and magazine excerpta constantly issuing from the daily press. Elevated and refined sentiment, literary tact, and a vein of purely original and piquant thought, smacking strongly of the writer's own individuality, were attractions which must at once have made Ike Marvel the special favorite of his dear ten thousand friends, the novel-reading public. But it was not the story-telling, the plot-hatching and denouement-making capabilities of the mere novelist which attracted so large a circle of intelligent and admiring readers, for Mitchell's books have none of these. He has not essayed to paint men and manners *so*. His works are of a higher grade. Without any seemingness of art, they are really more finished and artistic than any novel *proper;* modelled after the old Eugene Aram fashion of telling love and murder stories.

They have a certain delicacy of sentiment, piquancy of thought, and genuine naïveté of expression which *alone*, without plot or story of any kind to give extraneous interest, would charm a cultivated reader, and even disarm professional criticism. But much as we admired the "*Reveries*," we are rejoiced to learn that this most charming writer would abandon Fiction and give us veritable Venetian History, because, like many another literary star which has shot suddenly up the horizon, he was in danger of repeating himself, and falling into a tiresome *sameness* of conception and expression, as Bulwer, Frederica Bremer, Dickens, and their compeers have done, and are still doing, in their later productions, and as Harriet Beecher Stowe will inevitably do should the present violent gale of popular applause fill her swelling sails and put her again afloat upon the hazardous sea of authorship.

We feel morally certain that a temperance Uncle Tom, though it might put money in the bookseller's pocket, even at the tempting offer of ten thousand dollars to the writer, could never equal the *original* Uncle Tom—the *immortal* Uncle Tom—which sprang at once perfect and complete from the virgin brain of this modern Minerva, who not only forces the applause and admiration of her own native Yankeedom, but has also actually overcome, by the gentle strokes of her magic goose-quill, the constitutional surliness of John Bull toward every thing American, from a Yankee book downwards through a Yankee yacht to a Yankee plough. We trans-Atlantic newsmongers are astonished to read in the foreign column this marvellous fact: that the tiaraed and bejewelled duchesses of proud Old England are vying with each other in paying their humble *devoirs* to this plain-looking, unhead-dressed and untitled, but nobly self-possessed American woman; standing in their midst an invited, courted and honored guest; and what is stranger still, that cold, unimpassioned, Presbyterian Scotland has, by unanimous vote of its great metropolitan borough, invited her across the water on purpose to receive this national homage. Like everybody else, we intend to follow this new fashion of heroine-worship, and cry out at the full pitch of our voice, with the whole American, English, French, and German world, "*Vive la Reine*," "*Madame Beecher Stowe;* but we do hope, for sake of the perpetuity of this worship, that our human goddess will not commit the serious blunder of endeavoring to make another book at *present;* or if, genius like, murder will out, and must run itself into print, we humbly crave that she essay a higher flight, or at least some other mode of literary effort, and leave Uncle Tom *alone*, in single, unapproachable glory. Mrs. Stowe is an original and gifted woman, with a mind-power which might justly make even a *man* proud and self-glorifying, but our humble opinion is, that even *her* fertile brain must lie fallow for a season, or reproduce its own original creations under inferior and less imposing forms. If she attempt fiction again at present, we shall inevitably have Toms and Topseys, and St. Clares repeated as often as the pale reflections of that sweetest but most unearthly spirit, "*Little Nell*," appears in that mammoth collection of subsequent tales and stories which deserves to be labelled The Encyclopedia Bozziana, or Grand Cosmopolitan Story Book.

If Milton, as some critics tell us, with his transcendently original genius and creative power, *could* do, and *has* done, nothing more than to new-name the characters, transpose the incidents, and paraphrase the language of Homer's Iliad, we cannot believe that either Ike Marvel or Mrs. Stowe, deservedly admired as they are, can always keep moving ahead on the same literary track, and yet be always great, always *original*, and always *new*.

But popularity, like Hannibal's good fortune, is a fickle jade, for we were only comfortably settled down into quiet admiration of our Marvel and our marvellous Harriet Stowe, when suddenly

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one day a book, called "*Clouds and Sunshine*," was dropped within our way, and owing to an absurd blunder of the Press, and its indiscriminating criticisms, we were impressed with the idea that this new book on speculative religious themes was written by our old favorite, the author of the "Reveries;" but afterwards we were agreeably disappointed to find that we had a *new* book on a *new* subject, in a *new* style, by a *new* favorite. Without being very novel or very profound, its matter interests the reader far more than a more thoroughly didactic or logical work on religious subjects could possibly do. It is in the form of dialogue, and the three interlocutors, though all equally honest, earnest and sincere, differ so widely in their speculative notions that ample scope is allowed the writer to introduce into these friendly conversations, where the disputants each amiably "agree to disagree," all the Protean forms of current unbelief, misbelief, and no belief which are every where so rife at present, and which more decidedly characterize by their prevalence this Nineteenth Century than the open and undisguised infidelity of Paine, Volney, and Voltaire marked the Eighteenth. We are by no means partial to this interlocutory method of argumentation, because it is necessarily so unfair and disengenuous, and so strongly tempts the writer to put his own peculiar and dearly cherished views in the strongest and most favorable light, while his opponents are left to stand as mere "*men of straw*," to be pelted with the stoniest arguments his theologic armory can supply without power of rebuff or reply, except so far as it may please the redoubtable champion of his own one-sided opinions to cram the mouths of his self-created dummies with just such rejoinders as it may suit his own taste or convenience to make a reply to. But in the conception and execution of the work we are reviewing, the writer has so completely escaped from the ordinary well-beaten track of argumentative dialogue, that he actually presents three equal sides to every subject he discusses; and so equal and well sustained is the argument on the part of each interlocutor, that the reader is completely puzzled and nonplused in every attempt to conjecture with which party the writer is identical in sympathy. This peculiarity, while it enhances the merit of the book, so far as its argumentative or artistic character is concerned, did, however, we confess, sorely vex and disappoint us.

We had come, by reading, to feel a sympathetic interest in the views and opinions of our new favorite, and as we marked the nobility of nature and sentiment expressed in every paragraph, we wistfully desired to penetrate the more interior world of thought and feeling which makes the individual man, apart from those ever-varying and capricious kaleidoscopic views which fancy or feeling might present to us under the mask of fiction. Is he religious? If so, how does the sentiment express itself in the actualities of life? In what fashion, and after what sectarian form of faith or worship? *That* we longed to know, for who was ever yet deeply interested in the living thoughts of a living writer and did not wish to know his manner of thinking and feeling on that subject which lies nearest and dearest to all hearts?

But we were as far as ever from finding any clue to the higher workings of our author's mind when we had half finished "Clouds and Sunshine," and we dashed along the pages, hoping by some latent or openly-expressed sympathy of the writer with A, or B, or C, to penetrate the sacred Eleusinia of his own secret thought; in short, his views of Christian Truth and Duty. But no; we found no clue. The dialogue moves on. Each mask has said its say; but our author, we feel sure, is not identical with that dark, melancholy, unhopeful, unbelieving, lazy-minded man, who doubts and disbelieves in every thing—in virtue and in goodness; God's or man's; nor can *his* be that cold and calculating—that philosophic stand-still sort of spirit to whom the world and all things in it seem like Ixion's wheel, eternally revolving, though without progression; only winding up to-day, what the next diurnal or centennial movement will totally *un*wind; leaving this fair round world of ours and all its towns and cities, and all the men and women in them, in statu quo from age to age; a Reasoner who dares to say, and that without a blush, "*I do not believe, in a word, that there has been any material progress, either in the wisdom or goodness of the world, since man first set his foot upon it!*" and again, "I believe that London and Paris are destined to be the same heap of ruins that old Rome and Ephesus now are—that our own land, after going through a glorious development, and reaching in some respects a higher point of culture perhaps than human annals have yet borne witness to, must in turn bow her lofty head, and droop and die, and return to her primitive desolation; must become the same beast-and-savage-haunted wilderness that the men of Plymouth found her;" and yet again, "I believe that the same obstacles exist and will exist as ever to the mental and moral progress of the race—obstacles growing out of these frail craving bodies and wayward minds of ours—out of our native aversion to labor, and love of ease and self-indulgence—and upon which no conceivable or-

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ganization of society—no stimulus of precept or example, no multiplication of books, or schools, or teachers, can ever make any permanent impression; and therefore that the great and good of earth will always be, as they have ever been, in sad disproportion to the ignorant and sinful. I believe that all the inequalities of endowment and condition—all the accidents, struggles, feuds, pains, sorrows of life, will exist while earth exists, just as much as I believe that men will always be looking up at the same stars, climbing the same mountains, and sailing over the same oceans that they now do; in a word, that the orchestra of nature—the drama of life, will never change. I have no doubt there will be just as many whims to humor, follies to laugh at—vices to lash—crimes to punish—just as much work for the satirist and caricaturist and magistrate in A. D. 18,530 as in 1853—that life will be the same web of mingled yarn—the same many-colored thing as ever." Our author cannot be entirely in sympathy with either of these speculators; nor yet can we altogether identify him with that amiable, but weak and enthusiastic optimist who believes that Evil is but Good's precursor, that "*civilization and Christianity are to play no less a part than this—in God's good time so to mould and temper our passions, and develop our powers, that Paradise will be restored again, and restored not to the happy few, but to the whole family of man.*"

Well, then, we must conclude that our author, so gentle, and genial, and true, as he always is, in the incidental expression of his own individual thought in his minor works, does not fully endorse as matters of positive belief any of the thousand and one shades of speculative opinion to which this work directly or indirectly alludes; yet we must indulge ourselves in cherishing the impression that a writer who has so charmed and instructed us by his admirable miscellanies is thoroughly *Christian* in the highest and best sense of that sacred but much-abused word. We *know* not and we *care* not under what sectarian or ritual forms he cherishes the idea of *Christ*, and reverence for His Divine teachings; for our religious sympathies embrace all, of whatever creed, who warm their hearts and light their pathway through this dark and sinning world by the light, and life, and truth which beam from this great central sun—the Christ of God—the everlasting Friend and Benefactor of our race.

WHAT is nobler or holier than charity? Charity looketh kindly on the erring; she entreateth the misguided without chiding, and leads back the guilty to the path of rectitude, forgetting the sins that are past.

GENEVIEVE.

BY PHILIP B. AMMIDON.

WHEN the rising moon looked dimly forth, and the stars shone faint and few,
And their quivering light, on the brow of night, was quenched by the falling dew,
The Angel of Rest, from his home in the west, where departed echoes sleep,
(There from earthly care fly the bright and the fair, and the good forget to weep,)
Came down on the sable wing of gloom, through the parting shades of eve,
And stole from my side my joy and my pride, the youthful Genevieve,
And bore from my sight, on this autumn night, the gentle Genevieve.

I cannot weep, for my stricken heart is cold as the pitiless death,
That came down like a blight on this autumn night, and his damp sepulchral breath
Like the shade of a tomb hath stolen the bloom from the fairest rose of day,
But the faded flower for one awful hour ye *shall not* take away;
And mine eyes shall gaze on that angel-form through the sombre autumn eve,
On the form and the face and the withered grace of the maiden Genevieve,
On the withered charms, in those icy arms, of my own loved Genevieve.

I spoke of rest for the throbbing breast and a home for the weary soul:
Here doubt and tears shroud the misty years, and the waves of sorrow roll;
But my thoughts will not stay by the lifeless clay, and my old affections fly,
To the golden gates where a spirit waits in the pure celestial sky;
And now as I gaze on the soulless eye, my spirit forgets to grieve
For the lost to earth, with its joyless mirth—for the beautiful Genevieve;
For my angel-love in her home above—for the bright-eyed Genevieve.

"GOOD MANNERS."

COR. XV: XXXIII.

THAT good manners are a part of the gospel, is, perhaps, a new idea to many readers of the Bible. Ignorance, however, on this point, will not excuse any who violate a clearly revealed gospel precept. Some may shelter themselves behind the corrupting influences of "evil communications," and thus think themselves effectually shielded from guilt; when, at the same time, it may appear, after *self*-examination, that they have never had any very great accumulation of "good manners" upon which *external* causes of corruption could operate.

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The Christian is looked up to by the worldling as a living exemplification of the minutiæ of the gospel requirement. What some Christians regard as of minor importance in conduct, the impenitent scan with Lynx-eyed scrutiny, as will be seen in the following anecdote:—An intelligent lawyer, far more conversant with human than divine law, who had mingled much with Christians, some of whom were noted for their solemnity of countenance and conversation, asked a friend, "Is Mr. B. a Christian?" "Yes!" was the reply, "he professes to be one, and his practice corresponds with his profession." The answer did not seem to satisfy the shrewd legal inquirer, who immediately remarked that "Mr. B. could not be a Christian, he was so unlike others of his aquaintance, whose piety none seemed to question—he was *so affable* and *gentlemanly*." The skepticism of this member of the bar, as to the piety of Mr. B., sheds a flood of light upon the "good manners" of the gospel, and should serve to convince Christians that the apostle meant something when he said, "Be *court·ous*." This legal stickler for "good manners" had associated with those who deemed stern taciturnity and a sombre, *grave*-like expression of countenance, indispensable to Christian conduct. It was no wonder, then, that he should discover no similar evidences of piety in the "affable Mr. B."

The influence of Christians would be greatly enhanced, if, in their intercourse with others, they exhibited more of what the Bible beautifully calls the "*gentleness* of Christ." There is much that is Christ-like in the word "*gentle*-man." It is descriptive of the gentility that pertains to the court of heaven. It speaks of a courtesy far more refined than that taught by Chesterfield, and practised by the hollow-hearted worldling. Christian politeness does not consist in a ceremonious bow, at a certain point of spinal curvature, but in a kind recognition of those with whom we are brought in contact, as we pass through a formal and frigid world. We should have benevolent smiles for those we meet from day to day—sweet reflections from affectionate hearts. Much that is deemed to be "good manners," in *fashionable* society, is nothing more than studied stiffness, and cannot but disgust a frank and generous mind.

If religion is slighted because of the *repulsive* manners of those who profess to be governed by its exalted principles, is it not imperiously incumbent on all such libellers of Christianity to set about immediate reformation in this important particular? Austerity of deportment is palpably inconsistent with the genius of the gospel; and those who would avail themselves of incalculably increased *power* over *social beings* (and such are those we meet in every walk of life), would do well to act in accordance with that inspired precept which teaches that "good manners" are indispensably requisite among the other accomplishments of the Christian, who is, or ought to be, in the noblest sense of the term, a *gentle*-man.

HOMES OF AMERICA.

BY E. L. B.

They sing the *homes* of *England*;
The happy, fair, and free,
That brightly gleam or humbly rise,
By the ancestral tree;
Where kindred hearts together beat,
In mirth, in love, in prayer,
Where shines their cities' proudest towers,
Or valleys blossom fair.

They sing the *homes* of *England*—
By ancient valor bought,
With many a field of deathless fame,
By laurelled hero fought;
And many a name of kingly sound,
Flung wide on wave and breeze,
Which blessed their household shrines, or hung
Their banner o'er the seas.

They sing the *homes* of *England*—
And tell how rich the page,
How sweet the song, or deep the love,
Of poet or of sage;
They point you to the castled halls,
Where dwelt their chiefs of yore,
And ask what nation's wealth or pride
Could boast of such a shore?

They sing the *homes* of *England*;—
But are their hearths more blest,
Than those the pilgrim exiles reared,
In the far Indian West?
Look in upon our cottage bowers,
Or mark the loftier fane,
And say if came the May-Flower's prow
To wintry wilds in vain!

They sing the *homes* of *England*;—
The hearth-fire's cheerful blaze,
The cherished song, and legend old,
Of England's earlier days;—
But share awhile our peaceful lot,
Ye who have loved that land,
Nor say a blessing rests alone
On Albion's favored strand!

What though we boast no titles
Of royal heraldry,
Or ivied castles' haughty towers,
Along the dashing sea!

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Our memory dwells with patriot sires,
Who fought and bled, that we
Might claim a higher, holier right,
As children of the *free*.

What though long ages speak not
On our historic page;
Its fewer years have richly traced
A wise and glorious age:
Nor few our names by fame enshrined,
For honors nobly won:
What country's bard could ever sing
Of one like Washington!

We boast no regal conquests
In glittering Eastern seas,
A nobler triumph is our own,
A purer strife than these:
That victory is o'er mighty streams,
And Western forest deep;
Where late the red man's arrow sped,
The Christian's infants sleep.

And long by lake and river,
In vale, on mountain high,
In wilds unknown and distant plains,
Where golden treasures lie,
While freemen's hearts are brave and true,
Beneath Columbia's skies
The blest *homes* of *America*,
Shall proudly, brightly rise.

Then let them sing of *England*—
We would not hush their strain,
But tell them of as fair a land,
Across the Atlantic main;
And bid them welcome to our hearths,
And wreathe our country's flowers,
In friendship's purest chain, to link
That nation's love to ours.

THE LOVE OF HORRORS.

When I first arrived at the dignity of "taking in" a periodical on my own account, an event memorable in the annals of pocket-money and self-importance, I gave my allegiance, as if by instinct, to "the Terrific Register," a startling, harrowing publication, popular of old among housemaids, schoolboys, and young apprentices, and I proceeded to quaff this cup of horrors, which for a few pence gave a marvellous amount of marvellous atrocities. I have often looked back with wonder at that remarkable expenditure, that wonderful investment of capital on some pages of blood and slaughter, murders and executions, which used to make my blood curdle in my veins and my hair stand on end, as I waded from one tale to another, each seeking to out-Herod the exciting enormities of the other. The love of being frightened was a strange, and, to a school-boy, an expensive taste. I recollect distinctly the grim portrait of Lord Balmerino on the scaffold with his head half cut off, and his eyes made to stare and glare upon the reader with all that wildness and agony which a cheap woodcut with its peculiar mode of expressing the human countenance and human feeling is capable of conveying. It was indeed a monstrous spectacle, and kept me awake, I dare say, many a night; those ghastly features, with those large eyes fixed upon one, were most successfully done by the ferocious artist who held office in the Terrific Register, and slashed away with good broad lines to the periodical consternation of admiring though affrighted readers. One certainly "snatched a fearful joy," revelled in goose-skin sensations, had all the mysterious luxury of having one's whole nervous system shaken and upset, and, if it be not an Irish saying, enjoyed a good frightening from time to time with singular fortitude and perseverance. When "the new number" arrived, it was received with mingled feelings of pride and dread, and the operation of cutting the pages with their abominable type was undergone with a mixture of curiosity and fear.

I find, however, in looking out upon the world, that this love of horrors is not confined to the boyish state. No; the taste for the horrible seems to be largely indulged in at all periods of life. Madame Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors," with its extra sixpence for the privilege of surveying the group of select detestables, proves the popular demand; the productive nature of the more barbarous murders to the daily press at a dull time of year, when Parliament is not sitting, is too well known, while the "further particulars" which afford such a scope for the inventive genius of "our own Reporter," are greedily gulped down. So also every execution, with its gaping throng of horror seekers, watching every twitch of the convulsed frame of the dying wretch, and gloating from the crowded windows and house-tops with fiendish interest over his quivering limbs in the last awful struggle, still further proves the amazing passion for the terrible which is not to be satisfied with pictured woe, with agonies on paper, with groans and shrieks given in letter-press. The murderer who cried out to the crowd that was hurrying before him to Tyburn, "Stop, my good friends; there will be no fun till I come," was a shrewd observer of human nature, and saw plainly, though under such awful circumstances himself, the great attraction, "fun," as he called it, which is found in the most dreadful and revolting scenes.

Horror seems to be a sort of candle and we the moths; people get fascinated; the rope-dancer, for instance, in the midst of his perilous feats, keeps our eye fixed upon him by a sort of spell

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though we dread every moment to see him dashed to pieces on the ground. I heard from an eye-witness of the scene, that when Courvoirsier had to endure the barbarity of the "condemned Sermon," a sermon happily in these better days of the Church very appropriately "condemned" itself, a carriage dashed up to the chapel, and a refined youthful lady, with a light step, glided across the pavement, and being before the time, accidentally found her way to "the black bench;" on being made to move, she elegantly hurried into another seat, where she stayed out the horrid service, to see the fearful spectacle of human emotion in the face and form of one who might be called a dying man. What a strange need of excitement, of some strong stimulant; what a strong love of horrors, which could thus draw one outwardly so feminine, so gentle-looking, to such a scene.

Speaking of public executions, which I suppose are only continued on the ground of not lessening any of the popular "amusements," or depriving the people of an accustomed, and, let us add, depraving "sight," I think that little as Spain is able to teach us on the subject of morals or religion, she did teach us a great lesson in the recent execution of the priest who aimed at the Queen's life. Instead of crowding to a show, and hurrying to the spectacle of his dying pangs, multitudes were seen either in the balconies that overhung the street through which he was drawn to the scaffold, or in the street itself, fall down on their knees and pray for him as he passed, an act of mercy and Christian compassion which for once gave a glow to a public execution. This parenthesis, good reader, is worth remembering; there is matter in it to think about. Perhaps the bull-fights, with all their butcheries of man and beast, are in your mind as I am speaking of one good point in the Spanish character. Certainly the love of horrors is not altogether dead in Spain, when we find the gentlest Spanish women among the foremost to delight and feast themselves in such barbarous and bloody sports.

I suppose the natural love of horrors must be traced, in the first place, not to mere cruel curiosity, but to the better root of sympathy. Whatever happens to man, especially of a painful kind, concerns man, who is born to pain. There is a sort of common property in pain, and we like to see how others go through the dark road before us. The shipwreck, with the shrieking sailor falling from the mast, and the infant washed from its mother's breast, makes us feel in imagination what the sailor and the mother felt as a reality, because we have the same nature as they, and the chord touched by them vibrates through our frame. The terrible realities of man's state, the darker, wilder, bloodier scenes, have an interest for man, as he feels himself a part of this disjointed breathing world, so woefully disjointed, in which these things happen. By nature, if not by personal act, he is connected with all the guilt, and woe, and suffering, and tears.

But without digging up the root of these matters, we see plainly that this love of the terrible, however natural, and however traceable to as good a root as sympathy, is to be restrained, because by indulgence it ends not in enlarging but in destroying sympathy; we become mere gazers and lookers on, an excited but an inactive audience; and all our pity is but froth, mere goose-skin after all, useless exclamations of horror, which do nobody any good. To be perpetually horrified on our sofas and easy chairs, to be getting perpetually clammy and chilly, and as poor folks say "all of a tremble," without any consequent action, without any noble endeavor to rescue sufferers or to lessen suffering, without the chance or opportunity of it, is simply to wear a set of feelings to pieces without any possible result. It is a waste of feeling. We spoil the pump by pumping up the water which all runs down where it likes; and then when the house is on fire, the pump will not act, or there is no water in the well. It is worse than useless to raise emotions merely to let them sink down again.

The same sort of objection is often brought, and with much justice, against *over-much* novel reading. A novel is a strong stimulant; if we take nothing but strong stimulants, we exhaust the feelings, we wear them out, we produce mere dreamy, listless, inactive minds. We live in Dreamland; we have excellent sentiments, but indifferent actions. All the world is tame unless we stalk as heroes on the boards, and to be perpetually living among heroes is to make ourselves unfit for being really useful in ordinary times.

In some respects perhaps we are less fond of horrors than the preceding age. The Mysteries of Udolpho would hardly take now; sepulchral voices, clanking chains, dark passages, dungeons filled with bones, melancholy sounds issuing out of ivied cells, is a stock that has, we hope, been somewhat "sold off." French books do their best to keep up the taste, and with this addition, that they seem more deeply dyed with vice than those of English manufacture. May the whole herd of horror-mongers find it an ill trade, and the shoe-strings of murderers and their hats and walking-sticks cease to possess historic interest.

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There is enough to be done in the present age by all warm-hearted men for sufferers of all sorts, to prevent us playing with the terrible, or merely gazing at horrors with tremulous inactivity.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY REV. O. A. TAYLOR.

Having awaked one morning, long before the day, I lay indulging in many sad reflections on the low state of piety around me. I thought of those numerous youth, who, led on by delusive dreams of pleasure, and those false hopes which one after another must be put out forever, are wasting their best years in sin and folly; while my soul exulted in view of the blessedness of the Christian's hope, that, kindled up at the throne of God, only grows brighter as the earth vanishes away. I arose to walk forth and inhale the fresh breath of morning, and catch the first smile of the dawning day. Night had not yet lifted her curtain, and the horizon was enveloped in a dark cloud, saving a narrow strip on its eastern border, through which opening I discerned the dawn. Watching the increasing light, I bent my steps towards the ocean, which lay in the same direction. As the sun approached the horizon, the cloud became illuminated, growing brighter and brighter to a brilliant red, or rather saffron, variegated by innumerable shadings and tinges, such as the most skilful artist must forever essay in vain, and none but the Divine pencil could impart. The cause of this phenomenon I could not immediately discover, but at length it was revealed. The sun, still below the horizon, was shining on the ocean, also below it, from whence his rays were reflected upon the cloud, painting on it with perfect distinctness, in minute lines, and beautiful colors, all the waves, ripples, and varying currents of the mighty deep. Almost could I discern on the answering face of the cloud, the billows rolling, and one wave pressing on after the other. I even looked to descry a ship that might be traversing those distant seas. Nothing seemed wanting but a telescope to enable me to read fairly and perfectly the face of the waters, and even to discover, not the leviathans only that might be sporting therein, but the little fish as they leapt out of the sea. While I gazed at the cloud, as I paced the hard beech with the waves breaking at my feet, the sun drew nearer and nearer the horizon, shedding more and more glory on the cloud. A dim haze in the distant east threatened to hide the splendor of his first appearance. I turned to the north-east—there lay crowds of vessels with their white sails floating on the breeze, and gilded with the first rays of the king of day, who, in a moment more, showed his broad disk, as he rose in majesty from the sea, scattering the mists, and pouring a flood of light over the whole horizon. Often before had I seen him emerge from his watery bed, but never in such beauty and glory as now.

This scene furnished food for thought. I was curious to discover how far off might be the angles of incidence and reflection formed by those rays of light, which had passed from the ocean to the cloud. Supposing the height of the cloud to be a mile, and with the time of sunrising, have we not a mathematical proposition capable of solution, if disposed to push our inquiries in that direction? But my thoughts dwelt upon the varied and wonderful scenes of beauty produced by the seven rays of light. How beautiful is this world, after all our complainings! Just people it with holy beings, and they would soon make a heaven of it—sin, sin gives the blight to this otherwise fair earth:—such scenes cheer me—the twinkling star—the breaking dawn—the shining sun—are to me the voice of God speaking to the soul. They are his telegraphs by which he holds communion with man, and from which we can ascertain much of his will even in our present sinful condition. All nature is an open book, and how rich the knowledge it imparts! Even the infidel, though he has thrown away the key by rejecting the written word, often gropes to find some beams of hope from its pages to cheer his darkened spirit. I knew one such—a poor emaciated man—rapidly sinking to the grave, who often arose from his bed in the night and gazed from his window upon the stars, as if to catch a gleam of light to irradiate his mental midnight. Oh, the midnight darkness of that world where even no such beams penetrate. And then, how admirably does that scene of sun-rise illustrate the excellency of the Christian's hope! Often is his heaven overcast with clouds; dark they may be, and very angry—but can he not always discern a line of light—a piece of sky, if he look in the right place for it? At least, the dawn is near at hand—the dawn of a day before which all darkness will flee away forever. As the dawn draws near, it throws a light from the spirit land on earth's darkest clouds, presenting them to us in

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beauty and brilliancy as viewed in the opening glory of eternity. What now is dark, becomes bright just in proportion as the light of the celestial world shines upon the scene—and when the sun of that world shall burst upon the Christian full-orbed, how will every shadow flee away forever! Not so with the impenitent sinner. His earthly hopes are but false meteors, which will one by one go out in total darkness. No sun or star will ever rise for him, but one eternal midnight roll over his spirit.

Need I say that I returned from my morning w lk cheered—instructed—admonished? The Bible and the family altar had for me new charms—my confidence in God was increased—my alacrity in his service quickened. Let us study the works of God—then shall we better love, and with greater delight run to his written word.

Editorial Miscellany.

SPINGLER INSTITUTE.—Our engraving for this month presents a beautiful view of this noble institution, together with Dr. Cheever's Church adjoining it, Union Park, and the Fountain in front, and a fine perspective of the buildings on Fourth Avenue and Broadway beyond.

We would also embrace this opportunity to say a few words respecting the Institution itself. And we do so with peculiar pleasure, both from the high respect we entertain towards the gifted Principal, and a profound admiration of his methods of teaching. The object of this Institute is to elevate the standard of education for Young Ladies. The spacious edifice itself, fronting on Union Park, as seen in the engraving, contains most ample accommodations for such a school. The location cannot be surpassed in the city for purity of air, convenience, and beauty. It is central, and accessible by the cars and omnibuses from all the leading thoroughfares and avenues of the city. The building itself is 75 feet by 70, with a brown stone front, of four stories, in Corinthian style, and contains a full complement of rooms for all purposes of study, recitation, and instruction; Calisthenic rooms; an excellent lecture-room, with an adjoining laboratory, and a suite of apartments adapted for the library, cabinets of specimens in Natural Science, and Philosophical Apparatus. The building is supplied with gas, furnaces, Croton water, and all the modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of domestic life, and for educational purposes. Every provision is made, at an expense of more than seventy thousand dollars, to render this Institution the first of its class in this country, if not in the world. Every thing is on the most liberal scale, and the system of arrangements throughout is as nearly perfect as expense, ingenuity, and experience can make it. And it may be questioned, whether in this country or in Europe, there is another such institution so complete in all its departments.

The Principal, Rev. GORHAM D. ABBOTT, during a period of more than ten years, has been chiefly engaged in promoting the interests of education, studying the mental and moral characteristics of the young, and in visiting educational institutions in this country and in Europe. During six visits abroad, he has had ample opportunities of learning the progress of improvement in systems of education, both in Great Britain and on the Continent.

The Institution is organized in three departments: the Primary, the Academic, and the Collegiate, and the studies of each arranged accordingly. Besides Mathematics, Belles-lettres, History, the Fine Arts, and the Languages, great attention is paid to personal culture and mental discipline. And the whole course of study is planned with special reference to an elevated, systematic, symmetrical, progressive and Christian education.

STEAMSHIP ATLANTIC.—We are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Fowlers & Wells for the excellent representation on our first page of this monarch of the ocean. This vessel was built in the city of New York, and set out on her first trip for Liverpool on the 27th day of April, 1850. She was the pioneer of "Collins' United States Mail Line," between New York and Liverpool, and has since been joined by those three worthy consorts, the Pacific, Baltic, and Arctic, which are soon to be succeeded by the Adriatic.

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The steamship Atlantic is 284 feet in length, 45 feet breadth of beam, and 75 feet in breadth across the paddle-boxes. The depth of her hold is 31 feet and 11 inches; the diameter of her wheels 36 feet; and her burden 2,845 tons, which is about 500 tons more than the largest English steamship.

Her machinery consists of two engines, each of 500 horse-power. There are four boilers, each heated by eight furnaces, in two rows of four each. These consume about fifty tons of coal every twenty-four hours.

The Atlantic has three low masts, with sails to be used when winds are favorable, and in case of accident to the machinery. She has no bowsprit, which, with her great bulk above the water, gives her a clumsy appearance, at first sight. Her wheels are placed as far behind the middle of the ship as they usually are before the middle in other steamships. Her sides are painted black, relieved by one long streak of dark red, inclosed in white lines.

Proceeding below, we come to the drawing saloon, 75 feet long by 20 feet broad, and the dining saloon, 65 feet long by 40 broad, separated from each other by the steward's pantry. These two saloons are fitted up in a very superior manner—rose, satin, and olive are the principal woods used; some of the tables are of beautifully variegated marble. The carpets are very rich, and the coverings of the sofas, chairs, etc., are of a superior quality.

The panels around the saloons contain beautifully finished emblems of each of the States in the Union. The cabin windows are of stained glass, embellished with the arms of New York, and other cities in the United States. Large, circular, glass ventilators, reaching from the deck to the lower saloon, are also richly ornamented, while handsome mirrors multiply all this splendor. There is not much gilding, and the colors are not gaudy, but the general effect is chasteness, elegance, comfort, and solidity.

"City of Hartford."—This magnificent Steamer, Captain Mills, plies regularly between this city and Hartford, in conjunction with the Granite State, Captain King, running on alternate days. Both are first-class boats, being new, built expressly for this route, made of the best materials, and put together with great strength, taste and beauty. The tables, the saloons, and all the accommodations are furnished in the best possible manner, so that the traveller feels much at his ease, and at home. Such comforts, together with skilful and experienced commanders, polite clerks, and attentive waiters, render these boats well worthy of public patronage.

Faith.—Mr. Hewitson gives some simple illustrations of the nature and operations of faith:

"How the little birds, callow and helpless in their nests, open their mouths to receive the food brought to them by the parent-birds! What an illustration of aith in the act of receiving! 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' Does the young brood trust in its winged parent! and shall we not trust in the Father of Christ Jesus, His and ours!"

"Your letter breathed the air of the wilderness, and sighed after the rest of God—after the home of the redeemed in heaven.

"Even here we have a resting-place with Jesus. In such seasons of darkness and trouble, what scope there is for the manifestation of a bold, all-trusting faith! To trust in the Word when you have nothing else to encourage confidence—to trust in the Word when every thing else tends to create despondency—that is faith in its simplicity—faith in its most God-glorifying exercise. That faith is like David without Saul's armor, confronting the panoplied giant of Gath: it is like Jonathan and his armor-bearer against all the hosts of the Philistines: it is like Israel's going forward at God's command, while yet no way has been cut, by miracle, through the waters of the Red Sea: it is like Job, afflicted and oppressed, and ready to die, saying, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;'—to take a nobler and more amazing exemplification still—it is like Jesus, horror-struck, desolate, forsaken by God, still crying aloud, 'My God! My God!'"

To a woman, whom, as he passed one day along the village, he saw standing at the door with her child in her arms, he said, in his usual kind and solemn way—"How safe that child feels in your arms! The believer is as safe in the arms of Jesus. If the child felt itself falling, it would instantly cling to its mother's breast. Just so a believer, when ready to fall, stretches out his arms to the Lord Jesus. Do *you*," he proceeded to say, "repose in this way on Jesus! Do you lean as confidently on his arm!" He then went on to show her her fallen state by nature, that there was no safety for one moment but in Christ; and he urged on her an immediate escape to the refuge, lest she should be overtaken by the avenger of blood. That conversation the Lord blessed to the awakening of the woman's soul.

Humility.—Humility makes a man peaceable among his brethren, fruitful in well doing, cheerful in suffering, and constant in holy walking. Humility is that which keeps all graces together.

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Humility fits us for the highest services we owe to Christ; and yet will not neglect the lowest service to the meanest saint. Humility can feed upon the meanest dish, and yet is sustained by the choicest delicacies, as God, Christ and glory. Humility will make a man bless him who curses him, and pray for those who persecute him. An humble heart is an habitation for God, a scholar for Christ, a companion of angels, a preserver of grace, and a meetness for glory. Humility is the nurse of our graces, the preserver of our mercy, and the great promoter of holy duties.

"Humility makes a man quiet and contented with his condition, and keeps him from envying any other man's prosperity. Humility honors those who are strong in the Lord, and puts two powerful hands under those who are weak. Did christians more abound in humility, they would be less bitter and froward, and more gentle and meek in their spirits and practices. Humility will make a man have high thoughts of others and low thoughts of himself; it will make him see much excellence in others and baseness and sinfulness in himself. Were christians more humble, there would be less unhallowed fire, and more loving union among them, than there now is."

Book Notices.

HOPES AND HELPS FOR THE YOUNG. By Rev. G. S. WEAVER.

The author of this book has evidently written "*con amore*," with an earnest heart and a ready pen. Whoever opens it as we did with the intention of glancing over its table of contents to see what is "*in it*," will not leave it till he has read all that the author has to say on the "Formation of Character—Choice of Avocation, Health, Amusement — Music — Conversation — Cultivation of Intellect—Moral Sentiment—Social Affection—Courtship and Marriage."

His style is lively, with frequent short, pithy and piquant sentences; which relieve the monotony of more elaborate and studied phrase. The *matter* is equally commendable; because just and pertinent; and on some subjects somewhat original and new.

He does not treat of Courtship and Marriage in the vein of the "Complete Letter Writer" or the hundred and one Chesterfieldian Manuals of Etiquette for the use of young Gentlemen and Ladies at that interesting and important period; but he speaks as an honest, conscientious thinker and friend *should* speak to eager, impassioned and inexperienced hearts in their heyday,

"When Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Some of the hints and suggestions on self-culture are akin to Channing's; and gain the reader's assent at once, because they are so consentaneous with Truth and Reason.

The earnest and persistent culture of religious character and the devout affections are urged with eloquence and force of argument; but with entire freedom from all sectarianism, and all low, partial and circumscribed ideas of what God requires of His intelligent and rational but yet imperfect and sinning children of mankind.

The world is full of mediocre, namby-pamby, unread and unreadable books; but "*Hopes and Helps for the Young*" should not be laid upon the refuse shelf till after a careful and candid reading. Fowlers and Wells. R. D. W. M.

HISTORY OF RHODE ISLAND AND NEWPORT. By Rev. EDWARD PETERSON.

A voluminous book, made up of facts and details concerning the little State of Rhode Island; which, although they may have a strong local interest to persons resident in the State, or frequenters of Newport, that great summer thoroughfare of Fashion, cannot be very interesting or readable to a student of general history.

It extends over a period of two hundred years, and relates many traditional facts and fancies, connected with the early history of the Providence and Newport settlements, which certainly show "*that tall oaks from little acorns grow*" in the social and political world as surely as in the vegetable.

The most noticeable feature of the book, to the general reader, is the earnest decrial of the character of the world-renowned and venerated Roger Williams; and the denial of his claims to be considered the pioneer of civil and religious liberty in Rhode Island, in the older Puritanic times, which tried men's souls. Our Author gives that honor to certain Messrs. Clark and Coddington, two less distinguished, but as he conceives more meritorious citizens, among the early settlers.

There is also appended to the book a fac-simile of the signatures of distinguished subscribers, which furnished to *us* a more interesting study than the work itself. All the celebrities of Church and State now most familiar to us some living and some dead, are here presented, in their own sign-manual, for inspection and remark. Just think of Henry Clay—Frank Pierce and Jenny Lind and Bishop Hughes; and scores of well-known Doctors of Divinity put side by side in queer proximity—each with a certain dash of *individuality*; enough to *mark* the man; if not describe

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him, and then say, does it not make you think of that millennial day when kids, and lambs, and lions, shall lie down together, and other hostile animals sign truce forever. John S. Taylor? E. D. W. M.

THE TEACHER AND THE PARENT. By CHARLES NORTHEND, A.M.

A very plain, practical and useful treatise on that most hackneyed of all subjects, Popular Education. After all that has been recently written and spoken on this theme, it would seem well nigh impossible for an author to give freshness or raciness to a new volume on Common School Education; but the writer of this, himself a practical Teacher, has done better.

He has made a book not only interesting and readable, but one full of sound practical common sense, which cannot be said of all treatises on the subject of Education.

He rides no particular hobby—has no new-fangled one-sided schemes of petty improvement in the "modus operandi" of the great business of Education. He attempts to open up no royal road to learning; but recommends instead the homely old-fashioned virtues of Patience, Perseverance, and honest industry. There is no "*Science made easy*" in the plans and methods of instruction he recommends—no pretentious *quackery* in the plain and simple directions given to parents and teachers on this most vital subject. Of making many books there does indeed seem to be no end; and we who live in this age of Print doubtless feel more deeply than even Solomon did the folly of excessive book-making; for they came from the Press in *Swarms*, and their name is *Legion*. But though books are becoming as multitudinous as the frogs of Egypt, and some of them almost as great a plague to sensible readers, yet there is still a demand for just such treatises as this. The subject of Education ought always to be kept before the public mind; and though a new book may perhaps contain nothing remarkably new, interesting, or profound, it still serves to draw attention and interest to the subject, and give it that prominence which its importance demands. The true *Educator* is the true *Benefactor* of the race, and his function second to none in any profession. Honor therefore to the earnest, industrious and pains-taking Teacher of Youth. A S. Barnes & Co., 51 John Street.

E. D. W. M.

YOUTH'S MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY: combined with History and Astronomy. By JAMES MONTEITH. This is a most admirable work. It is a gem of its kind. It is a "multum in parvo." The large, clear print, highly colored maps and spirited cuts, so life-like and true to nature, are well fitted for juvenile eyes and minds. The author has done a most important service for the public and private schools. He evidently understands himself, and the capacities and needs of "little folks," as this incomparable little school book amply proves. A. S. Barnes & Co.

MARK HURDLESTONE; OR, THE TWO BROTHERS. By MRS. MOODIE. This is a neat volume of over 350 pages, having the usual attractions of the author. The style is easy, and the story is calculated to leave upon the mind good moral lessons. From the hasty examination which we have been able to give to the work, we regard it as a very entertaining book. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, 156 Nassau street.

BEATRICE; OR, THE UNKNOWN RELATIVES. By CATHARINE SINCLAIR. The object of this narrative is to portray for the consideration of young girls just emerging into society, the enlightened happiness derived from the religion of England, founded on the Bible, contrasted with the misery arising from the superstition of Italy, founded on the Breviary. It is decidedly "anti-Popish." It is written in a candid, yet fascinating style, and calculated to convey good moral lessons. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, 156 Nassau street.

THE PEDESTRIAN IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND. By GEO. BARRELL. This is a very neat volume of over three hundred pages, just issued by G. P. Putnam & Co., No. 10 Park Place. It is a very plain, but interesting account of what the writer saw in France and Switzerland, and the neighboring countries. The "Pedestrian" evidently made it his great effort to study the common people rather than to come in contact with those in high life. Travelling mostly on foot, and in the garb of a peasant, he had a fine opportunity of mixing with that class of the population least generally seen by tourists. The style is easy, clear, and attractive.

CHRISTIAN ALMANAC FOR 1854, has just been issued by the American Tract Society. This excellent periodical is fully equal to any of its predecessors. It contains a vast amount of useful and valuable information, in the shape of facts, and moral precepts, in a small space, which are well worth preserving. It is also embellished with many beautiful cuts. When so many choice gems of truth can be had for 6 1-4 cents, the Christian Almanac ought to be in every family in the United States.

SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY.—This is a very entertaining and ingenious collection of curious and striking facts and incidents. It must have been a work that required great labor, and care, and time. It is a work of good taste as well as excellent feeling. The subjects are various, as dialectics, flowers, matrimony, dying words of distinguished men, cemeteries, sleep, &c. And on all these topics there is a multitude of curious illustrations, thrown together in graceful style, and furnishing much food for thought and reflection Lamport, Blakeman & Law.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.—This work on pious and devotional subjects is too well known to need any commendation. It is full of those excellencies that will bear to be studied by every Christian. Thomas A, Kempis was a most spiritually-minded man for the age in which he lived, and his sweet meditations on the imitation of Christ are calculated to kindle up the fires of devotion in the soul. Like Pilgrim's Progress, it will yet be read by thousands yet unborn. Stanford and Swords.

MUSIC.—We have received from Hall and Son, 239 Broadway, the following pieces of music:

1. "Suzette." Written and composed by Geo. Linley.
2. "Costar Polka." Composed by Johann Munck.
3. "Let Nobody Know." By Walter Maynard.

The first and third are songs, are beautiful pieces, and will become favorites of amateurs.

The following new and choice pieces have been received from Horace Walters, 333 Broadway:

1. "St. Nicholas Schottisch." By T. F. Bassford.
2. "Sylph Polka." Redowa. " "
3. "I Never Loved but Thee." Song By L. Poznanski.
4. "Clara Polka." By Henry Eikneier.
5. "Cuba Schottisch." By J. de Dios Gonzala Avila.

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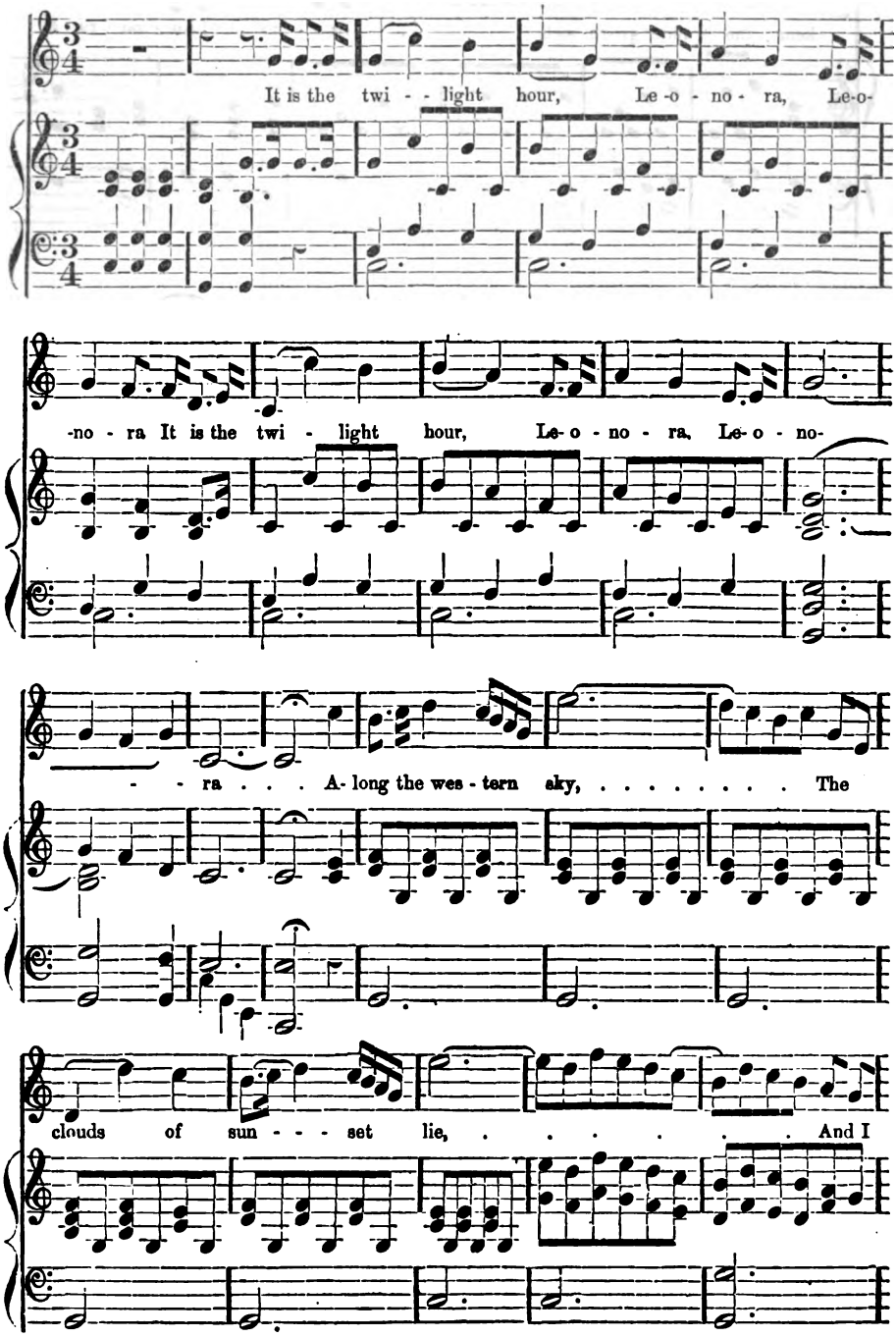
It is the Twilight Hour.

SERENADE.

Words selected. Music by ASAHEL ABBOT.

It is the twi - - light hour, Le - o - no - ra, Le - o -
-no - ra It is the twi - light hour, Le - o - no - ra, Le - o - no -
- - ra . . . A - long the wes - tern sky, ... The
clouds of sun - - - set lie, ... And I

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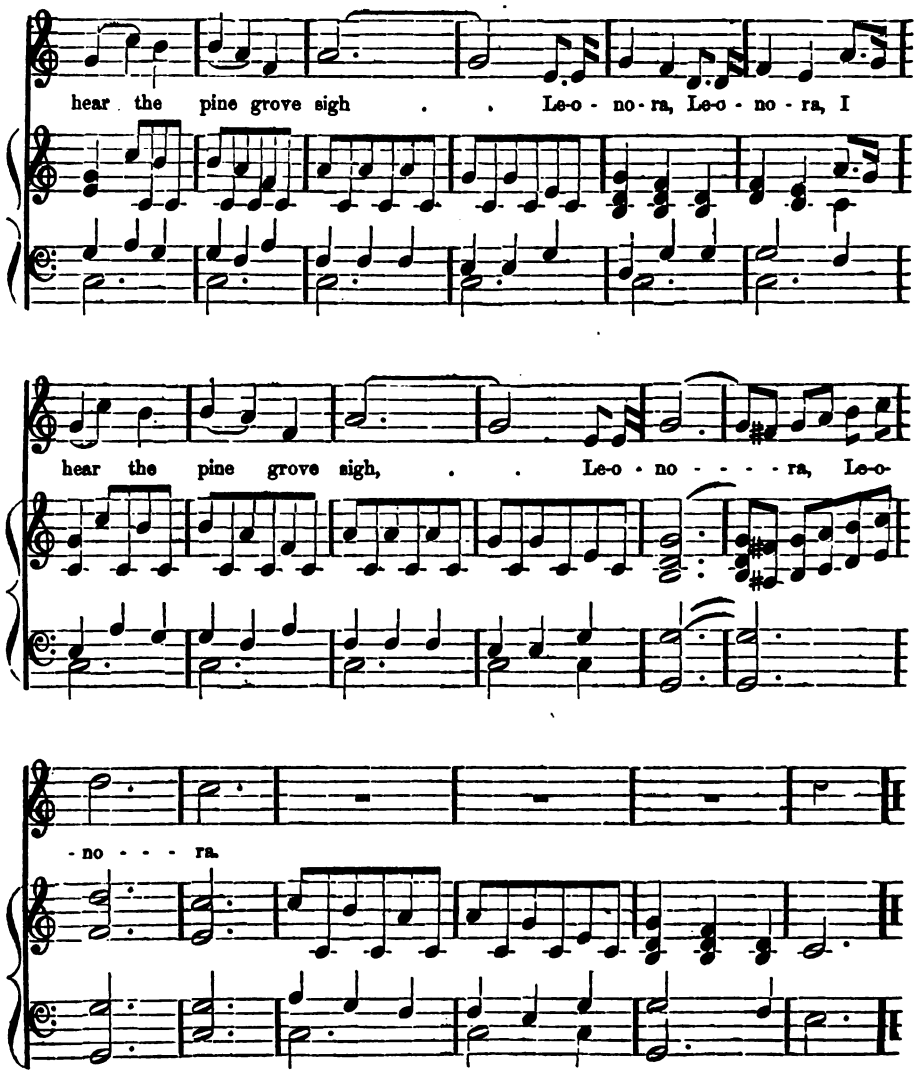
2. The purple eve is come, Leonora;
The last blush of day
From the lake has fled away,
And the mountain tops are grey, Leonora.

3. O leave thy household task, Leonora;
Come, where the woodbine twines
Her odor,-breathing vines,
The star of eveniag shines, Leonora.

4. The song,-birds all are mute, Leonora;
But dearer far to me
Than note of bird can be,
Is a song of love from thee, Leonora.

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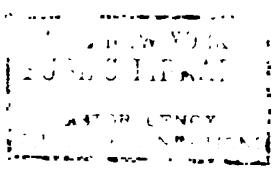

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

CLARA MORTON.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

It was a rainy day. No riding, no walking, (for pleasure, we mean), no calling, no shopping; nothing to be seen in the street but mud, mud,—muddy carriages and dripping umbrellas,—a negative kind of a day, truly, and one that called forth a deep yawn from Clara Morton, as she closed the novel with which she had been seeking to amuse herself for the last hour, while reclining listlessly upon the sofa.

The yawn attracted the attention of her brother, who was seated by the window, not looking out upon the mud and rain, but so deeply engaged in the attempt to solve a knotty problem in mathematics, that had the question been put to him whether it rained or the sun shone, it is not improbable that he would have been obliged to "take observations" before he could have given a correct reply.

"What is the matter, Clara," said he; "is your book so terribly dull?"

"If the book is not, the weather *is*," was the reply. "What a dull world we live in!"

"You did not seem to think so last week, Clara, when you were so animated about Mrs. Day's party."

"The parties are pleasant, but they don't happen every day, or even every week. Making calls and shopping help to fill up the intervening space, it is true; still there is plenty of time left to hang heavy on one's hands, and these rainy days are the worst of all. I wish something would happen, just for a change, and to give one something to think and talk about."

"Then just come to the window a moment, for a change. Here is something in the street for you to see."

"Now, don't ask me to look out into the street such a day as this. It is enough to give one the horrors to see the mud and the dripping umbrellas."

"The dripping umbrella won't trouble you in this instance. Poor woman! I guess she would be glad enough to have one. Come, Clara, come quickly!"

Clara left the sofa, and came and stood by her brother's side. Henry directed her attention to a woman who was passing on the opposite side of the street, dressed in tattered garments, and bearing along, with weak and tottering steps, a heavy basket, filled with chips.

"What a miserable looking object!" exclaimed Clara. Where did she get those chips; and is she going to burn them?"

"Burn them! No, Clara. You are greatly mistaken if you think the poor creature can afford the luxury of a fire on such a day as this. She has gleaned them from the streets, and she will sell them for four or five cents, which sum, small as it is, will be her only means of living through the day."

"Living! I should hardly call it living, such a miserable existence as that."

"If you could go with her to her *home*, you would better realize the truth of what you are saying. Just imagine a room, eight feet by ten, reeking with filth, with crumbling ceiling, too low to permit of standing upright, and windows stuffed with rags. Again, suppose this room to be occupied by some ten or twelve individuals, of whom this poor woman is one, and when you have filled out the picture to the best of your ability, you will have some faint conception of the home to which this miserable object will return, after she has sold her basket of chips."

"What do you know of such places? Did you ever visit them?"

"No. Father thinks I am too young, safely, to explore such haunts, not only of suffering, but also of vice; but I have listened to the descriptions given of them by those who do visit them, and I know that hundreds of those miserable objects, whom we see in our streets, have little or no better place which they can call home."

"What a wretched picture you have drawn,—

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and what cheering objects for contemplation you present, to raise one's spirits this dull and rainy day!"

"You have been coveting almost any thing for a change, to give you something to think and talk about. Supposing you should change places with this woman, just for one day. To be in your place, for one day, would be something as rare and novel to her, as it would be to you to visit the moon, or spend a day in Jupiter or Saturn. What do you think she would say to that luxurious sofa, to the carpet, chairs, and mirrors, and the glowing coals in the grate; and, still more, what would she say if told that the young lady, who this morning is enjoying all these, is quite wretched, and disgusted with this dull, tiresome world?"

"I own that I cannot feel full sympathy with these poor creatures, or even imagine how I should feel if I were in their place. It never seems as if we could have any thoughts or feelings in common, or even partake of a common nature."

"We are all brothers and sisters in the one human family, and if we differ *so* widely from them, who has made us to differ? If we had been placed in their circumstances, we should have been what they now are. But if this is too great a change for you even to think of, or conceive, how would you like to exchange places with Fanny Miller this morning?"

"Poor Fanny!" said Clara; "how I pity her, when I think of her leaving that luxurious home of hers, for such a common-looking place as they now occupy. I am sure if such a thing should happen to me, I should be perfectly wretched."

"You are *that* now quite frequently, according to your own account," said Henry, smiling, "so, perhaps you would not be much worse off, if you were in her place."

"But in that case I should be perfectly wretched all the time. I am sure I should."

"Are you then wholly dependent on outward circumstances for all your happiness, Clara?" said Henry, more seriously. "If you are, I am sorry for you, for you are dependent on that which is very uncertain and changeable. Fanny Miller, one year ago, no more expected the changes which have befallen her, than you now expect similar changes."

"But, if father should lose his property, and become a poor man, would it not make you miserable?"

"No, Clara, I do not think it would. I should not be able, in such a case, to afford the time to be miserable."

"Why not? What would you do?"

"Do! I would do what other poor boys have done, who are now among the wealthiest men in our land. But few of our rich men were rich men's sons. If we should take a tumble to the foot of the hill, I would pick myself up, as well as I could, and commence ascending again on my own feet. It might be a slow process at first, but with God's blessing on my diligent efforts, it would be a sure one."

"I wish I had your courage and resolution," Clara replied; "but I am not at all like you. I am sure that such an event would crush me to the earth, and that I never could hold up my head again."

"I think you are not so very much unlike me, naturally, but your courage and resolution have never been called into action. There is more in you, sister, dear, than you imagine," added Henry, affectionately. "I trust that it would take more than one blow of misfortune to quite make an end of you."

Henry had said the truth, in saying that Clara was not naturally so very unlike himself. The difference between them was the result of training and of circumstances, rather than of difference in natural disposition. The father of Henry, though a man of wealth, had acquired his property by his own prudence and industry. He felt the importance of these traits of character, and had embraced every opportunity to instil into his son a spirit of self-reliance and self-exertion. Henry had profited by these lessons, and though surrounded with wealth and luxury, had early imbibed the feeling that he must be the architect of his own fortune. He spurned the idea of weakly depending on the wealth he expected to inherit from his father, and thus becoming a mere parasite, living and growing upon that which was the fruit of another's toil and self-denial.

But Clara had been left to her mother's guidance, whose principles and feelings, on this subject, were much less correct than those of her husband. Her indulgent love for her daughters, of whom Clara was the elder, led her to shield them from every thing which looked like toil or self-sacrifice, blindly shutting her eyes to the fact that the time might come when they would need the lessons she failed to teach them. Moulded by the influence of this mistaken indulgence, Clara had grown up indolent, weak, and irresolute.

Henry dearly loved his sister, and deeply regretted these traits in her character, which he believed to be more the result of circumstances than of natural disposition, for the very wretch-

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edness which accompanied her indolence and listlessness, convinced him that they were repulsive to her better nature. The conversation just related is a specimen of the efforts which Henry often made to lead his sister to take more just views of life, its uncertainties and responsibilities. He had also his own private reasons for intruding this subject more frequently than formerly. There were some things, overlooked by Clara, which, to Henry's thoughtful and observing mind, portended a coming storm. He knew that his father had recently met with some very heavy losses, and from the anxious and troubled expression of his countenance, when he thought he was unobserved, he feared that he was in trouble. Should he fail, as his friend Miller had done, he feared the effects of the blow upon his sister, for he felt that she was wholly unprepared for it. Without imparting his fears, he tried to rouse the dormant energies of her mind, that she might, in some degree, be prepared for the shock, should it come; but his efforts were wholly unsuccessful, and he resolved, as the cloud that portended danger seemed to thicken, to speak more plainly than he had ever yet done.

Entering the family sitting-room one afternoon, he found Clara lounging upon the sofa. She had attended a large party the night before, and was, as usual, giving way to the listlessness and disinclination to all exertion which inevitably succeed such periods of unnatural excitement.

"Clara," said he, "I have just met Fanny Miller in the street, and so far from looking perfectly wretched, I thought she looked quite cheerful and happy. She told me that she was giving lessons in music, and seemed pleased that in this way she could help to bear the burden of their altered circumstances."

"I am glad if she is not quite wretched, for I am sure that I should be, if I were in her place."

"Don't say so, Clara. I do not like to hear you speak in this way," said Henry, earnestly.

"Why not?" asked Clara, more startled by the earnestness of Henry's manner than by his words.

"Because it is very possible that you may be in her situation; and if you should, I should hope not to see you perfectly wretched."

"Why do you speak in this way, Henry? You frighten me. Do you think it possible that father will ever lose his property, and become a poor man?"

"Possible, it certainly is; for you know that riches have taken to themselves wings and flown away, in very many instances; and what has so often happened, may happen to us."

"But it is foolish to worry one's self about possibilities; so please to come a little nearer to the point, and tell me if you think there is any probability of such an event."

"Yes, Clara, I do. You know that father has met with some very heavy losses; and have you not observed that, of late, he often appears sober, and as if he were anxious and perplexed?"

"I have observed that he is not as cheerful as usual, but I never thought of attributing it to so serious a cause. You really alarm me, Henry; and, after all, is it kind in you thus to awaken my fears, when there may be no foundation for them, and so, perhaps, make me miserable when there is no occasion for being so?"

"I do not wish to make you miserable, my dear sister, far from it; but I cannot bear to see you cherish the feeling that you must necessarily be quite wretched, if deprived of the wealth and luxuries you now enjoy. Rather seek to find sources of enjoyment within yourself, in the faithful discharge of every duty, and then no external changes will have power to deprive you of happiness. It is only this view of life which can prepare you for the sorrows and changes to which all are exposed."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Morton. It could hardly be said that Clara was forewarned by this conversation, so quickly did the sad reality succeed the first intimation of danger. Early in the evening of the same day, the family were all gathered together, with the exception of the husband and father. The circle comprised Mrs. Morton, Henry and Clara, and a son and daughter some years younger than they; for death had entered that family circle, and made a vacancy there.

They were conversing cheerfully, with the exception of Clara, whose spirits had been oppressed with a vague apprehension of coming evil, ever since the conversation she had held with Henry a few hours before. Emeline, the youngest, checked herself while relating to Henry some occurrence which had happened that day, as she heard the street door open, and her father's well-known step in the hall. Clara whose observation, perhaps, was quickened by her own peculiar state of mind, was the first to notice that there was something quite unusual in her father's appearance.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter? what has happened?"

This unexpected question only served to increase her father's agitation, and to render it more apparent to the other members of the family,

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who united with Clara in entreating him to tell them the cause.

Mr. Morton seemed quite overcome by these anxious inquiries, and for a time incapable of the use of language; but by a strong effort of self-command he regained his composure sufficiently to reply—"I could have wished that I might have exercised more self-command, or that you had been less observing, but perhaps it is as well as it is. I could have concealed the truth but a short time longer, and it may be as well that you should know it now. You are aware that I have met with heavy losses of late, but you are not aware of the extent of the evil, and that these losses have been so heavy that they have"—ruined me—he would have said, but there was a choking in his throat that prevented the utterance of another syllable.

The effect of this intelligence, on that evening, seemed to be the same on each member of Mr. Morton's family. The sufferings of the husband and father were obviously so great, not for himself but for his family, that each one forgot every thing else in the effort to comfort and cheer him, who, on their account, was suffering so intensely. Henry, amid all the excitement of the scene, could but look on Clara with wonder and admiration, to see how entirely she seemed to forget her own share in the misfortune, in her attempts to cheer and console the father to whom she was fondly attached; and he was strengthened in the belief that there was much more of firmness and strength in Clara's character than had ever been made apparent.

But there are some minds which can bear up bravely under the first rude shock of some great misfortune, who are yet unable to contend with those long, long after-days of suffering, which follow in its train. To withstand the first shock by a vigorous effort of self-control, is far less difficult than patiently to bear, week after week, and month after month, all the disappointed hopes, the chagrin, and the heart-aches that follow. Clara belonged to this class. She could summon resolution for a brief, though, it might be, a terrible conflict, but she lacked the strength of mind and self-discipline necessary to bear the long-continued struggle; yet Henry was right when he felt that this was the result of education, rather than of constitutional weakness of character.

Mrs. Morton who lived only in her children, and who had shown more weakness of character in her blind indulgence of them, than she had ever shown in any other way, felt the change principally for their sakes. Henry showed that the lessons which his father had so carefully taught him, had not been in vain. Now, in this hour of trial they brought forth precious fruit. George and Emeline were too young to realize and feel the change. All instinctively felt that Clara would be the greatest sufferer by it.

"I have a letter from my sister," said Mr. Morton to his wife, some weeks after the evening in which he had disclosed to his family the extent of his misfortunes.

"What does she write?"

"She writes just like herself, so unobtrusive in her benevolence, so delicate in her sympathy. She begs us to send as many of the children as we can spare to spend the summer with them, urging that it will tend to divert their minds from the painful change which has come so suddenly upon them."

"Your sister is kind, but she has quite a charge with her own family, and I think it would hardly be right to add to her cares."

"I do not know that it would, still I am inclined to accept of the invitation so far as to send Clara there. You know the trying scenes through which we must soon pass, in parting with our furniture, and leaving this dear home for one very humble indeed in comparison. I would save Clara the trial of being witness to all this. Though my sister's family live in an humble and unpretending way, they are certainly a happy family, and I cherish the hope that Clara will there learn that splendor and luxury are not essential to happiness, and when she returns will fall more naturally into our altered mode of living. I think we have reason to blame ourselves, that we have not taught Clara the same lessons of self-denial and self-dependence that we have tried—I think successfully—to teach Henry. I somehow felt that it was more important that my sons should be taught these lessons, than that my daughters should; but I now see my error. I have no fears for Henry. It will prove a good school for him in the end, for he is prepared to profit by its lessons. If the same is not true of Clara, I fear it is our own fault."

It was decided that Clara should spend the summer with her uncle and aunt Harris, who lived in a pleasant country village. The evening before she was to go, Henry sought his sister, to have one more affectionate conversation with her before they parted. He found her weeping bitterly upon the same sofa on which she was reclining when first introduced to the reader.

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"Come, Clara dear, cheer up!" said Henry, in a cheerful voice. "Do not let our last interview, before you leave, be drowned in tears."

"Oh Henry! it is so cruel, the thought of leaving these familiar objects never to return to them again. I do not expect to enjoy myself at all with aunt Harris, and yet when I think of the change which will take place in my absence, I almost feel as if I should never want to come back, with nothing to come back to."

"Nothing to come back to, Clara! while our father and mother and George and little Emma are spared to us; are we all of so much less importance than carpets and mirrors, sofas and damask curtains, as not even to be reckoned into the account?" said Henry, half reproachfully.

Clara saw that Henry had been grieved by her words, and throwing her arms around his neck, as he sat by her side, she said:—

"I did not mean what my words seemed to imply. You know I love you all dearly, but I was then only thinking how hard it would be to part with all these familiar objects, and never see them again. All, all must go, even my own dear piano," and again Clara burst into tears.

"I am sorry for you, Clara, I know it must be a hard trial, but you must not let it close your eyes to a view of the blessings that yet remain. Remember that loving hearts and home-affections are still left to us, and these are better far than home-luxuries. Remember too, dear Clara, what father has so often told us, that a sense of duty performed makes sweeter music in the heart than the notes of the sweetest toned instrument."

Henry conversed with his sister for a long time in this strain, endeavoring to inspire her with courage to meet whatever might be painful in their separation, and even in their reunion, but his success was only partial.

With a sad heart, Clara left her home. The cordial welcome with which she was greeted, and the kind attentions she constantly received from her uncle, aunt, and cousins, failed to dispel the gloom. She nursed her grief, and refused to be comforted. She was constantly employed in contrasting the plainness of her uncle's abode with the elegancies and luxuries she had left behind, with the bitter thought that she should never return to them. She saw that her uncle's family were happy, presenting before her mind the constant proof that these things, for which she mourned, were not essential to happiness; but she was not prepared to receive the lesson. She had made up her mind to be miserable, and for the first few weeks she was entirely successful.

Clara was too much occupied with her own gloomy thoughts to take much notice of what was passing around her, and still less to reason and reflect upon it. Still there was one thing which did not escape her notice, or fail to excite her wonder, and that was to see how cheerful and happy her aunt appeared, under cares and labors which she was sure would make her perfectly miserable.

"How is it, aunt," she said one day, "that you are always so cheerful and happy, when all the day long it is nothing but run, run, do, do, for uncle, for the children, for me, and, indeed, for every one who comes near enough to you to give you a chance to do them a service. It must be such a bore. I am sure the one-tenth of what you have to do, would make me quite wretched. It is such a wonder to me how you can be so cheerful."

"Why, my dear girl, I do not think there is anything so strange about it," her aunt replied. "To keep fully employed is the very secret of happiness. Doing nothing is the hardest work in the world. I would rather work even harder than I now do, than to try *that* for any length of time. Then, too, there is such a pleasure in feeling that you are constantly making yourself useful to some one.

Clara blushed; did her aunt mean to hit her? If it had been any one else, she would have thought so; but this was so unlike her aunt, that though the truth she had stated, had flown directly in her face, she knew that it must have been unintentional on the part of her aunt, who was accustomed to teach much more by example than by precept. Clara said no more, but only sat wondering whether her being so useless, had anything to do with her being so wretched.

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Susan, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Harris, that night, as she looked up from the slate and arithmetic with which she had been busily occupied every moment since she came home from her school. "Here are two or three sums I cannot find out how to do, though I have tried very hard. How I do wish you could help me, mother!"

"I wish I could, my daughter, but I do not suppose I can. You have got quite beyond my little stock of knowledge."

Susan was very fond of study, and faithful in getting her lessons, and nothing troubled her more than to be unable to get them perfectly. For her sake, her mother had rubbed up what little knowledge of mathematics she possessed;

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but Susan had advanced beyond the point where she could render her any assistance; still, when she saw how unhappy she looked because she could not do her sums, she told her to bring her book and slate to her, and she would try once more if she could help her. But the problems seemed as intricate and unsolvable to the mother as they had been to the daughter; and after a fruitless effort she was obliged to give them up.

"How I wish that *I* could help you," said Lucy. Susan turned to her sister with an expression that seemed to say, that she thought the idea of Lucy's assistance was almost ludicrous, when her knowledge was even more limited than her own; but when she saw the tear of sympathy for her perplexities which filled the eye of her darling sister, as she expressed the ardent though unavailing wish for the power to help her, she went to her, as she lay upon the lounge, and throwing her arms about her neck, said: "I know, Lucy, how gladly you would help me if you could."

Lucy, the second daughter, had always been more or less of an invalid, and sometimes for days together she was confined, as she then was, to the bed or lounge; but she possessed a warm, unselfish heart, which never wanted for a disposition to assist those dear to her, though the ability to do so by no means kept pace with the inclination. As she was the frailest, so, also, was she the most tenderly cherished flower of that domestic garden; and darkened, indeed, would the joy of that household have been, had the light been withdrawn which shone from those mild blue eyes, so gentle and affectionate in their ever varying expression.

Clara looked on, at first, with the perfect indifference with which, in the selfishness of her sorrow, she had regarded almost everything that had interested her aunt and cousins; but the anxious desire and vain exertions of her aunt to assist Susan, and especially Lucy's earnestly expressed wish for the ability to do so, at length arrested her attention. The thought occurred to her that she might render the needed assistance; but it was succeeded by the selfish fear that if she did it once, she might often be called upon to do it again. Again she looked at Lucy, and the tear which still trembled in her eye, seemed silently to reproach her for her heartless selfishness, and she said to Susan:—

"If you will bring your book and slate here, I think I can assist you."

Every eye in the room was turned upon Clara with a look of unfeigned surprise. They had regarded their city cousin as designed entirely for *show*, and not at all for *use*, as the rest of them were. Susan would almost as soon have expected assistance from one of the images which stood for ornament upon the mantle-shelf, as from Clara. However, she soon recovered sufficiently from her astonishment to run gayly across the room for her book and slate, and seat herself by her cousin's side.

A short season of diligent application on the part of both teacher and learner served to clear up all difficulties in relation to the perplexing problems. This result was not obtained without some effort on Clara's part; for though she fully understood them herself, she was altogether a novice in attempting to impart instruction to others, and she found it required practice to be able to explain to others what seemed simple and plain to herself.

Susan's joy was almost unbounded to think she had found some one to help her out of her difficulties. She skipped about the room, and kissed her cousin again and again, exclaiming, "I am so glad you have come to stay with us, cousin Clara. What should I have done without you to-night? I should never have found out how to do my sums, never."

Aunt Harris also looked up gratefully in Clara's face as she said,—"It was very kind in you, Clara, to assist Susan."

But Clara was most affected by the tear of grateful joy which stood in Lucy's eye, as she looked fondly upon her, as if she were acknowledging some great favor done to herself—and so, indeed, it was; for it was always a personal favor to Lucy, to assist those who were dear to her.

As Clara retired to her own chamber that evening, it seemed as if a new fountain of joy had been opened in her soul. She could not, herself, have told why it was so, and would never have attributed the altered appearance of that neat but plainly furnished apartment, and of the really beautiful landscape which was spread out around, but upon which she had hitherto looked either with feelings of indifference or sadness, to so trivial a cause as that little act of kindness. Yet that trifling act was the dawning of a brighter day for Clara,—the first line of a new page of life,—the beginning of a new chain of influences, which were to develop traits of character that had long slumbered beneath the blighting influence of a mistaken indulgence.

That night, as she laid her head upon her pillow, the feeling would come to her heart that a

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world where so many hearts could be made happy by one small act of kindness, was not all one wild, cheerless waste. Instead of contrasting what she now enjoyed with what she had lost, as she had been wont to do, her thoughts involuntarily began to dwell on those whose situation was much worse than her own. She called to mind the day when Henry had directed her attention to the poor, miserable woman who was tottering along under the weight of her heavy basket, and a tear moistened her eye as she thought of her ingratitude to Him who still made her so widely to differ from these poor wretches.

The next day, though Clara's thoughts often dwelt sadly on the past, she was conscious of feeling less miserable than she had ever done since she came to her aunt's. She began gradually to take more interest in what was passing around her. Susan's joy, and Lucy's grateful look, whenever she assisted the former in her lessons, led her frequently to proffer such assistance. Clara found her heart drawn more and more toward her invalid cousin, and she felt richly repaid for any service she could render, by the grateful expression with which those mild and loving eyes were fixed on her, when Lucy sought to acknowledge a favor done to herself or her friends. She would read to her, and teach her various kinds of fancy-work, to relieve the tediousness of those hours when debility unfitted her for more active employments.

Lucy always seemed particularly pleased and grateful when Clara assisted her sister in her school lessons; but one day when Clara was employed in this way, she chanced to look up at Lucy, and was so startled by the sad expression of her countenance that she exclaimed—"What is the matter, Lucy? are you in pain?"

"No, dear cousin, I was only thinking how I wished I could be well, and study with Susan; and the thought made me unhappy for the moment, as foolish wishes, for what we cannot have, always do. I ought to be thankful that I am some of the time able to attend school. I went nearly all of last summer, and hope I may be able to go again soon."

Lucy's words suggested to the mind of Clara a plan which lighted up her countenance with such an expression of pleasure, that Susan, who chanced just at that moment to look up to her face, exclaimed—"Why, cousin Clara! are you so pleased that Lucy is unable to attend school and study? One would almost think so by your looking so bright and happy since the conversation has turned upon this subject."

"You saucy girl!" replied Clara, laughing. "I should be half provoked with you, if I did not know very well that you do not mean one word of what you are saying. But I will tell you what I was thinking of. I do not see why Lucy cannot join you in study. If she is not able to attend school, I think her strength will admit of one lesson a day at home; and you might take up some study together, and recite to me, if you will accept of my services as teacher."

Lucy's countenance was radiant with joy at this proposal. "If you are willing to take the trouble," she exclaimed, "it would make us so happy."

Susan danced about the room in the exuberance of her joy. She had always found a drawback to the pleasure she derived from her studies, in the fact that Lucy could so seldom be her companion. To have Lucy for a fellow-student, and dear cousin Clara, to whom she was becoming very much attached, for a teacher, seemed to her like the climax of enjoyment.

Juet at this moment Mrs. Harris entered the room. As she looked at her daughters and her niece, she started with surprise. "What has happened?" she inquired. "You all look as joyful as if you had just heard of a fortune being left you."

"And so we have," said the lively Susan. "What do you think of our having become so *rich* as to employ our own private governess?"

"Governess!" said Lucy, "that sounds rather coldly. I should prefer to call her our own darling cousin."

"So should I, dear sister; I was only carrying out mother's idea of our having a fortune; and indeed I think we have, in this dear cousin of ours, who is teaching us so many things, and doing so much to make us happy," exclaimed the grateful, affectionate girl.

Mrs. Harris turned from her daughters to her niece, and as she looked upon Clara's animated, glowing countenance, it seemed as if there must be some illusion about it, and she was almost ready to doubt her personal identity with the sad, dejected, absent-minded Clara Morton, who came to them two months before.

When Clara retired to her chamber that night, she was so happy that she quite forgot to contrast her present humble home with the splendor of the mansion she had left, as she had been in the constant habit of doing. Let not the reader think that those acts of kindness which have

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been detailed, were too trifling to work out such a change in the current of her thoughts and feelings. The broad stream of happiness which flows through the heart of the benevolent man, is formed by the union of just such little rills as these. Life is made up of acts apparently trifling in themselves.

Clara found much more pleasure than she anticipated in her daily lesson with Susan and Lucy. She found how greatly the value of the knowledge she possessed seemed increased by the attempt to communicate it to others.

"How I wish my friend Mary Hill could join us," said Susan, one day. "She says she does fairly envy us, and would like, of all things, to make one of our number."

"If she would like so well to join us, why do you not give her an invitation? I should be quite willing on my part," said Clara.

"Should you? then I will ask her with the greatest pleasure. She will be so delighted. She has wished so much to join us—but I do not suppose she thought the thing was possible."

Mary Hill gladly availed herself of the permission to join the little class. It was soon ascertained that there were others who would equally prize the privilege; and Clara, whose pleasure in her little class constantly increased, gradually extended to others the invitation she had given to Mary for Susan's sake, until the class of two was increased to eight or ten. This arrangement was particularly advantageous to Lucy, who, though unable to attend a large and promiscuous school, could keep up with such a select class with great profit and pleasure, and her gratitude to her youthful teacher seemed hardly to know any bounds.

Clara and her brother corresponded frequently and regularly. Soon after his father's misfortunes, Henry entered a store as clerk. His letters to his sister were very cheerful and hopeful, but he did not conceal from her the fact that, as one of the younger clerks, he had many duties to perform which, in themselves, were not particularly agreeable, and which, to Clara, seemed like cruel drudgery. He was thus open and frank in communicating to her all the lights and shades of his new situation, not only because such frankness was in accordance with his natural disposition, but also because he wished to convince her that toil and self-denial were not inconsistent with cheerfulness and hope.

Clara's letters to Henry, were at first very sad and desponding; but as the change which has been partially described came over her spirit, the tone of her letters gradually changed, until, at length, they were so wholly occupied with descriptions of her little class, and the various employments which engaged her attention, and of the pure, but simple pleasure for which she now began to feel a relish, and the love and kindness with which she was treated by her relatives, that not a blank space was left to fill with complainings or regrets. This change in Clara's letters gave Henry the greatest pleasure. He was almost disposed to rejoice in the change of circumstances which had brought to light the true woman's heart, and real excellencies of character, which he had always fondly believed his sister did really possess. Clara's father, too, felt the greatest satisfaction in the change. He had felt no small self-reproach for the course he had taken with Clara. Too late, he had lamented his error, when he saw its sad consequences, and witnessed the contrast between Henry and Clara.

Lucy was passionately fond of music. Her eyes would fill with tears of sympathy, when Clara told her how she had been obliged to part with her piano. She thought *that* must have been such a trial. One day Clara's uncle came in, and said to her,—"Mr. A. has just told me that he saw a large box at the H—— Depot, with your name upon it, directed to my care."

"A large box!" exclaimed Clara. "What can it be? I cannot imagine."

"I am sure I cannot tell; but I shall have just time to ride over and get it before night, and I will start directly."

"Thank you uncle, you are very kind. I do want to know what it contains very much."

Her uncle had been gone about half an hour, when Susan bounded into the room, exclaiming, "A letter! I have a letter for you, cousin Clara."

"Perhaps that will explain the mystery of the great box," said Lucy.

Susan stood near her cousin while she opened the letter and glanced over its contents, and as soon as she had finished, she said,—"Does it tell what is in the box?"

"Yes, my dear; see if you can guess."

"Oh, I can't, cousin Clara; I never should guess in the world."

"I do not think you would, so I shall even have to tell you. It is a melodeon."

"A melodeon!" exclaimed Susan, joyfully. "Sha'nt we have music, when it comes! There! see! Lucy is crying for joy. I do believe it will quite cure her."

"I believe," said Lucy, "that cousin Clara is

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a kind of fairy, who brings all sorts of beautiful things with her."

Clara thought she had brought some things not quite so beautiful, when she recollected the discontent and ill-humor in which she had indulged when she first came to her aunt's; and she felt how precious was the love and gratitude which had forgotten all the past, and returned every present effort to confer happiness with such grateful affection.

Clara was affected to tears by Henry's letter. "I send you a melodeon, my dear sister," he wrote. "You no doubt will wonder how I obtained the means of procuring one for you, so I will tell you at once. A fire broke out in the building next to the store of my employer. I was on the spot before any of the other clerks, and exerted myself to remove as many of the goods as possible, from the side of the store which was next to the burning building, and prevent their sustaining any injury either from the fire, or from the water which was poured upon the building. It seems my exertions attracted the attention of one of the company that had insured the goods—and they inquired me out, and made me a handsome present. I have always regretted the loss of your piano, and to make up for it in some degree, have purchased this instrument, with the money so unexpectedly placed in my hands. I forward it to you now, because I think you will enjoy the use of it, while you remain with your aunt; and as you tell me that Lucy is very fond of music, I know it will be a gratification to you to play for her."

Clara recollected how she had sometimes refused to play on her piano for Henry, when he had asked her, declaring that she was tired of the very sound of it, and the tears filled her eyes, as she wondered if she should ever be so selfish again; and she felt, at that moment, that, if wealth and the means of self-indulgence would make her so, she hoped that she should never have them.

The melodeon proved a source of happiness greater than even Henry had supposed it would. Lucy never tired of listening, while Clara played; and when her cousin offered to give her lessons upon it, her joy was too great to find expression in words.

Clara wrote to Henry, that she was puzzled to account to herself for the fact, that she enjoyed so much more in her aunt's family, than she had ever done at home, for she was sure that she was more devotedly attached to her parents, and brothers, and sisters, than to any beside.

Henry replied,—"Your ingenuous confession, my dear sister, of the happiness you have lately enjoyed at your aunt's, has not made me jealous, I can assure you, for I think I can solve the riddle which has perplexed you. You have gained more just views of life, and have learned that it is not given us solely, or mainly to secure our own personal gratification. Under the influence of these new views, you have sought the happiness of your cousins, as you have never yet done that of the circle at home, and therefore it is, that you have enjoyed their society so much.

"But, shall I confess, that while you are growing benevolent, I am growing selfish, and wish to deprive your friends of the pleasure of your society, that I may enjoy it myself; yet, so it is. I think it is time for you to return. The means of luxurious self-indulgence will not greet you on your return, but warm and loving hearts will; and I am sure that you have learned to value the latter above the former. Come to us dear sister, we want you, and we can spare you no longer."

And Clara did go to them, with a warm, cheerful, loving heart, contented with the modest home that welcomed her, and prepared to feel that the greatest luxury is the luxury of making others happy,—and the sweetest music, the voice of an approving conscience.

DOUBT NOT.

BY J. M. KNOWLTON.

When thy day of life is dreary,
And when gloom thy course enshrouds;
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds;
Steadfast still, in thy will doing,
Let thy soul forget the past—
Steadfast still, the right pursuing,—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

Striving still, and onward pressing,
Seek not future years to know,
But *deserve* the wished for blessing;
It shall come, though it be slow.
Never tiring—upward gazing—
Let thy fears aside be cast;
Are thy trials tempting, braving—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

Keep not thou thy soul regretting,
Seek the good, spurn evil's thrall;
Though thy foes thy path besetting,
Thou shalt triumph o'er them all;
Though each year but bring thee sadness
And thy youth be fleeting fast,
There'll be time enough for gladness—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

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His fond eye is watching o'er thee—
His strong arm shall be thy guard—
Duty's path is straight before thee,
It shall lead to thy reward.
By thy ills, thy faith made stronger,
Mould the future by the past;
Hope thou on a little longer!
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

"PATIENCE IS GENIUS!"

This was the maxim of Buffon, the naturalist. He used to aver that men did not so much differ one from another in the gifts of intellect, as in the practice of the virtue of patience; and he held that, by dint of indefatigable industry, perseverance, and labor, nearly all things could be accomplished.

Labor is the price set upon every thing valuable; nor has any man, whatever his genius, risen to eminence in any art, profession, or calling, except by dint of unwearied industry and patient labor. And Buffon was not far wrong in his assertion that the genius of great men consisted mainly in their superior patience.

Dr. Johnson once remarked that "the mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely on unassisted genius and natural sagacity; the wits of these days have discovered a way to fame which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors dared never attempt."

The remark is as applicable at this day as it was in Johnson's time. Our young men are still eager to arrive at great results, without the drudgery of labor. They would be scientific and learned, rich and wise, without paying the inevitable price—hard work. They get a smattering of many things, but very few are at the pains to bottom a subject. They resemble too much that lady of fashion who, desirous of brushing up her knowledge of foreign languages, engaged a master on the express condition that he did not plague her with verbs and participles.

The present age being so decidedly mechanical,—our leading inventions resulting in the triumph of science at the expense of labor,—there is a strong tendency and desire to arrive at results suddenly, without undergoing the dull plodding which our laborious ancestors were willing and obliged to confront. In education, as in other things, we invent "labor-saving processes," seek for short cuts to science, learn "French in twelve lessons," or by means of a sixpenny pamphlet, which advertises to do it "without a master." We think to learn chemistry by listening to popular lectures on the subject at mechanics' institutes; and when we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to red, and phosphorus burnt in oxygen, we have got our smattering of chemistry,—the most that can be said of which is, that though it is better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. And so do we also learn popular astronomy by means of an orrery, transparencies, and the magic lantern; and geology by the aid of pictures and "highly interesting models." We may not believe now that there is a royal road to knowledge, but we seem to believe very firmly in a "popular" one. We have science spiced by puns, and art seasoned with anecdotes. We have now got Comic Grammars, Comic Histories of England and Rome, and by-and-by we may possibly arrive at a Comic Euclid. Thus do we "make things pleasant" on the road to knowledge; and imagine we are being educated when we are only amused.

But it will not do. To be really wise, we must labor after knowledge; to be learned, we must study; to practise self-culture successfully, we must be diligent and self-denying; to be great in any thing, we must have patience. Remember the principle of Apelles—"No day without a line;"—and the axiom of Napoleon—"An hour lost is a chance for misfortune in the future." A young man ought to bring himself to revolt in feeling, at a lost hour, as if it were a crime; he needs to watch himself carefully hour after hour, and every night, before going to rest, balance the accounts of his day's employment. If he do this, it will soon become a habit, and a most valuable one.

It is astonishing how much may be done by economizing time, and by using up the spare minutes—the odds and ends of our leisure hours. There are many men who have laid the foundations of their characters, and been enabled to build up a distinguished reputation, simply by making a diligent use of their leisure minutes. Professor Lee acquired Hebrew and several other languages during his spare time in the evening, while working as a journeyman carpenter. Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while herding sheep on the Highland hills. Stone learned mathematics while a journeyman gardener. Hugh Miller studied geology while working as a day-laborer in a quarry. By using up the orts and offal of their time—the spare bits which so many others would have allowed to run to waste—these and a thousand more men have acquired honor, distinction, and happiness for themselves, and promoted the well-being and general advancement of the world.

Haydon, in his lectures on painting, has given

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some excellent advice on this subject. He says—"Always look temptation in the face, and never shirk it. There is no being takes so many shapes as Miss Mary Idleness. She is a beautiful devil, with lustrous teeth, raven hair, black eyes, and a nose and cheeks, chin and dimple, lips, and forehead, not to be mentioned; and the worst is, whatever she proposes is always for your good? If you have genius, industry alone will make you ready for its inspirations; if you have not, industry, at least, will give you knowledge. I am no friend to that lachrymose croaking about 'time of life;' I am just as able now, at fifty-eight years, to set to work in a new acquirement as at eighteen years, and perhaps more able. 'Were I to begin the world again,' said Reynolds;—he would do all sorts of things he had neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now, he had been saying this forty years. Why did he not, at once, like Tintoretto, write over the door of his painting-room, 'The day to Titian, the night to Michael Angelo?' and in six months we should have had his limbs more like legs and thighs than nine-pins. Why? because he had only the consciousness of imperfection, without the sufficient power (or *will*) to impel the remedy. After lamenting this to Burke, he would sit down to a game of whist, or sojourn to the club to listen to the declamations of Johnson."

It is *will*—force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being or doing. A holy man was accustomed to say, "Whatever you wish, that you are; for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

Even at advanced years, men can accomplish much, if they determine forthwith to begin. There are many late learners in the world; Sir Henry Spelman only commenced the study of science when between fifty and sixty years of age; and after this he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Franklin did not fully begin his philosophical studies till he had reached his fiftieth year. Boccaccio was thirty-five when he commenced his studies in polite literature; and Alfieri was forty-six when he began the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold was above forty when he learned German, for the purpose of being able to read Niebuhr's works. When Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, he did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry; and he was sixty-eight when he commenced the translation of the Iliad. Scott was upwards of thirty before he published his *Minstrelsy*, and what a life of hard work was his after that. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works; and Mehemet Ali was above forty when he learned to read and write. Indeed, hundreds of instances might be given of men who struck out an entirely new path, and successfully entered on new studies, at a comparatively advanced age. None but the sick or indolent will ever say, "I am too old to study."

One of the most striking illustrations of industry, and of Buffon's maxim, that "patience is genius," is afforded in the life and labors of the great Sir Isaac Newton. It is related of him, that when he was questioned respecting the mental qualities which formed the peculiarity of his character, he referred it entirely to the power which he had acquired of *continuous attention*. "When he was asked," says Mr. Whewell, "how he made his discourses, he answered, 'By always thinking about them;' and, at another time, he declared, that 'if he had done anything, it was due to nothing but *industry* and *patient thought*;' 'I keep the subject of my inquiry constantly before me, and wait till the first dawning opens gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light.'"

When William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, was at St. John's College, in order that he might daily devote several hours to study without interruption, he made an agreement with a bell-ringer to be called up every morning at four o'clock. But his strength was soon seriously impaired thereby, and he contracted a painful humor in his legs, of which, however, he got subsequently cured. At sixteen, he delivered a public lecture on the logic of the schools, and three years later, on the Greek language. He studied all subjects, including law, antiquities, and heraldry, recording with his pen anything that appeared to him worthy of notice. His despatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being,—"The shortest way to do many things, is to do only one thing at once;" and he never left a thing undone with a view of recurring to it at a period of more leisure. When business pressed, he rather chose to encroach on his hours of meals and rest, than omit any part of his work. Even when laboring under pain, he was carried to his office for despatch of business. An eye-witness says of him, that, for a period of twenty-four years, he never saw him idle for half an hour together; and if he had no particular task, which rarely happened, he would still busy himself in reading, writing, or meditating.

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As a concluding illustration, take the career of the late Sir S. Romilly. He was the son of a jeweller, descended from a French refugee. He received little education in his early years, but overcame all his disadvantages by unwearied application, and by efforts constantly directed towards the same end. His life is a lesson of facts, worth more than volumes of moral sentiments. "I *determined*," he says in his auto-biography, "when I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, to apply myself seriously to learning Latin, of which I, at that time, knew little more than some of the most familiar rules of grammar." He took a lesson of an hour daily from a teacher. and devoted the greatest part of his remaining time to poring over Cæsar, Livy and Cicero. "In the course of three or four years, during which I thus applied myself, I had read almost every prose writer of the age of pure Latinity, except those who have treated merely of technical subjects, such as Varro, Columella, and Celsus. I had gone three times through the whole of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus: I had read all of Cicero, with the exception, I believe, only of his academic questions, and his treatises *De Finibus* and *De Divinatione*. I had studied the most celebrated of his orations, his *Laelius*, his *Cato Major*, his treatise *De Oratore*, and his *Letters*, and had translated a great deal of Homer. Terence, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Juvenal, I had read over and over again." At the same time, he acquired and studied Greek, and "went through the most considerable of the Greek historians, orators, and philosophers, in the Latin versions which generally accompanied the Grecian text." He studied also geography, natural history, and natural philosophy, and obtained a good acquaintance with other branches of general knowledge.

At sixteen, he was articled to Mr. Wm. M. Lally, one of the sworn clerks in chancery; he worked hard, became solicitor-general under the Fox administration in 1806, and so on advanced to the highest celebrity in his profession. Yet he was always haunted by a painful and almost oppressive sense of his own disqualifications, if we may judge from his auto-biography, and never ceased laboring to remedy them. In 1817, he says:—"The highest office and the greatest dignity that the Crown has to bestow might make me miserable; it is impossible that it could render me happier than I already am. One great source of misery to me in such a situation, the public, and even my own most intimate friends, little suspect,—it is the consciousness that I am not qualified to discharge properly its important duties."

In somewhat like manner, Sir Walter Scott said seriously, in his auto-biography,—"Through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered at my own ignorance."

Such is true wisdom! While many think themselves learned, who have gained but a smattering of knowledge, from "comic" primers and "popular" lectures, the wiser a man really becomes, the more he begins to feel as the sage of old did, when he said,—"The longer I live, the more persuaded I become that I know nothing."

DARK HOURS.

"It is in the morning that the churchyard of memory yields up its dead," is the no less truthful than beautiful apophthegm of Sir Bulwer Lytton. Man goes to rest with some care or affliction pressing on his brow. He sleeps; fitfully, perchance, at first, then calmly—so calmly, you might believe that sorrow never oppressed him. He dreams. Visions of youth, and joy, and golden hopes, rise up before him. Time is young again, and moments number hours of bliss. The dream becomes too vivid, too intense. He starts—he wakes. The vision gently fades. What is that by which it is displaced—that shadowy pall, that dark indefinite? Still it approaches. He sees it not—he feels it on his brain! It coils around him, as a shroud; it pervades his being. Now he sees more clearly. Why could he not dream forever? It is the morning, and "the churchyard of memory yields up its dead."

Who is there that has not felt all of, and more than this? To every man there are many, many dark hours: hours when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise; hours when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive; hours when he feels himself unequal to the burden, when all his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the common lot of humanity. "There is a skeleton in every house!" All should be convinced of this, for the very universality of these dark hours brings hope to the mind. They are the touchstone, as it were, to try whether we be current coin or not. It is then, that man becomes a hero or a craven; it is then, that the mind asserts its superiority to difficulty, dashes away the impediment, and rushes on to the goal.

Look at that man who has attained the position you once hoped for! Think you, he had not his dark hours, when the barrier of the impossible rose up before him? Be sure he had.

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Be sure he nearly gave up the race as you did; but he girded up his loins and conquered. Granted, he had opportunities which you had not; yet the opportunities came not in the hours of darkness. He struggled through *them* as all men must—alone. He put his own shoulder to the wheel, and brought his heavy burden out into a clear place; and then opportunities were not wanting for advancement. Heaven helps those who help themselves, not those who lie down despairing. Napoleon did not believe in any impossibility; and he who would be victorious must hope on, hope ever, hope even against hope.

"Faint heart never won fair lady." There is not a woman in the world who would not despise the affection of a man readily daunted in his aspirations. And as in love, so in all other affairs of life. We can only feel pity and contempt for the craven spirit, which on the first repulse of fortune sinks down into inactivity. His fire has gone out, and henceforth he is useless.

Perseverance is a godlike virtue. It makes a man valuable to himself, to society, to the world. It encourages the faint-hearted to almost super-human efforts. Crown the energetic man with success, and, while he shines like a meteor, dash the shower of failure upon his prospects. The dark hour may threaten him,—he may droop for a moment; but the tear is dashed away, the brow dauntlessly uplifted; determination unfurls her flag; resistance to the adverse winds of fortune fills his soul; he sets every sail, and, to the astonishment of those who thought his bark was a total wreck, steers safely into port. He is up and on his feet again,—up with a hearty good will; up to meet other shocks, if they must come; up to astonish those who mourned his fall, and to disappoint those who gloried in his defeat. To such a man there are no stumbling-blocks. Impediments become a formidable weapon with which he beats back misfortune. Take away every support but a good conscience, and still will he battle on. Burn his house over his head, he will build it up again. Sink his ships in the ocean, he will sail others over their wrecks. Take from him his good name even, and, God helping him, he will stem the tide of oppression, and swim on till he gains the dry land.

We do not say all this is easy. If it were, there would be no merit in it. On the contrary, it is very difficult; but is not difficulty the very thing to put a man on his mettle? Where is the glory of doing that which any fool could do? Virtue is not virtue, until it has been tempted and proved victorious; and the real strength of a man's mind, is only shown by difficulty and by adversity. It has been said of the Yankee, that if he were cast on a barren island he would contrive some way to make his fortune. And so it is with the man who is energetic and persevering. Strip him of all his resources, cast him down into the deepest waters of trouble, and, while you are gazing on the place where he disappeared, you will see his head, then his shoulders, then his arms, and finally the whole man, emerge triumphantly from the gloomy current. Let us not, however, attempt to prove too much. We do not assert that all may become rich, all rise to greatness, all attain the height of their ambition. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor the victory to the mighty. Man must work and wait. Work upon earth and wait for the dews of heaven to give the increase. But there is no electric telegraph with Heaven, to indicate which will be the victor and which will continue in adversity. The book of the future is sealed to all—to the rich and to the poor—to the prosperous, and to him who is now struggling with adverse circumstances. No man can tell what he can do till he tries—tries, not carelessly, not half looking back from the plough, but with his face set firmly towards attainment.

We would ask our failing reader, whose dark hour may have oppressed him, not to be discouraged, if all things do not appear to work together for good. Rise superior to adversity, and never allow yourself to become a victim of the delusion that you are entirely under the dominion of circumstances. There is not a more dangerous belief in the whole creed of worldliness. Others have triumphed over signal defeats; have lost fortunes, and, beginning humble, were soon on their feet again; have been prostrated by sickness, yet have worked on until mind triumphed over matter; have bidden farewell to dear friends, and seen the cold grave close over all their hopes, yet forcing their sorrow to succumb to energy, have given themselves to yet higher hopes, and have persevered till their tribulation has worked out a great reward. Bunyan was thrust into a gloomy prison: there he made himself immortal. Milton lost the precious boon of sight,—and composed the greatest modern epic poem. Luther was maligned and despised; it only added fire to his flaming zeal. So, if you are cast down by sorrow, or environed by difficulties, remember that, to abandon any project because a difficulty presents itself, may be to cheat yourself at the very moment of fruition; that each is called upon to endure, but he

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only that endureth to the end obtains the victory: that all men have their dark hours, but the darkest and the coldest hour is that which precedes the dawn.

A TEETOTALER'S STORY.

Among the energetic workers of the present day, the teetotalers are unquestionably entitled to take a first place. We, who are no teetotalers, cheerfully admit this. We have seen the fruits of their labors, and can bear witness that they are good. We have seen them raise, from the very sink of vice and depravity, men whom every other missionary had abandoned in despair. We know many whom they have elevated from pauperism into comfort, from pollution into cleanliness, from degradation into respectability, from habitual drunkenness into habitual sobriety.

Many are the thrilling tales that teetotalers could tell, of men dragged from the slough of sin into the pure air and sunlight of social well-being and well-doing. But teetotalers are not literary. The hardest workers among them are working men, who have been their own educators. They have no time to write tales, even if they had the literary culture. But teetotal literature is advancing, and the day may come when some genius will do for the drunkards what Mrs. Stowe has done for the American slaves—stir up a universal desire to alleviate their lot, and rescue them from the depths of vice and misery.

We shall never forget a tale of a rescued drunkard, told by one of the teetotal lecturers. It was a statement of his own experience, and its truth can at this day be attested by thousands. The story was told in a rather broad Lancashire dialect, for the speaker had originally been a factory workman, and had raised himself by his own industry and energy, chiefly in this very teetotal cause, to a respectable and highly useful position in society. We despair of being able to impart to our readers the full force of the story, as told by the narrator, or to produce anything like the thrilling effect which he produced upon the meeting in question,—for there is an electric influence in the spoken words, which is lost when it is attempted to commit them to the written paper:—

"I was out on my first teetotal journey," said the narrator, "and was very new to my mission. I remember that I was dressed in a velveteen cut-away coat, with white mother-of-pearl buttons,—just a raw factory-lad, full of enthusiasm for the cause: but that is worth a good deal, as you know.

"I reached a town in the north of England. It was a fine summer evening, when I went out into the market-place to address the people. I borrowed a chair from a poor woman,—after being rebuffed from several doors,—and carrying it into an open space, near which some children were playing, and laboring people sauntering about after their day's work, I planted the chair there, mounted it, and began to speak,—not without great flutterings at heart, and serious qualms as to the success of my speech.

"At the sound of my voice, the children ceased from their play and gathered round me, and several of the saunterers also turned aside to hear what I had to say. At first, some thought I was selling pills; others took me for a Mormon; and when I began to talk about teetotalism—this new-fangled doctrine of abstaining altogether from intoxicating drink—my slender audience began to giggle, some of them jeered at 'fustian-jacket,' and several of them guffawed outright. This was not a very encouraging beginning for a raw speaker.

"While I was still talking, I saw a drunken man swaggering along in the distance, with a lot of boys about him, calling out names, and provoking him to swear at them in return. He seemed to notice the little group collected about me, and, like most drunken men when they see a crowd, he at once made towards us. Now, thought I, my evening's work is fairly spoilt: this drunken fellow will put the finisher to my speech; and, as he came rolling along, some of the crowd gleefully called out, as if they expected a row, 'Here comes Charley Brown—a real teetotaler: hurrah for Charley!'* The children set up a shout; the drunken man staggered in among the audience; and I went on with my speech.

"I could not keep my eyes off the man; he was a frightful example of the degradation to which habitual drunkenness may bring one. He was tall and powerfully made, but he was clothed in rags, dirty and unkept, and his face was one mass of red blotch. The man fixed his drunken eyes upon me, as I spoke, and I felt encouraged by his attention, degraded and outcast though he looked. I went on, in homely words, drawing a picture of the wretched life of the drunkard, his beggared home, his neglected children, and his ruined wife; and urged, again and again, that the only radical cure was the teetotal one,—absti-

* We do not mention the real names, as the parties are alive: but the facts of the story are as stated.

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nence at once and for ever from all intoxicating drinks.

"By this time, some other tipsy men had joined the audience, and I was told that a beer-shop keeper was among them, who kept up a fire of interruptions, shouting out, 'It's a lie!' 'You're a fool!' and such like; and pieces of rubbish and dirt began to be thrown at me from the outskirts of the crowd.

"At this, the drunken man, whom the crowd had saluted by the name of 'Charley,' strode forward, and pushing his way up to where I stood, stretched forth his hand to me. My first thought was, that he meant to pull me down from my chair, and the delighted audience thought so too; but the man called out instead, that I must 'shake hands with him,' which I did at once; and then, the man, clapping me on the shoulder, called out, 'Go on, good lad, and let Charley Brown see the man that dares to meddle wi' you!'

"As I afterwards learned, this Charley was the terror of his neighborhood; he was the greatest fighter in the place, and his bashed face bore many evidences of his pugilism as well as of his drunkenness. So his patronage at once quelled the rising insults of the crowd, and I was permitted quietly to finish my address. At the end, I offered to take the names of any persons present who might be disposed to join the Teetotal Society, and to my surprise,—I may almost say my dismay,—the only one who offered to join was the drunken man 'Charley.' I, of course, regarded his taking the pledge as a joke, and offered to defer it until the following morning. 'No!' said he, 'NOW, NOW,—I'm your man.' So I took his pledge, I confess reluctantly, and amidst much laughter. No other dared to follow his example; it seemed only too ludicrous.

"Well, I returned the chair to the poor woman from whom I had borrowed it, and was about to proceed towards my humble lodging; but Charley would not leave me. He insisted on accompanying me, arm-in-arm, across the market-place, down the High Street; people coming to their doors to see us pass, and wondering what new mischief that drunken pest had been brewing. Charley even insisted on my going to his house to see his wife and family. I consented to go, for I found I could not shake him off; and I was afterwards glad I went.

"I was introduced to the Drunkard's Home; and a more destitute wretched home I never entered. Down several steps from the street, in a house situated in one of the poorest districts of the place, I landed on the clay floor of Charley Brown's hovel! His wife, ragged and heart-broken, sat by the hearth, with a crying child on her knee and others about her feet. There was scarcely a scrap of furniture in the room; it had been broken to pieces during the drunken outbreaks of her husband, or pawned by him to supply his ravenous appetite for drink. The children were ragged and dirty. There was nothing for me to sit down upon, but I stood for a few minutes and told the trembling wife what was my errand to the town, what her husband had that night promised me; that he would entirely abstain from drink for the future; and, turning to him, said I,—'Charley, I hope you will keep your promise LIKE A MAN!' 'I will!' said he; 'I am *determined* that I will; and you shall see.' I confess that I despaired! the case seemed so hopeless. Nevertheless, I tried to hope, and I encouraged him as well as I could, and urged his wife to aid him in his good resolution.

"The poor woman told me her brief and pitiful story. When she married Charley Brown, he was the handsomest fellow in the place, and one of the best workmen, though rather 'gay.' He was a bootmaker by trade, and when he stuck to his work he could make from 30s. to £2 a week. But latterly, he had been making very short time, and everything that he made, as well as all their furniture, and most of their clothing, had gone for drink. It was a story similar to thousands more; fit to make the heart bleed.

"I took my leave, but promised to call in the morning before leaving town. I did so, and found Charley at his work. He was now quite sober, and distinctly remembered the promise of the previous night. He still said that he was resolved to keep the pledge, and that he would do so. My hopes about the man were now raised, though they were still very weak; and encouraging him to abide by his good resolution, I left him.

A year passed, and I revisited the town. Of course, my first thought was, what had become of Charley Brown. Often had I reflected about my first visit, and my one convert; and I wondered whether a character so desperate could, by this or any other means, be made good for anything. Charley being what is called a 'notorious character' in the town, I had no difficulty in finding him out, though he had removed to another quarter. I knocked at his door, and was admitted. Could I believe my eyes? Was this clean and contented-looking woman the same whom, wretched and ragged, I had visited in the drunkard's home in —— Street, but a short year ago? Were these healthy children the same that I had seen, peevish and dirty, sprawling on

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the mud floor of the old beggar's hovel? It was indeed so! The woman sprang to me with a 'God bless you, sir! God bless you!' and shook me cordially by the hand. 'Oh, how much we owe you, sir,—come in, come in!'

"The woman's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She could not do too much for me,—offered me the best chair to sit down upon,—insisted I should have tea and cake,—that I must wait until Charles came in—he would be back presently: and I was resolved to see him, for already I saw clearly enough that the cure was fairly at work and that the drunken convert had unexpectedly proved a good and true man.

"Of course, I inquired into the cause of the immense improvement which I saw everywhere around me, in the wife and children, in the furniture of the dwelling, and in the air of comfort which pervaded the place. The story was soon told. 'Charles had kept the pledge. It was a terrible struggle with him at first; but he is a man of a strong will and great force of purpose; so he persevered,—gave up his former acquaintances,—abandoned the drinking-houses, and stuck to his work. You know, Charles is a capital workman,—the best bootmaker in the place, sir. So the wages came in on Saturday nights regular. We soon redeemed our furniture and eight-day clock, which lay in pledge; bought better food and better clothes; and a month or two since, we removed to this better house. We have now all that we need to make us comfortable; and if Charles perseveres, by God's blessing, we shall be an honor to the cause in this place, sir. Only last night Charles was speaking of sending the youngest boy to school, where the others already are; and then we shall be all in the way of becoming wiser and better. Oh, sir, it was a blessed day for us, that which brought you to this place, and led Charles to take that pledge. It has been the making of us all.' And the tears were now standing full in her eyes, and dropping down her cheeks. For me, I was quite overcome by her story, and felt more encouraged to persevere in the work than ever I had done before.

"Charley soon made his appearance; he had been carrying home some of his work. The alteration in his appearance was so great that I could scarcely have recognised him: he was clean and well dressed; and on conversing with him, I found him intelligent and manly; really a fine-hearted fellow at bottom, though his better qualities as a man had so long been obscured and blighted by the accursed drink. We had some delightful conversation together, and the upshot of it was, that a teetotal meeting was determined on for the following evening, when Charley was to appear by me on the platform. The meeting took place, and it was a most successful one. The ice had been fairly broken, and the cause now made steady progress in this town.

"Years passed, and I again visited the scene of my early labors. I wrote to my friend Charles that I was coming by the coach on such a day; and as we drove up to the inn where the coach halted, who should be there but my friend Charles, more improved than ever in appearance. He was now dressed in superfine cloth, and was as spruce as a shopkeeper. He insisted on carrying my carpet-bag, but I almost thought shame to allow him to do so, it seemed so much beneath his appearance.

"You will scarcely know us now sir,—the good cause has prospered us so much."

"I was surprised, indeed, when he led me into the market-place; and there, pointing to a sign-board over a respectable-looking shop, I read the words, in gold letters,—CHARLES BROWN, BOOTMAKER. I was indeed amazed! My astonishment was increased when, entering his shop, and passing the valuable stock of goods which it contained, I was introduced upstairs into a comfortable, even handsomely-furnished room, where the tea-things were set out upon the table, and 'Mrs. Brown' was anxiously waiting to give me a hearty welcome.

"I need not pursue the story further. Charles Brown is now one of the most respectable, respected, and thriving inhabitants of his native town: he is a voter for a member of Parliament, and, what is better, is himself a member of a Christian church; and I cite him wherever I go, as one of the most memorable and blessed instances of the renovating, life-giving, and happiness-bestowing power of Teetotalism."

TRUST IN GOD.

LORD may I trust alone in thee,
My rock, my refuge, and my guide?
To this safe covert may I flee,
In this secure retreat abide?

Sinful and weak, to error prone,
Wilt thou defend and guide my way;
Incline my heart to fear thy name
Nor leave me from thy fold to stray?

In every hour of doubt and fear
Give me to stay my heart on thee,
To seek thine aid and trust thy care,
And to thy word of promise flee.

Through all the weary path of life,
Be thou my strength, be thou my stay,
Still guide me through this night of strife,
And lead my steps to endless day.

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RELAXATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

MEN of the strongest minds need relaxation. The bow cannot always be kept bent, otherwise its elasticity is irretrievably injured. Like it, the human mind must be relaxed from time to time, to allow it to recover its strength and tone. This lesson is well taught in the traditionary story related of the Apostle John. A hunter one day passing, appeared much surprised at seeing him caressing a little bird with all the delight of a child. The well-beloved disciple observing his astonishment, said to the hunter, "Why do not you keep your bow always bent?" "Because it would soon lose its strength if it were always strung." "Well!" replied the old man, "it would be the same with my mind; if I gave it no relaxation, it would, in like manner, lose its force."

It is interesting to note the amusements of learned and great men of present and past times. Their predilections, their private tastes, their amusements, their domestic habits, their relaxations,—in a word, all that satisfies them, annoys them, amuses them,—are capable of furnishing useful lessons to our race; for a man's manners and habits help us to a knowledge of him, and are the best evidence of his real character.

Many great men have delighted in passing their hours of relaxation in the company of children. This betokens a pure and loving nature. Richter says, the man is to be shunned who does not love the society of children. Henry IV. was passionately fond of them, and delighted in their gambols and little caprices. One day, when crawling round his room on all-fours, on his hands and knees, with the Dauphin on his back, and the other children about him urging the king to gallop in imitation of a horse, an ambassador suddenly entered and surprised the royal family in the midst of their fun. Henry, without rising to his feet, asked, "Have, *you* children, Mr. Ambassador?" "Yes, sire." "In that case I proceed with the sport," replied the king.

The great Duke who has recently departed from amongst us was, in like manner, extremely fond of children, and was a general favorite with them. He enjoyed their gambols, took part in them, and was constantly presenting them with little keepsakes and presents. The opera was his chief amusement; and he was a regular frequenter of both houses, as well as of the Ancient and other first-class concerts.

Leibnitz used to pass months together in his study, engaged with his laborious investigations. At such times his only relaxation consisted in collecting about him in his study children of both sexes, whom he watched; and sometimes he took part in their frolics. Seated in his easy chair, he delighted to observe their lively movements, to listen to their conversation, and to observe their several dispositions; and when his soul had sufficiently enjoyed the innocent spectacle, he would dismiss the children with sweetmeats, and return to his studies with renewed energy.

Louis Racine says of his father, that he took part in all the children's sports. "I remember a procession we once had," says he in his memoirs, "in which my sisters played the part of the clergy, I was the curate, and the author of *Athalie*, singing in chorus with us, carried the cross."

Napoleon, like Wellington, was fond of children. He used to take the infant king of Rome in his arms, and standing in front of a mirror with him, there made the oddest grimaces in the glass. At breakfast, he would take the child upon his knee, dip his finger in the sauce, and daub his face with it: the child's governess scolded, the emperor laughed, and the child, almost always pleased, appeared to delight in the rough caresses of his father. Those who, on such occasions, had a favor to solicit from the emperor were almost always sure of being favorably received.

Napoleon also took great delight in the sound of bells. Bourrienne relates, that when walking with him in the avenue, at Malmaison, the village bell would interrupt him in his conversation about the gravest matters. He would stop suddenly, and listen, as if not to lose a note: and he seemed to be annoyed at those who did not experience the same delight in bells that he himself did. Once he observed, with emotion, "That sound recalls to my mind the first years I passed at Brienne: I was happy then!"

Louis XIV.'s brother, the duke of Orleans, was also passionately fond of bells, and cared for no other music. He always made a point of resorting to Paris at the times when the bells were set a-ringing, as for instance, on the day when the vigil of the dead is rung. He used to declare that the ringing gave him a delight quite beyond expression.

Who would have imagined that the grave, the philosophic Socrates, during his hours of leisure, took pleasure in dancing? Yet it was so! By dancing, leaping, and other exercises of the body, he preserved his bodily health; and at other times, when not in the humour for physical exercise, he amused himself by playing upon the lyre, which tuned and tempered his mind. These old Greeks took much more rational methods of

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educating and developing the whole nature of man than we moderns do. They regarded physical education as the groundwork of mental; and sought to train the bodily powers and develop the muscular energies at the same time that they cultivated the mind by discipline and study. "A sound mind in *a sound body*," was one of their most current maxims.

Many other wise men, besides Socrates, have taken great delight in music. Epaminondas, a famous Grecian general, used to take pleasure in singing at the village fastivals. The cruel Nero "fiddled while Rome was burning;" at least he played the harp, for there were not, as yet, fiddles in those days. Luther delighted in playing the flute, and thus used to soothe his excited feelings. Frederick II. of Prussia, allayed the most violent agonies of mind with the same instrument. An hour's playing generally sufficed to reduce him to perfect tranquillity. Milton delighted in playing the organ; and composed several fine psalm tunes, which are, to this day, sung in our churches. Bentham was passionately fond of music, and played the organ; there was scarcely a room in his house without a piano. He took pleasure even in running his fingers over the keys. Gainsborough, the painter, was a capital performer on the violin.

Byron's great delight was flowers; and, while in Italy, he purchased a fresh bouquet every day. He had flowers in every room; and he said to Lady Blessington, that they filled him with a sweet melancholy, and inspired him with serious thoughts. Byron was also fond of animals. In his youth, he made a friend of a boar; and, later in life, he formed attachments to dogs, the epitaph on one of which he caused to be graved on its tombstone.

More lovers of children! Cato the censor, no matter howsoever urgent the business of the republic, would never leave his home in the morning without first having seen his wife wash and dress the baby! Cicero, after having put the finishing hand to his orations, called in the children and had a joyous romp with them! A great diversion of the emperor Augustus was to play at games with little children, who were brought from all parts for the purpose,—Moorish and Syrian children being his chief favorites. There was one little fellow, of the name of Nucius, who stood only two feet high, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but who, nevertheless, had a prodigious voice; he was an especial favorite. Rousseau said, that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see little children making fun and playing together. "I have often," said he, "stopped in the streets to watch their frolics and sports with an interest which I see no other person take in them." Yet, inconceivable inconsistency! Rousseau sent his own children to a foundling hospital, and never owned them!

The attachment which some men have formed for animals of various kinds, is an amusing subject. When philosophers have had neither wife nor children, they have taken to dogs, horses, serpents, birds, and even spiders! Goethe rarely passed a day without bringing out from the chimney corner a live snake which he kept there, and caressing it like a bosom friend. Tiberius, a Roman emperor, also made an intimate companion of a serpent, which he trained to take food out of his hand. Augustus was exceedingly fond of a parrot, but still more so of a quail, the loss of which made him as sad as if he had lost a battle. Honorius, another Roman emperor, was so grieved at the loss of a hen, named Roma, that he would willingly have given Rome itself to bring it back; but Alaric had taken Rome. The emperor Domitian occupied his leisure in catching flies. Louis XI. when ill at Plessis-le-Tours, only found pleasure in an exhibition of dancing pigs, oddly dressed up, which were trained for his special entertainment.

Richter was very fond of tame animals, which he constantly had about him; sometimes a mouse; then a great white cross spider, which he kept in a paper box with a glass top. There was a little door beneath, by which he could feed his prisoner with dead flies. In the autumn he collected the winter food for his little treefrog and his tame spider. "How I wish," he wrote once to his friend Otto, "that you could have met me in the street or in the Harmony; then you would have seen my little squirrel upon my shoulder, who bites no longer."

Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so much as his monkey. He was one day painting a picture of a noble family, when the intelligence was brought to him of his ape's death. He could scarcely contain his grief, and lamented his unhappy lot. Sobbing and crying, he forthwith began delineating the form of the ape upon the family picture. They remonstrated with him, and protested that an ape was quite out of place in the company of such distinguished personages. The family were most indignant, and ordered him to efface the traces of the animal. But he continued to weep, and went on painting his ape. The head of the family demanded to know whether it was *his* portrait or that of a monkey which Rembrandt was pretending to delineate! "It *is* the portrait of a monkey," said Rem-

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brandt. "Then you may keep the picture." "I think so," said the painter. And the picture still survives.

Henry III. of France was so foolishly fond of spaniels, that he used to carry a litter of them in a basket suspended round his neck when giving his audiences. His passion for these animals cost him on the average not less than a hundred thousand crowns a year. Charles I. of England was also excessively fond of spaniels; and the breed of his dogs is still famous in this country. Frederick the Great was also a great dog-fancier.

The painter Razzi formed friendships with all sorts of animals, and he filled his house with squirrels, monkeys, Angora cats, dwarf asses, hegoats, tortoises, and Elba ponies. Besides these he had an enormous raven, who gravely strode about among the other animals, as if he were the exhibitor of this Noah's ark. When any one knocked at the outer door, the raven called "Come in!" in a loud voice.

Pelison, confined in the Bastille, made a friend of a spider, which he tamed. The jailor one day, seeing Pelisson take pleasure in contemplating the insect, crushed it under his foot, and left the prisoner distressed and melancholy at the loss of his friend. Latude, in the same prison, made companions of some six-and-twenty rats who inhabited his cell. He gave each of them a name; and they learnt to come to him at his call. He fed them, played with them, and they thus greatly relieved the *ennui* of his captivity.

But Latude only made friends of rats from necessity. The Marquis de Montespan, in perfect freedom of choice, had the extraordinary taste to amuse himself with mice, when occupying the gilded apartments of Versailles. True the mice were white, and had been brought to him all the way from Siberia; but the taste was a most odd one, nevertheless.

Cardinal Mazarin, the French minister, employed his leisure in playing with an ape; and Cardinal Richelieu amused himself with his collection of cats. The poet Alfieri was proud of his horses, and took great delight in fondling and caressing them. Cowper was at no time so happy as when feeding his tame hares.

There are other historic names associated with pet animals, among which may be named the vulture of Semiramis, the butterfly of Virgil, the starling of Nero, the ape of Commodus, the sparrow of Heliogabalus, and the dove of Mahomet.

Finally, among the other relaxations of learned and great men may be mentioned Calvin's game of throwing dice along a table,—whereas Luther was great in nine-pins. When he knocked down all the pins at a stroke he was as much delighted as if he had upset all the papists. Boileau was also very fond of the same game, and when he prostrated the nine-pins, he was better pleased than if he had completed his best ode. Massillon the preacher used to assemble oratorians and jesuits in his room, and set them to play at chess together, meanwhile exhorting them never to engage in any less innocent warfare. Buffon's great delight was in gleaning the village gossip from the village barber during his morning toilet. Charlemagne's chief relaxation and pleasure consisted in swimming in a bath, together with his sons, officers, and others. Charlemagne beat them all at swimming. Boyle the philosopher's great delight, like Curran's, was to watch the exhibition of puppet-shows. The performance of Punchinello invariably drew him into the street, and he did not mind standing in the midst of a shower of rain to witness it. In like manner, Tasso's liveliest amusement was to see masquerades, and enjoy the diversions of the populace during the public festivals. Who knows but that there may be many wise men now "about town," who take part privily, but sweetly in the annual diversions of our Greenwich fair?

DAY-DREAMS.

I LOVE my day-dreams, warm and wild,
Whate'er ungentle lips may say;
I dearly love, e'en as a child,
To sit and dream an hour away
In visions which heaven's blessed light
Makes but the holier to my sight.

'Tis well that Time, corroding Care,
And bitt'rest Ill have left me this:
Life's real sorrows who could bear,
Did not some dear imagined bliss,
Like Spring's green Footsteps, wake up flowers,
To cheer and bless Time's waste of hours?

'Tis well at times to get one home
To childhood's birthplace, and to see
The loved—the *lost* ones—round one come,
Just as of old they used to be,
And feel that neither change nor care
Can veil the soul's communion there.

From every Ruin of the Past,
An echo comes to charm mine ear.
Love woke the utt'rance first and last,
And love, when lost, how doubly dear.
Such concords how shall time impart,
As the first music of the heart?

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SUNNY THOUGHTS.

In our intercourse with the ever-busy, ever-toiling world, how many individuals do we meet with who, casting aside—we might say, repudiating—the cheerful anticipations of hope, gloomily abandon themselves to the influence of a sorrow, or an anxiety, or a difficulty that oppresses them for a day, or devote themselves to the far more pernicious practice of dwelling upon imaginary ills, and realizing in their expectation unreal and improbable calamities. We have conversed with men rolling in wealth and supplied with all the appurtenances of luxury, basking in the sunshine of a faithful prosperity, and enjoying the brightest prospects for the future, who have presumed to talk with inveterate obstinacy, and without the least show of probability, of ending their days in the precincts of a workhouse. The fondness with which they feed their thoughts upon the dispiriting theme indicates at once the nature of the malady: and we may account for an excuse in a nervous and debilitated constitution the existence of this feeling.

But there are many for whom this apology will not hold good. There are those who, either blighted in their early efforts, or from a moroseness of temper, or from an ill-training, wilfully deprive themselves of some of the best promises of life, and lose some of the most beautiful passages in their history, that lie like lines of light across the pathway of their existence.

This spirit of despondency we may naturally expect to find more strongly excited and developed in the opaque atmosphere of metropolitan or urban courts and alleys, where the eye is unrefreshed with the varied and exhilarating verdure of nature, and where the mind becomes faint and exhausted by the monotony and unprogressiveness of that struggle which it has day after day to maintain. To say that thousands of our teeming population, wearied with the labor, the oppression, the bitterness of the day,—ay, too, with the unfeeling coldness and the bitter neglect of their fellows, lie down at night on their tattered beds in a state of utter hopelessness, is not to say too much. To them the revivifying voices of consolation and comfort seldom come; the smile that sweetens the bitterness of toil and softens the heart, never beams on their pallid faces; and the hum, the turmoil, the confusion, of an unquiet home, rock their distracted brains into the semblance of slumber. What is there in their condition to make them wish to live? Or, is it that they fear to die that makes them cling to life? Let us hope that each has within the secret chambers of his bosom some thought that he still cherishes with fondness,—that the hidden cells of memory are stored with some recollections that shed a transitory gleam of pleasure over his present forlorn condition, and that, "as the heart knoweth its own bitterness," so his soul can reveal, if it be but to itself, some secret that gladdens his depressed spirit with the freshness of its joy. In looking back over the by-gone panorama of his existence,—in retraversing the love-hallowed moments of his childhood,—in recalling the busy, the hurried, the impassioned scenes of his after career, can he select no spot in the long vista, that he is still prone to retread in his fancy? are there no hours that he loves to treasure up in his heart of hearts,—whose remembrance casts a vivid, a grateful sunshine over the heavily-moving passages of the present? No soul, we may hope, is so barren as not to own some such memories; no spirit so desolate as not to possess some such bright visions of the past. And are not these memories *sunny thoughts*?

If a thought—a sunny thought—can cast a radiant light over the mind in such a condition, what might it not do for those who, in a higher condition and rank of life, view with a gloomy, unpropitious eye the aspect of Nature and Providence, forget the infinite comforts and blessings that surround them, live in a state of discontent, and grope through their mortal career unconscious of the *real happiness* that lies within their reach, a prey to perturbed thoughts, and the victims of an imaginary load that might weigh down the strength of an Atlas? How different is the lot of that man who looks, as it is termed, upon the bright side of things, and of him who from every incident and turn of fortune can only glean food for alarm and despondency. The one enters upon the duties of his position with a firm and confiding spirit; in the face of disappointments smilingly renews his generous efforts; traces in the dark cloud of his adversity the hand of an over-ruling and gracious Creator; and, in spite of his calamities, strives to wear a cheerful countenance and maintain an encouraging heart. The other trembles when he thinks—nor ceases to think when an opportunity affords itself—upon the vicissitudes of fortune, the ups and downs of life, upon the thousands that have not succeeded in their desires, and the many that are battling with their fate. He hesitates when he should act, wavers when he should decide, almost arraigns the goodness of a merciful dispensation when his hopes are crossed and thwarted

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and, even in the beautiful and golden folds of light that illumine his present prosperity, presumes to perceive an approaching storm, an overwhelming tempest. Omens of evil start from every change, prognostications of misery from every apparent misfortune.

The condition of these two men, their fortunes, their prospects, their probabilities of success, may be the same, similar advantages may attend their exertions, similar rewards crown their toil; yet, how different the result of their efforts with regard to themselves; how widely different the gratification which each derives from the labor of his hand and of his head. How little philosophy would it require to place the one on the same level of happiness as the other. If some are born cheerful (we use the common parlance), and mankind looks upon their countenances with pleasure; if their eyes naturally beam brightly, and kindle without an effort by the innate hilarity of their dispositions, a joyous light—the light of mirth and friendship, of fellowship and goodwill in the hearts of others—a little education of themselves, even in the most gloomily disposed, a little care in training their minds, will habituate them—and habit is as strong as nature—to give a proper tone to their feelings, a proper coloring to their thoughts, to correct the narrow, the desponding, the faithless picture of life which they have portrayed, and induce them to regard with cheerfulness and goodwill every event of their existence. Life is a conflict—a long, wearying, heart-depressing conflict—and surely there are mischances and vexations enough thrusting themselves upon us in the struggle to forbid our creating any new ones in our imaginations, or exaggerating, by a false aspect, the numbers and the extent of them. They are enemies we should rather repel by our assiduity than invite by any unnecessary encouragement into the citadel of our bosoms, where they will destroy our peace, and eventually wear away the strength and the glory of our health.

Independent of the unhappiness which such a temperament inflicts upon the individual himself, who has not often witnessed its baneful effects upon the comfort and happiness of those most nearly and most intimately connected with him? you have but to enter the precincts of his domestic circle, and the truth is at once revealed. Are there not young and sprightly hearts, blithe countenances, and laughing eyes, gathered around his hearth? Is not the voice—the lively, shrill, ringing voice—of childhood heard there, bursting forth in a wild key of merriment? The voice is heard, the eyes laugh, the countenances are blithe, as young hearts ever will be, but the freshness of their mirth is withered. It receives no response in the bosom of the father, who is absorbed in his own gloomy meditations. His cheerful smile, his welcome nod, his loving embrace is wanting, and under some petty condemnation how often is their sport suppressed! Or, if he enter the wider area of society, you may remark the same tendency in his observations, in his looks, in his manners, in his enjoyments. He indulges himself, as it were, by stealth, or takes shelter under the rules of decorum or conventionality, and looses half the blessings and more than a moiety of the benefit of social intercourse and pleasure by the timidity with which he enters into it, or the unfavorable construction he puts upon it.

We might multiply instances upon instances, taken from every relation of life, to show how pernicious is the habit of not encouraging the mind to view things in a cheerful light—to store up the memory with "sunny thoughts." Innocence itself is not secure from their interpretations, and the most harmless sports, the most guileless amusements, are arraigned as guilty before its partial tribunal.

How much are we indebted to those who endeavor to infuse into the hearts of families a cheerful temperament. It belongs to every individual member to cultivate "sunny thoughts." It is a duty they owe to mankind, and, like all duties well discharged, recoils with blessings a thousand-fold upon their own heads. And are there not innumerable objects upon which the mind can dwell with delight, if it will but select them? "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves." We give too great a prominence to transient and unstable topics; fix our desires upon some unattainable prize, or pursue an apparent pleasure, which, once procured, palls upon the taste.

It is not so much in what we do, however, as in what we omit to do, that the error lies. If we have made a false step, we should not imagine it an irretrievable misfortune. If difficulties arise, or clouds gather around us, we should encourage ourselves to believe that the first are not insuperable, and that the breath of the morning will dispel and dissipate the second. We should reflect that a lively and cheerful effort to overcome them will be more likely to give the victory; or if we should fail, that the praise of having well-striven, though it cannot fully compensate for the detriment, ought in no

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slight degree to alleviate the disappointment of defeat. Should we want a higher motive to induce us to cultivate a cheerful disposition, to gather "sunny thoughts," we have but to consider what infinite blessings such a course confers upon those who are dearest to us,—to convert the conviction of reason into the practice of our lives; and in a short time the beneficial results of such conduct will amply reward us for the patience and the struggle it may have cost us (if, indeed, it has proved any labor) to acquire the habit of so simple, so beautiful, so necessary a duty.

EMMA DELL.

Inscribed to her mother, Mrs. E. A. H.

BY MRS. MARIA C. TRACY.

Of a dear little, frolicsome, fairy-like thing,
My muse desireth to tell;
The joy of our hearts and the light of our home
Is the lamb of our fold—*Emma Dell.*

As dark as the raven's wing is her eye,
Her voice like a silvery bell;
And the dimpling mouth, ever wreathed with a smile,
Tells the gladness of our Emma Dell.

And her soul beameth out from those dark, bright orbs,
Though her thought no language can tell;
But the gurgling laugh and the light of her brow
Speak the heart of our sweet Emma Dell.

She loveth all bright and beautiful things,
The flowers, with their breeze-perfumed smell,
Nor a bud, nor a leaf, nor a butterfly's wing,
But brings joy to our gay Emma Dell.

The stars that look out from the clear blue sky,
The coral, the purple-dyed shell,
The soft summer cloud, the rainbow, the shower,
Whisper gladness to our Emma Dell.

And dearly she loveth the birds' free song,
That gushes like rill from the well;
And as clear and as sweet as the birdling's song
Is the carol of glad Emma Dell.

And she loveth to list to her dear mother's voice,
As its notes with rich melody swell,
And close in her bosom doth nestle the head
Of our song-loving bird—Emma Dell.

And the grand old woods with their "sounding aisles,"
And the verdant and shadowy dell,
Have ever a charm for our sweet forest-dove,
For our nestling, our loved Emma Dell.

And oft in a quiet, contemplative mood
She sits, as entranced by a spell;
Nor divine we the musings that teem in the brain
'Neath the calm brow of our Emma Dell.

Perhaps on the visions of earlier hours
Her infantile memories dwell;
Perchance the dim future awakes to the view
Of our dreamer, the young Emma Dell.

Perchance with the spirits that float on the breeze,
Or in the the deep greenwood that dwell,
She holdeth communion,—so tranquil and still
The inspirings of sweet Emma Dell.

But *soul* in rich tracing beams full on her brow,
Which language could never reveal;
And like stars in the midnight sky is the light
From the dark eye of dear Emma Dell.

Nor pearls, nor the Orient's treasure of gold
Could tempt us our darling to sell,
Nor the glory of kings, nor a world's wealth of fame
Could purchase our joy—Emma Dell.

Within our affection's deep innermost shrine
Our jewel, our treasure doth dwell;
And light like a glory the temple illumes
Where we cherish our own Emma Dell.

The hermit may dwell in his lonely retreat,
The nun in her dim cloistered cell;
But the joys that encircle the hearth-stone are ours,
"Sweet home" and its pride—Emma Dell.

What sorrow the years of the future may bring,
No revealings to us may foretell;
But we pray to our Father in heaven to spare
His own precious gift—Emma Dell.

But whate'er may betide we will rest in his love,
And doubt and anxiety quell;
Since Heaven is our home, where, through grace, we may meet
All we love and our dear Emma Dell.

THE WAYS.

AN ALLEGORY.

In the course of my travels, I came to a place where two ways met. A great company of people were gathered there, some entering one or the other, and some hesitating which way to go. The way in which the crowd seemed to be going was broad, and withal, very crooked. It appeared not to begin at this point, but to be the continuation of a road as far back as I could see. There was no inscription over it, neither were there any guide-boards to mark the way; for throughout it was continually intersected with by-paths; yet it was well known that they soon returned again to the main road. This road was very inviting. It lay along through rich and fertile vales, by the side of broad rivers. All along the scenery was enchanting. Gurgling brooks ran through flowery meads, and murmuring water-falls played fantastically among the rocks on the hill-side. On every hand, arbors, twined with ivy, and enbosomed in flowers, with cooling fountains, and tables spread with luxuries, invited to repose. The crowd moved

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gaily on, dancing as they went, to the sound of the viol, which they heard from the adjoining arbors, or turning aside to enjoy a more voluptuous repose. But occasionally I noticed a little excitement among the crowd, and one of the number seemed to disappear. But soon it was all over, and the ranks closed up again, moving on as if nothing had happened. I cast my eye forward, to a great distance, and I saw that the crowd moved on with the same eagerness as at the spot where I stood. All seemed bent on present enjoyment, unconscious that they were moving forward; only, every one gathered up as much as he could carry of the flowers by the way-side, and the rich viands in the arbors. But far off in the distance, the crowd suddenly disappeared. All I could see was a violent gesture, expressive of agony, as I thought, and every one threw aside his bundle, as he seemed to take a fearful leap beyond. Yet, those that came after took no heed, but passed on as if they saw not the fate of their comrades.

Then I turned my eyes toward the other way; and I saw that it left the broad way very abruptly. Every one who entered it, must suddenly change his course, and turn his back upon all the pleasures and allurements in which the crowd seemed so much to delight. This way led up the side of a high mountain. Though quite narrow, yet I could see it far up the hill, as straight as an arrow, till it was lost in the distance It was constantly ascending, though with occasional slight depressions. It appeared difficult, and, in many places, as I thought, dangerous. In some parts, the ascent was rough, toilsome, and difficult. In others, awful chasms opened below, and by a single misstep, I thought the travellers might be precipated down to their certain destruction. And this danger passed, there was, on either side, a tangled brushwood, full of thorns and briars, and poisonous plants, and serpents and reptiles. And these passed, there were dismal swamps, with deep morasses, into which if they fell, they would sink in deep mire. But those who were truly walking in the narrow way, if they fell, were always, in some marvelous way recovered again.

The entrance was through a little gate, very plain and easy to be entered by those who have once turned their back upon the allurements of the broad way; but very blind, and scarcely to be seen at all by those who are intent only upon their pleasure. Over the top is an inscription, in letters of gold: "Ho, ye that seek the celestial city! Enter here, and ye shall find 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life!'" As I cast my eye upward, I beheld a great many little companies toiling up the hill; for although the way was narrow, it was broad enough for a number to go together. And I saw none going alone, for they seemed to be formed of each other's company, and they walked lovingly along the way. They were divided into different bands, each having its own separate banner, but I noticed one device on them all. In general, these different bands agreed right well; and I saw persons pass and repass, from one to another, and exchanging badges, without exciting any ill feeling in their comrades. There were, however, a few exceptions to this. There was one band which seemed to be encircled with an iron ring, over which none might pass. They acknowledged that the others were true pilgrims, but insisted that they only had the true badge. There was another company who allowed others to enter their enclosure, but they would in no wise enter any other themselves; for they declared that they were the only true pilgrims, and no others had any right to the road. I saw, also, that there was a little rivalry sometimes, between the other bands, when new pilgrims came in; for there were those in every company who were intent on increasing their own numbers. However, I must say it to their credit, that the great body of them were more anxious to get men into the right way than to have them join any particular company.

But what appeared very strange to me was, that though the way was very rugged and difficult, no man seemed at all regardful of his feet, but every one had his eye intently fixed on some object at the top of the mountain. And so long as they continued thus to *look up*, they glided along with apparent ease and safety; but whenever they looked *down*; and undertook to guide their own feet, they either stumbled and fell, or else wandered into some by path. For the way in which they were going was everywhere intersected with paths that seemed to run parallel with it, and promised soon to return to it. And as these looked inviting, and seemed much easier than the straight one, many were lured into them. But instead of returning again to the true way, they constantly diverged still further from it. And when once they had left the right way, it was very difficult to get back again, for they lost sight of the beacon at the top of the hill, which had guided their footsteps before. Having once left the way, they went on and on; and very soon the way became misty and dark before them, so that they groped along, not knowing whither they were going. And yet, strange to tell, though they were in great trouble and

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distress, they never seemed to think of turning back, till they met one of the patroles appointed to guard these by-ways, who laid on them so roundly with his "whip of scorpions," that they were brought to their senses, and fled back, sorely wounded and bruised, never stopping to look behind them, till they were back again in the narrow path.

Others, on losing sight of the beacon above, stumbled and fell into the quagmires which abound on either side of the road. And there they lay, floundering about, every effort they made only sinking them deeper in the mire. Sometimes they would crawl to the bank, and catch hold of the bushes which grew on its sides, and endeavor to climb up, but just as they got their feet on the bank, the bushes gave way, and they were precipitated down again, only to sink deeper. After many vain struggles, they would give up all hope from their own efforts, and ceasing to struggle, cry out, "Lord help, or I perish;" and then I saw a celestial form appear, reach forth his hand and lift them out of the pit, set their feet in the narrow way, and point them to the guiding star at the top of the hill. And then they went on their way rejoicing and singing, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. And he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God.

And then, there were other paths, commencing near the entrance to the way, and apparently running parallel with it, which were often mistaken for it. They were easy of entrance, and less difficult to follow. And I saw a great many people gliding along smoothly in them; and they seemed to think they were going the same way as those who were toiling up the way which I have been describing. But I noticed that none of them *looked up*. They seemed not to have got sight of the object of attraction at the top of the mountain. Their eyes were directed downward, to the path in which they were walking, and to the objects of attraction around. They were very much at their ease, and believed themselves to be on the way to the same city to which the others were going; but I noticed that though the two ways commenced almost at the same point, and ran almost together at the beginning, they gradually diverged from each other, and separated further and further as they went on.

But there was one thing wherein the narrow way differed from all others. As the entrance was narrow and difficult, so, for some distance, the path was not very plain. In some places, to be sure, it came out into clear sunlight, and the way was bright and clear; but, for the most part, it was overhung with trees and shrubbery, which made it somewhat dark and obscure. But as I cast my eye upward, it was wonderful. It grew clearer and brighter the further it went, till towards the summit, it appeared like a burnished gold blazing in the sun light.

But, I said before, that there were occasional depressions in the path, and yet so that, on the whole, it was constantly ascending. But there was an optical illusion about these places that made them appear like dark and gloomy vales. The tall trees bent over the road; and though the sun shone with great brilliancy on their tops, the rays did not seem to penetrate through their foliage. And then, on either side, the wood resounded with the howling of wild beasts, the hissing of serpents, and the screeching of owls. On entering here, the pilgrims frequently lost sight of the beacon at the top of the hill: but they had a perfect chart of the way, on which all these spots were marked and described. Some passed through these gloomy shades without very many trials; others were greatly depressed, and sometimes almost in despair. And to add to the strangeness of the scene, here they hold converse with spirits. And having undertaken one day to explore one of these valleys, I overheard an interesting conversation, which I will transcribe. But first I will mention what I saw, that there were many miry places, and pitfalls, and snares for the feet of the unwary pilgrim. And I heard the pilgrims bemoaning themselves thus:—

Pilgrims.—"We wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness. We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noon-day, as in the night; we are in desolate places, as dead men."

And they were answered by unseen spirits.

Paul.—"We walk by faith, not by sight."

David.—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Pilgrim.—"O that I knew where I might find him!"

David.—"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him."

Pilgrim.—"Alas! I fear I have lost the way; what shall I do?"

The Lord.—"I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee by mine eye."

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Pilgrim.—"Fear and a snare is come upon us, desolation and destruction."

Satan.—"If ye were the children of God, He would not bring you into this dreary and desolate place; 'for the Lord God is a sun and shield.'"

Paul.—"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

Satan.—Ye surely cannot be the followers of Christ, for he says, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Isaiah.—"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

Pilgrim.—"I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing."

David.—"He brought me up out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Pilgrim.—"I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me."

The Lord.—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

Pilgrim.—"Mine iniquities have gone over my head; as an heavy burden, they are too heavy for me."

Satan.—"It is written, 'Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?' How can such a sinner as thou art expect peace? 'The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble.' Thou art too great a sinner to be pardoned."

John.—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all unrighteousness."

Pilgrim.—"No man ever sinned as I have done. There is no gospel for me. I have sinned against great light. I have left my Savior and backslidden from God; and now 'there remaineth no more sacrifice, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.'"

Paul.—"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Just at this moment, they emerged from the dark valley, and instantly every eye was directed to the top of the mountain, and beheld the object on which their eyes had before been fixed as their guiding star. And the moment their eyes caught sight of the object, the air rang again with acclamations of joy. The sun shone full on their way, and the path was luminous and bright before them. A cool, refreshing stream, burst out from the rocks above, and ran alongside the path. And they went on their way rejoicing, and singing, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High."

As I beheld these things, wondering at the sight, I saw one standing by the gate, in shining garments, of whom I asked an explanation: "Who are these in the broad and easy way, that walk so cheerily along, and whither go they? What becomes of them that suddenly disappear on the way? And what is there at the end, where we lose sight of them all?"

Then he took me along, and showed me concealed traps and covered pitfalls, all along the broad way, and said unto me, "These are they that forget God and live unto themselves: as it is written, 'their foot shall slide, in due time; for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon them make haste." Then he took me on further, and I saw that all the by-paths that I had seen on the mountain came out into the broad way. And he led me on to the brow of a frightful precipice, and bade me look over, and I saw below, deep down in a vast abyss, a burning valcano. I looked up, and there I saw the whole crowd that thronged the broad way, pouring over the precipice, like a mighty cataract, and tumbling down together into the abyss below. "Then," said my guide. "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

Then said I, "Who are these that toil so resolutely up the hill, and whither go they, and what is that object on which they gaze so steadily, at the top of the hill?" And he took me round another way, and showed me a great city, whose towers, and battlements, and palaces, and mansions, shone in the rays of the sun, glittering with gold and precious stones; and he said unto me, "They look for a city of habitations, whose builder and maker is God."

"Have they ever seen this city?" I inquired.

"They look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

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When he had said this, he took me to a high place, where I could see the whole length of the narrow way that led up the mountain, to the very top; and there I beheld a luminous object, in the form of a cross, which shone above the brightness of the sun in the heavens; and then I clearly saw that this was the guiding star and beacon-light on which every eye was intently gazing, as the pilgrims made the steep ascent. And while they kept their eyes on this, their step was light and firm; the way was clear before them; and their countenances were lighted up with joy and hope. Then spake my guide again unto me, saying, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world," and he vanished out of my sight.

Editorial Miscellany.

The Electric Telegraph is one of the most wonderful inventions of the age. It is a dwarf in stature, but a giant in power. It is so small that it could be put into a lady's work basket, yet it will transmit a message from pole to pole in the "twink of an eye." It has been in operation for eight years, yet there are thousands who have no intelligent idea of the structure of this machine. We have, therefore, procured a cut representing it from Messrs. Fowlers and Wells, of the "Phrenological Journal," from which the substance of this article is taked. No one can can be uninterested in a matter which is attracting so much attention in all parts of the world, and which is soon to encircle the globe in a network of "speaking wires."

Electricity is supposed to be a subtle fluid, pervading all space. It is still, in a great measure, wrapt up in mystery. All we know about it, is by its effects. It is generated with great rapidity in a galvanic battery, and can travel along good conductors at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second. There is no force in it, unless there be formed what is termed "an electric circuit." This circuit may be a metal wire, or metal plates, or what are known as "conductors," which must be connected in some way with both poles of the battery. By breaking and closing this circuit, the force of the electricity is alternately called into action and suspension. The telegraph is so constructed that this may be done with great rapidity, as may easily be seen by the fingers of the hand resting on the little lever in the engraving. By this means the telegraph is operated, in other words, messages transmitted from one place to another. The four cylindrical vessels, marked A, is the galvanic battery. A cylinder of zinc, and a thin plate of copper or platina, separated by a porous earthenware vessel, and all placed within a glass vessel containing weak sulphuric acid surrounding the zinc, and the platina, dipping into weak nitric acid in the porous vessel, forms a battery, and generates electricity. Every one cylindrical vessel shown above is just the duplicate of another, and the whole are united to form a powerful current, like two or more boilers being used for steam. To form the electric circuit, one end of the copper wire is attached to the end platina plate, and the other end of the copper wire to the zinc cylinder. A wire is not required to run round all the circuit—any metalic connection, such as brass plates, &c., &c., may form part of it. The battery A, and the small table above it, we will suppose to be at the Philadelphia station, and the Telegraph Register, below, to be at New York. A wire runs from the platina plate up to the metallic connection on the small table above, and the other wire runs from the zinc, and is connected with the first wire by the metallic connection of the register at New York. This forms the circuit. B, on the small table above, is the key for breaking and closing the circuit. This key is a pretty long pen, for it is the little metallic gentleman that writes, away at New York. This key is fixed upon a pivot axis, and, is nicely balanced, to be gently pressed by the operator's fingers on the top of an ivory button. The circuit is now broken, and a small gap in the key above the wire from the battery, shows the metallic connection to be open. A spring in front keeps up the key when not working, but by pressing upon the but end of the key, its metal surface comes into contact with the metal termination of the wire from the battery, and then the circuit is closed, and the electric fluid fleets along to New York.

The clock work of gear-wheels seen in the

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engraving, is moved mechanically by a weight below. This causes a strip of paper to pass slowly under the point of contact, as it unwinds from a cylinder. On it dots or marks are made, composing the telegraphic alphabet.

The power of the telegraph is bringing the ends of the earth together. Only two years and a half ago, the following paragraph was written:—

"A telegraph line across the Atlantic has been talked of, and no doubt could be constructed, but those capable of forming a good opinion, believe that the expense of keeping it in repair would far over-top its profits. The earth will no doubt yet be belted by an electric railroad. France and England are now united by electric bands, and there are some who are now alive that will see the electric wires stretching beyond the Rocky mountains, passing under the sea at Behrings Straits, and then stretching away through Asia, and Europe, to the Volga, the Rhine, and the Thames, until the terminal plates of the battery will look out at one another across the Atlantic, and speak to one another from Wall street, in New York, to Lombord street, in London; who does not sigh for the ambitious honor of flourishing the first electric pen at New York, which will transcribe, at the same moment, it may be, its message within the Court of St. James."

Now a company has been formed, and a contract, signed for stretching the wire across the Atlantic. And soon may we read in the morning papers the state of the London market the day previous, or a speech made the preceding evening in the House of Lords!

THE SABBATH.—There is something peculiarly soothing to the piously disposed heart, in the reflections which usually flow through the mind on the day appropriated by commandment and general consent for the repose of the body from its daily labors. It matters little to him who has right views of the subject, whether with the Jew, he rests on the last day of the week, or on the first with the Christian. The Sabbath is the Sabbath of the heart, and not a prejudiced formality. It is a time set apart for communion with the Maker and Governor of the Universe; and to him who rightly observes it, is holy. It is true, that if one should say, "I will keep my Sabbath on this day," and another, "I will keep my sabbath independent of data for its establishment," it would be fraught with many evils in any community, too obvious to be noticed. But where two denominations have equally good reasons for observing the day of rest at times of different appointment, it is both uncharitable and unchristian for one to denounce the other, as regarding the holy Sabbath. The God who seeth all hearts, can only judge of sincerity.

A poet has justly said, that

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest!"

And he who has not proved the day of rest to be sweet and refreshing to his spirit, as well as to his body, has thrown from him, untasted, a cup of life's richest pleasure. Who is there of cultivated mind, who would not hail with joy the offer of spiritual communion with one of those bright intelligences, who inhabit the invisible world?—and yet, many of this class seem to have no knowledge of the truth, that the great and mighty God of wonders, whose magnificent creations they worship with their whole heart's enthusiasm, has appointed a time in which He will hold intimate and especial intercourse with the hearts of his intelligent creatures. How much pure, unearthly delight is thrown aside by many, who would joy to lose themselves in thought, led away by some spiritual being, to explore the illimitable universe of mind, because they lose sight of the grand design of the Sabbath, and therefore fail to participate in the unutterable blessedness of holding communion with Him, who is the "centre and circumference" of intellectual, as well as physical existence. The Sabbath is sweet to him to whom toil is meted out as his portion till death. It comes with a smile of gladness, dissolving the spell of weariness and care that was gathering around his heart, and bringing cheerfulness as his reward for regarding its duties. To him it is always a consummation of hope,—he looks forward to enjoying its rest with pleasure, and enters upon it with gratitude—his energies of body and mind are restored in its observation, and he resumes again his labors with renewed vigor. Sickness and pain seem to find a mitigation of sorrow, as the calm mild look of the Sabbath returns, bringing with it an almost imperceptible balm of healing.

The Sabbath! 'tis a holy word! making joyful emotions in the hearts of the children of men—recalling to the remembrance past times of blessedness, and promising future rewards of felicity.

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Book Notices.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST: or, Meditations on the death and passion of our blessed Lord and Saviour. By Dr. Hook. The prominent topics of this book are, The Agony, The Trial, Bearing the cross, The Crucifixion, The Water and the Blood, The Tomb. The meditations are the overflowings of a pious soul. and furnish much profitable reading for the christian. Stanford & Swords.

SACRA PRIVATA, by Bishop Wilson: to which are added the private devotions of Bishop Andrews. This is a very devotional little book, filled with longings after holiness, and interspersed with the choicest portions of scripture. Stanford & Swords.

MAPLETON: or more work for the Maine Law. By Pharcellus Church, D.D This popular work has already reached the fourth edition. It is a book worth having and reading, both from the facts it contains, the vivacity of its style and the great interest of the subject. A rich table of contents of thirty chapters presents a most inviting aspect. The reader is ever enchanted with the story, and the impressions left on the mind are most happy. Lewis Colby & Co., 122 Nassau st.

WATER FROM THE WELL-SPRING: By E. A. Bickersteith. A work designed for the sabbath hours of afflicted believers. It consists of choice passages of scripture with a brief meditation upon each of perhaps a page in length, and specially adapted to afflicted believers. Here are rich cordials for those who are called to pass through the deep waters of affliction. Robt. Carter & Brothers.

THE CLAREMONT TALES: or Illustrations of the Beatitudes. And beautiful illustrations they are indeed. Every chapter is a gem—a gem radiant with the true spirit of the gospel. It is a most excellent work to put into the hands of the young. Carter & Brothers.

A GUIDE TO ENGLISH COMPOSITION: or one hundred and twenty subjects analyzed. By Rev. Dr. Brewer. The book contains about two hundred themes so arranged and illustrated as to teach the learner to think and write correctly and logically. It is rich in facts, quotations and illustrations. The plan is a good one, and we hope may come into general use. C. S. Francis & Co.

ABBEOKUTA, or Sunrise within the tropics. By Miss Tucker. This book is an outline of the origin and progress of the Yoruba Mission. In connection with this, it contains a multitudes of facts respecting Africa that are worth possessing. The book contains two maps and several cuts. Altogether it is a cheering beam of light shining on the western coast of that dark continent. Carter & Brothers.

COWPER'S TABLE TALK, and other poems, with critical notes and observations, by James R. Boyd. This is a beautiful new edition of the "Task," just issued by A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John st. Cowper is a favorite poet; and these notes and explanations appended by Boyd, add greatly to the interest and value of the work. It is worthy of a place in every choice library, and on every centre table.

SUFFERINGS AND GLORIES OF THE MESSIAH: an exposition of Ps. xviii, and Isaiah lii. 13—iii. 12. By John Brown, D.D. These prophecies respecting Christ are here explained at great length in a course of lectures by the author. They form most interesting topics of reflection and meditation. The author has caused these passages to send forth a blaze of light, shedding fresh brilliancy on the the atonement of Christ and the great work of man's redemption.

THE PASTOR'S MANUAL; a Selection of Tracts on Parochial Duty. A most excellent book, especially for young ministers. It is full of practical good sense, sound reasoning, and rich instruction. It is made up of the best thoughts of some of the best men that have adorned the Christian church. Were this work extensively circulated and faithfully studied by all pastors of all denominations, the effect would evidently be seen and felt in the greater zeal, piety, and spirituality of the church. Just published by Sawyer, Ingersoll, & Co, Hudson, O. Newman & Iveson, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR. By Rev. J. Hopkins D.D. Containing a summary explanation and defence of the doctrines and duties of the christian religion. It is no small evidence of the value of this book, that it has already reached the fifth edition. It has a rich table of contents on the most important topics of the bible. The doctrines and duties of the gospel system, are stated with great accuracy, and clearness. It is a most excellent work for young christians. In an age of commotion, and "winds of doctrine," this is just the work that is needed. May it have as wide a circulation as Baxter and Bunyan, and a thousand other Stars in the galaxy of holy instructors. Lawyer Ingersoll & Co., Hudson, O. Newman & Iveson, N. Y.

THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: first President of the Royal Academy: first American edition. The life consists of a brief and graphic sketch of this great artist and painter; interesting both as an exhibition of the progress of talent, and as showing how great proficiency and skill may be attained from small beginnings. He was one of the most remarkable of his time. In taste, grace, facility, happy invention, and rich coloring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the age. To his life are added his fifteen discourses on the arts of painting and sculpture. These are beautiful in style, rich in classical allusions, and instructive as the lessons of a gifted and well cultivated mind. The execution, and typographical appearance of the work reflects great credit upon the enterprising publishers, Sawyer, Ingersoll, & Co., Hudson, O. To be had also at Newman & Iveson, N. Y.

ANNIE GRAYSON, or Life in Washington. By Mrs. N. P. Lasselle. The incidents of this book profess to be drawn from life. It is probably a fair illustration of the scenes of a Washington winter. The style is lively, and the work is neatly bound. (Bunce & Brother.)

THE FOREST. By J. V. Huntington. The scene is laid in northern New York. The story wears a rural aspect, and is altogether a novelty of its kind. (Redfield.)

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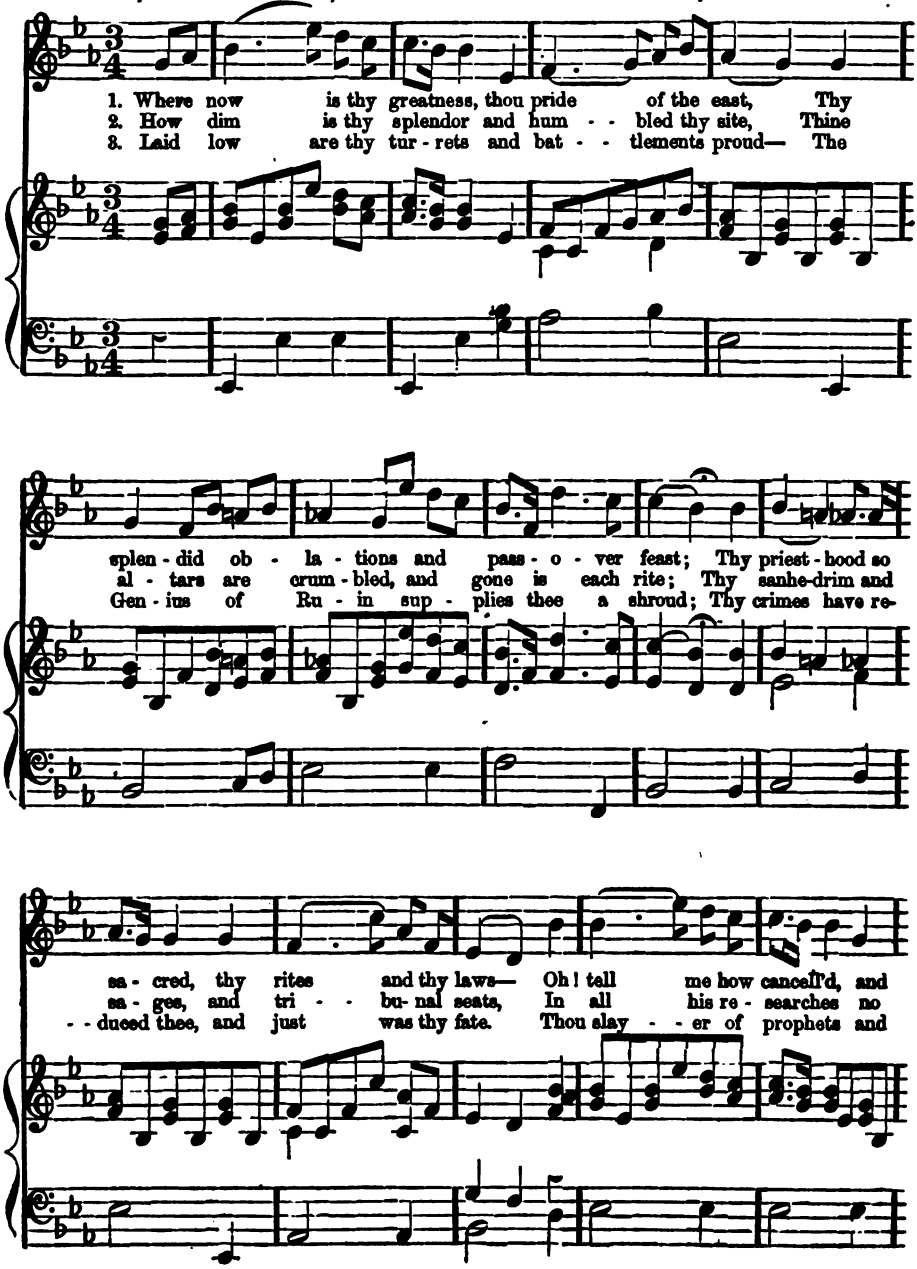
Jerusalem in Ruins.

Words by HORACE DRESSER, LL. D. Music by ASAHEL ABBOTT.

1. Where now is thy greatness, thou pride of the east, Thy
2. How dim is thy splendor and hum - - bled thy site, Thine
3. Laid low are thy tur - rets and bat - - tlements proud— The
splen - did ob - la - tions and pass - o - ver feast; Thy priest - hood so
al - tars are crum - bled, and gone is each rite; Thy sanhe-drim and
Gen - ius of Ru - in sup - plies thee a shroud; Thy crimes have re-
sa - cred, thy rites and thy laws— Oh! tell me how cancell'd, and
sa - ges, and tri - - bu- nal seats, In all his re - searches no
- - duced thee, and just was thy fate. Thou slay - - er of prophets and

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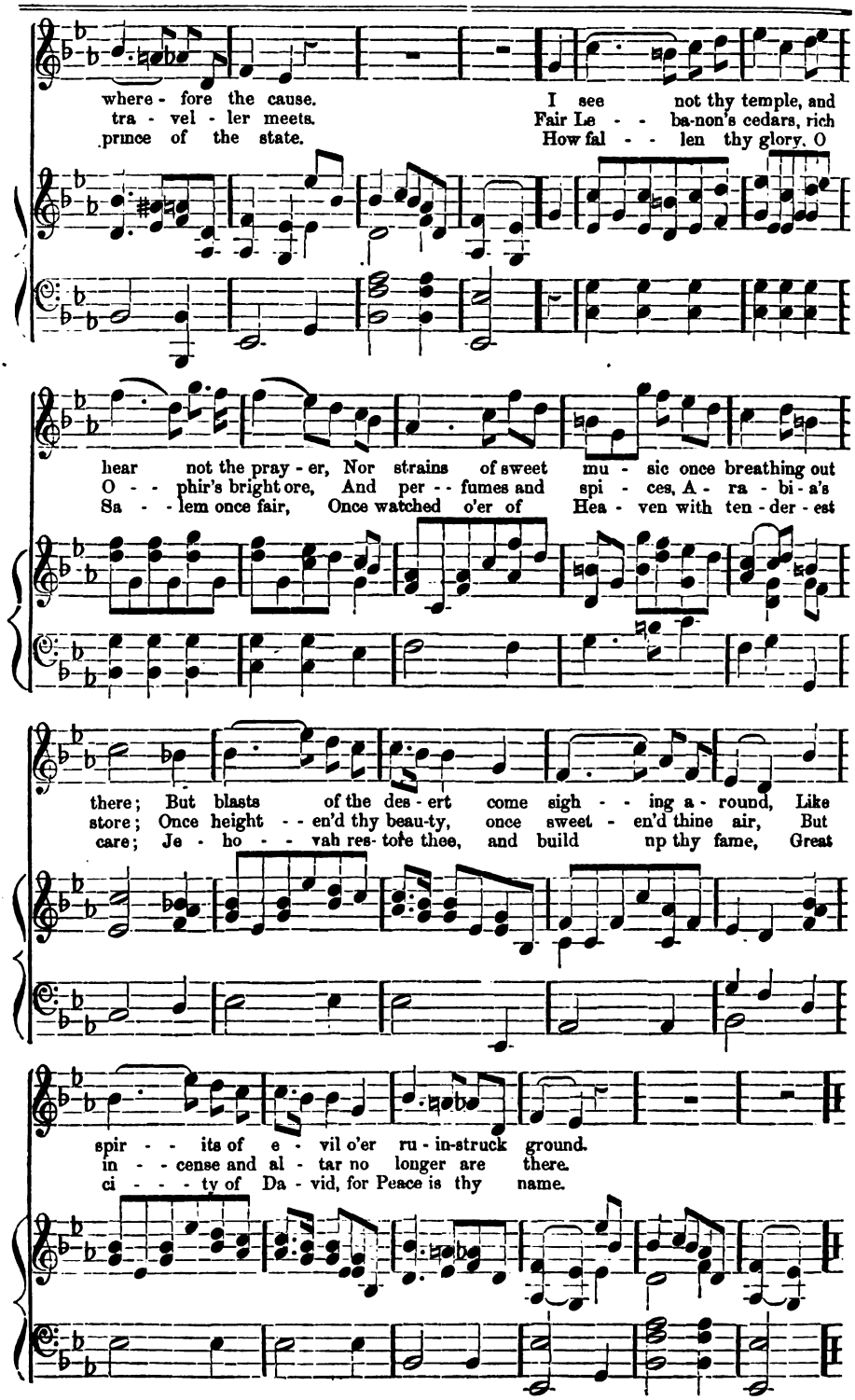
where - fore the cause.
I see not thy temple, and
tra - vel - ler meets.
Fair Le - - ba-non's cedars, rich
prince of the state.
How fal - - len thy glory, O
hear not the pray - er, Nor strains of sweet mu - sic once breathing out
O - - phir's bright ore, And per - - fumes and spi - ces, A - ra - bi - a's
Sa - - lem once fair, Once watched o'er of Hea - ven with ten - der - est
there; But blasts of the des - ert come sigh - - ing a - round, Like
store; Once height - - en'd thy beau-ty, once sweet - en'd thine air, But
care; Je - ho - - vah res- tore thee, and build up thy fame, Great
spir - - its of e - vil o'er ru - in-struck ground.
in - - cense and al - tar no longer are there.
ci - - - ty of Da - vid, for Peace is thy name.

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

THE ideas of heaven entertained by christians are various. This arises, in part, from the figurative language employed by the sacred penman with reference to it. The inspired descriptions, being figurative, leave room for the workings of imagination; and individuals invest that celestial place with what, in their view, is most essential to perfect enjoyment.

Hence, as every individual christian has his own peculiar trials and tastes, all, while they believe and rejoice in a heaven of blessedness, anticipate it as their home, for different reasons. Wilberforce, whose bosom glowed with love to all flesh—a tender, affectionate, sympathizing spirit, said that *his* ideas of heaven were comprised in one word—benevolence; while that great and good man, Robert Hall, whose health was feeble, and who, at times, suffered most violent pain from a chronic disorder, remarked that his most pleasant conception of heaven was that of a state of rest. The feelings of most, probably, will harmonize with those of Hall.

So full is this fallen world of vicissitude and trouble, so associated is the experience of all with labor, disappointment, and sorrow, "the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain together," that, to the great majority of christians, the most agreeable conception of the celestial state, is that of perfect repose from care; a place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And blessed be God, this deep want of the tossed soul, this strong desire of burdened, oppressed nature, is met by Him with the promise of full and sweet relief; for "there remaineth a rest to the people of God." The margin has it, "the keeping of a sabbath"—"There remaineth unto the people of God the keeping of a sabbath." As the sabbath was first instituted as the rest of God, as it was a memorial of his resting from the stupendous work of creation, so also was it a type of the eternal rest which remaineth for renewed man, when he too, wearied from his toil, shall cease, enter into the rest, and partake of the felicity of his Heavenly Father. When Jehovah completed the work of creation, and rested, he had that rest which he now enjoys; he had that bliss in the contemplation of his works which now renders him blessed; and such a cessation from toil and care, and a happiness so perfect, are promised to the christian.

He likewise is to have a place of sacred repose; he likewise is to have an eternal rest with God; "there remaineth unto him the keeping of a sabbath." This sabbatic rest may be comprised under four particulars.

One element in this rest is a rest from labors. The present state is one of toil. When our first parents were thrust out of Paradise because of their guilt, the ground, for their sake, was cursed. Since then, thorns and thistles have been its spontaneous products. By these man cannot live; nor will the smitten earth yield that by which man can live, unless by the expenditure on it of labor. Hence it is "by the sweat of the brow" that man eats his bread. All things are thus full of labor. In all the professions, in all employments, in all departments of society, industry is essential to success.

Man is forced to work. The brain, or the hands, or both, must be kept active, or the necessaries of life are not secured. And this, though man is disinclined to exertion, in many instances, cannot make it without positive suffering, and, in all instances, is thereby subjected to weariness and fatigue. We drag on our mortal life in in labor; and as day succeeds day, and week week, tire ourselves for every vanity. This is the law of our being which the apostacy imposes, and from whose onerous, depressing drudgery we cannot relieve ourselves.

But there remaineth a rest from this to the people of God. A blissful cessation from earthly toil and care is promised them. "I heard a

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voice," the voice of the Spirit speaking from heaven, "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors." We are indeed told that "the servants of God serve him" in their heavenly home; but this service, whatever it be, is entirely dissociated from those difficulties and discouragements connected with labor in our present state. So far from this, all these services are perfectly consistent with the enjoyment of a sweet repose; a repose first prefigured in dim miniature by the refreshing rest of the Sabbath, and subsequently by the rest of Canaan. It is action without exhaustion or languor. It is the action of bouyant and elastic spirits in glorified bodies. It is a rest from earthly toil and fatigue, and is blessed.

A second element in this future rest is, it is a rest from troubles. We find it written in the book of Job, which book is thought to bear the impress of greater antiquity than any other book in the Bible, "that man is born unto trouble, as the sparks to fly upwards;" and this book, like all others traced by the pen of inspiration, is verified by experience. As naturally as the light spark lifted by a current of air is borne upwards, so naturally do troubles come on the children of men. None are entirely exempt. All have them; and so numerous and trying are they, and so acquainted is every heart with its own bitterness, that almost every individual thinks that his troubles are peculiar, exceeding, in number and severity, those of any one else. Nothing more strikingly and conclusively proves how general and trying troubles are, than this fact, that almost every person thinks that more troubles cluster around him than gather around others. The simple reason is that he knows his own troubles, while he is ignorant of those which others experience. But this is a partial view of the subject, "Man is born unto trouble." Not any one man merely, nor any specific number of men; but man, a noun of multitude, significant of the entire human family, a generic designation of the race. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the Christian and the sinner, farmers, mechanics, and professional men, all have their troubles.

Often those have most, who seem to have the least. And those apparently the most favored in this respect, are not unfrequently the most afflicted. Indeed we cannot properly judge of another's troubles, even if the outer troubles are known; for the comparative grievousness of troubles depends upon a variety of things, which are open only to the eye of Omniscience. They depend upon education, temperament, habit, sensibility, and other considerations. One with apparently little trouble, so far as real trouble may be judged of from our imperfect knowledge, may really suffer more, far more than another, whose troubles seem peculiarly numerous and weighty. There is many a hidden infirmity of the mind, many a secret sorrow, many an undiscovered thorn in the flesh. Who that had beheld Haman, with his brilliant fortune, would have imagined him a continual prey to uneasiness? "Yet," adds Haman, "all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting in the kings gate!"

But there are troubles enough which are not hidden, which are open to every eye and affect every feeling heart.

"If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they are many."

Here is one rolling in wealth, suddenly reduced to poverty. There, is a parent bereaved of his children. There, are children bereaved of parents. Here, a husband buries his wife. There, a wife buries her husband. Here is one disappointed in the object of his affections. And there, another is wasting away under an uncurable and painful disorder.

The language of past experience in this vale of tears, is the language of the present; and this language is that of lamentation. It is, "even to-day is my complaint bitter, and my stroke heavier than my groaning. When I lie down I say, when shall I arise and the night be gone; I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. By reason of grief, my flesh is dried up, and my heart wither as grass." Open the roll of humanity and read, and you find the passage to the grave, lies through much tribulation; it passes through a dark thicket of troubles!

But these troubles are to cease. The period of their continuance has an end. Says Paul, in his epistle to the church in Thessalonica: "It is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels." In the future rest of the Christian, there is a freedom from troubles. A third element in this rest to which believers have not yet come, is a rest from temptations. These, from the hour that Satan scaled the walls of Paradise, and effected the apostacy of our first parents from their God, have been many and distressing. They are influences moving us to evil, that spring from the flesh, the world, and the great adver-

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sary of souls, and meet us in every state, every place, and season of life. We well know how trying they are; how they disquiet us, and harass and entangle us, in what our Maker forbids, and so bring down upon us his rebukes. But there is a deliverance too from these annoying enticements.

These accompaniments of a fallen state, leave the Christian pilgrim at the sepulchre That reached, he shall never again be tempted to have hard thoughts of God, or the ways of God. He shall not have what the law of his mind detests, overcome his moral weakness, and make him an humble sorrowing captive. To the insinuating suggestions of the world, the base suggestions of the flesh, and the malicious suggestions of the evil one, he shall forever be a stranger. He is coming to a rest from them.

We add also, as a fourth element, a rest from sins. Ask the genuine believer, the true disciple of Christ, what above all things he most desires, and he will promptly reply, to be delivered from sin. This it is which vexes and depresses him, and makes him groan of being burdened.

His pollution and guilt, in contrast with the holiness and purity of God, his indwelling sin, his sins of omission, sins of commission, sins of infirmity, secret sins, and presumptuous sins, make him often indulge despondency, make him often question the reality of his religion, and make him often give utterance to cries and tears. The strength of that native depravity against which Christians struggle, the force of those corrupt passions and propensities with which we are born, and which illicit indulgence strengthens, and is expressed by the apostle in the seventh chapter of the epistle to the Romans,—and no language could express it better: "We know that the law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do I allow not, for what I would, that I do not, but what I hate, that do I. If then I do what I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I find not. I find then a law that when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

This is Paul's representation of himself, and what was true of the apostle, is true of all other Christians. They, though renewed, are but partially renewed; they, though they cheerfully recognise the obligation to love God with all their hearts, are painfully conscious that they fail to do it, they find a conflict within them between reason and natural appetite, conscience and corrupt propensity, and they, groaning under sin as under a tyrant's yoke, sigh and pray for deliverance. And they shall be delivered. There remaineth a rest to them. The spirit is to conquer the flesh, grace is to triumph over corruption, and the long looked for liberty is to arrive. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." In the Christian's soul, every portion of the power of depravity is to be obliterated and inlaid with blessed principles, is to be a meet subject of eternal purity and felicity. This is the rest which remaineth unto the people of God; a state of Sabbatic rest, rest from labors, rest from troubles, rest from temptations, rest from sins. Blessed be God that there remaineth such a rest, the keeping of an eternal Sabbath unto his people. That the Saturday evening of life is coming, when we shall dismiss the cares, anxieties and troubles of our earthly state, die in the Lord, and enter upon the repose and bliss of heaven! We love our Sabbaths here, but what are these to the Sabbath that remaineth? We love our earthly sanctuary, but what is this to that temple not made with hands? What are the streams to the fountain, the first fruits to the full vintage, the imperfect dawn to the bright and glorious day? The prayers we offer here, and the songs we offer here, to the order of the court of heaven,—and that halleluiah chorus which swells from the bosoms of the blessed:

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our weary souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
No rude alarms of angry foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred high eternal noon.
Oh long expected day begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God."

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STANZAS.

P. R. AMMIDON.

And thou art dead! the rosy June
With wealth of leaf and bloom is here;
And first to greet the opening year,
The birds their simple notes attune,
But thou art dead!

Remembrance will not let thee die,
It speaks of thee ere stern decay
Had cast a shadow o'er thy way;
And faithful Memory claims a sigh,
For thou art dead!

It whispers, too, thy sad decline,
The strength of fear ere hope decayed,
Hope that was doomed too soon to fade,
And *fear* alas, no longer mine,
For thou art dead!

I saw, O bitter hour, the seal
Of death upon thy marble brow
And pallid cheek; yet even now,
How hard to bring the heart to feel
That thou art dead!

MUSINGS AT EVENTIDE.

A FRAGMENT.

The sun sinking to repose amid masses of vapor and clouds, is making the former appear like a vast sea of mist, which envelops that part of the plain towards the west and north-west with a great winding-sheet, and is tinging the latter with those bright rays peculiar to sun-set, which make their edges appear like burnished gold. Gradually the monarch of day disappears from our admiring gaze, leaving behind him a thick veil of clouds, which his now level rays are unable to penetrate; but which yet possess sufficient strength to illumine the upper edges of the mass, as if a flash of lightning had been frozen in its passage along the verge of the horizon, and whose dazzling purity and brightness is only equalled by the shortness of its existence. Suddenly, as if the wand of a magician had passed over the scene, an almost Sabbath stillness reigns around. Myriads of rooks, which, a few minutes before, were cawing with all their might in attempting to fill their insatiable maws in a neighboring field, are now winging their flight homewards, amid a deep silence, broken at intervals by a hoarse croak from some of the fast-diminishing multitude. The thrush has finished his beautiful ode to the ebbing day; the finch has answered the last chirp of its mate; the cry of the alarmed black-bird has ceased; the bark of the village dog, mellowed by the distance, falls like music on the ear; the roar of the distant waterfall is wafted by the fitful breeze, and dies away in mournful cadence among the trees behind. What could be more soothing to the spirit, more captivating to the reflecting mind, better adapted for the castle-building of the lover, or the sunny dreams of youth, than the contemplation of such a scene! The wounded and downcast spirit delights to wander amid such beauties, where the sweet balm of sympathy is applied to the wound of the bereaved by the gentle hand of nature; and where all things remind us of that sweeter and more salutary sympathy manifested in the divine gift to man—the gift of God's Son to be his Saviour, Guide and Friend. In that enchanting hour, no dark shadows cross the path of the troubled spirit. It is too much absorbed with the stillness, the beauty, and the serenity which rests on the departing face of day, to let the shadowy images of the future dispel the certain enjoyment of the present. The soul in such moments struggles to cast off the house of clay with which it is surrounded; it seeks to rise above all the gross desires and ensnaring passions of earth; it sees God mirrored in all his works; it beholds his wisdom in those mighty orbs which roll in boundless space,

> "Each drawing each, yet all still found
> In one eternal system bound,
> One order to fulfil."

It beholds his goodness to fallen man, in covering the earth with such a brilliant assemblage of flowers, plants, herbs, and trees; in filling the woods with songsters, to cheer and soothe him in his hours of labor and sorrow; and in blessing him with affections which bind him to his fellow-men by the endearing ties of kindred and the pleasing sympathies of love. The sea of mist which a few minutes before inundated the valley, is now slowly rising, and assuming the form and appearance of clouds more fantastic and curious than the beholder could ever dream of. Some appear like huge snakes coiled up, ready to entwine themselves around their devoted victim. Some again seem like savage beasts about to spring on their prey; while one small detached piece, hitherto unnoticed, is suddenly transformed by the imagination into the likeness of some dear departed friend. Then a tender chord of the heart is struck, which vibrates through the whole frame, causing the mind to oscillate between the happy hours spent with that beloved one (who, alas! is gone "to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns"), and the present dream in cloud-land

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which had been so suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the "shade" of one long at rest.

But soon these visions are dispelled by the dark descending night, enveloping all nature in the folds of her capacious mantle. The plain towards the south is now dotted over with twinkling lights—the lamps and cheerful fires of the contented peasantry; while fresh volumes of gray mist are rising from the river, but are soon hid from view by the increasing darkness. How beautifully, and yet how truly, is the life of man compared to "a vapor which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." In the morning of life, when the young heart is glowing with love to all mankind—before its affections have been withered by the calculating philosophy, the cold and formal reception, or the affected manners of the world; when the bosom heaves at the thought of performing some great action, of conferring some lasting benefit on mankind, that shall hand down its name to future generations, as a great warrior, statesman, philosopher, or perchance as a large-hearted philantropist—he is cheered and beckoned on by the bright prospects of the future. When the horizon of the youthful imagination is clear, and shows the future greatness of the man standing out in bold relief against the opposite current of years, how could his young affections do otherwise than entwine themselves around their less fortunate fellow-creatures, anxious that one struggling ray should penetrate to their hearts, to soften the iron which misfortune, or the cruel oppression of the world, had planted there? But how seldom are these visions realized by youth! Having entered the great world, how soon their hearts shut out the glowing visions of early days! how fast they acquire that worldly wisdom which leads, if not to wealth, at least to callous indifference! All their faculties are quickly absorbed in the contemplation of the hard cares of life, leaving no avenue open whereby the generous intentions of their youth might enter—no apperture whereby one spark from the forge of love might gain admittance, to set the latent fires of youth once more in a blaze. The conscience (whose silent admonitions and sharp probings, however keenly they may have been felt at the moment, are unheeded) becomes seared, and hard as the adamantine marble of Carrara. And thus men plod on, ever striving to grasp that phantom happiness, (which the poor deluded wretches imagine can be purchased with gold, forgetting that the price of it is "far above rubies"), till the night of death approaches, and then all is hushed.

I WON'T

"No, I won't! So now, there's an end of it!" You won't! Whether you are right or wrong depends on what it is you are asked to do. If a bad or unworthy thing, the sooner "I won't" is said the better. But there is a way of communicating the same idea, far more emphatically, even without using the angry words.

If it be a good thing, be careful how you commit yourself by saying "I won't" too soon. Once said, you feel pledged to your word. And, even if you relent, you feel half ashamed at having to contradict by your acts your uttered resolve.

But "I won't" is an angry expression. It savors of doggedness—determination to take one's own course whether right or wrong. If not utterred in anger, it is apt to excite anger and resistance in the one to whom it is addressed. The words are not words of mildness, but of stubborness.

Yet not always so. "I won't!" says the careless mother to her fretful child. But the very next minute the mother relents, and the child learns that "I won't" means nothing but temporary anger. Next time, the child will teaze longer, never heeding the "I won't," which, it has learned, means nothing. The pledged word has not been kept to the child, and the child soon learns to disregard the utterer.

Those who have a regard for the feelings of others, will be careful of giving way to their angry "I wont." A good resolution may be expressed as firmly in a kind tone as in an unkind one. It is not necessary to bristle up, in order to resolve firmly.

One need not be namby-pamby either, or double-faced, putting on assumed smoothness, with the claws clutched beneath the velvet paw. But one may cultivate the habit of gentleness in words as well as in acts, and yet be full of unbending resolution.

"Cultivate the habit of gentleness!" you exclaim. Yes, we reply. It can be done. It has often been done. It is possible to command one's temper; it is possible to use gentle words instead of ungentle one's; it is possible to be mild and firm, instead of fretful and fierce. The habit of gentleness may be cultivated as well as that of peevishness, the habit of amicability instead of that of anger.

"Happy is the man whose habits are his friends," says the maxim. A man can cultivate his habits as he does his friends. He can choose

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for himself. A man can govern his thoughts, control his temper, elevate his aspirations, *if he will*. On every side there are helps to happiness, which any man may make use of to promote his personal well-being, and to improve his inner life, if he determines to employ them.

If such a temper and disposition be sedulously cultivated, the irritable, irritation-producing exclamation "I won't" would be much more rarely heard in social and domestic life than it now is.

THE DEATH-ANGEL'S VISITS.

BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

Just at the shut of eve an angel pass'd,
On pinions borne: his brow a sadness wore;
And as he went, a gloomy shade was cast
On things that seem'd so fair and bright before;
And e'en the flowers were blighted by his breath!
That angel's name was Death!

With half-closed violet-eye and golden hair,
Lay on its mother's breast a cherub child—
That fond young parent's hope. The angel
There alighted, and the infant sweetly smiled;
Death pluck'd the lovely flower, and bore his prize
To bloom in Paradise!

At early dawn, again that angel came
To where upon a couch, all still, was laid
(Like a pale lily wither'd by the flame
Of noontide's sun) a sweet and gentle maid!
The deep-drawn sigh, the flush, the nervous start—
All told a broken heart!

To those that did in sorrow round her weep,
In dulcet tones that beauteous maiden said,
"O! do not mourn because I go to sleep,
Nor grieve for me when in the tomb I'm laid;"
Then for her base deceiver breathed a prayer,
And wing'd with Death the air!

Again 'twas night, and all things holy seem'd—
Silent and solemn, yet with nought of gloom:
The soft, pale moonbeams through the vine-leaves stream'd,
Filling with silver light a little room:—
A hoary man lay on a sick-bed there,
And one knelt by, in prayer!

The cares of many a long and weary year
Had bow'd his form; yet now his aged eye
With pleasure beam'd. He knew Death hover'd near;
And all his friends had died in days gone by,
Leaving him lonely in this world of wo,
And HE, too, long'd to go!

Death at the casement tapp'd, and call'd his name;
With joy the spirit left the worn-out clay!
And through the lattice then the soft breeze came,
Laden with scent of flowers and new-mown hay,
Fanning the few grey locks that floated now
Upon his lifeless brow!

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER'S TEMPTATIONS.

Heart-wanderings from God, being lasting evils, do more ill to the soul, than the pleasantest summer recreations can ever do good to the body. Now a Christian traveler is in great danger of such wanderings. And if the summer be spent in such wanderings, though they seem to be little and gradual, yet they carry the heart far in the end, and it is a very difficult thing to get back. There is a railroad for wandering from God, but none for returning. The heart of the pilgrim may go with a swift pace in the cars of the god of this world; the heart of the Pilgrim is sometimes a car of itself on Satan's railroad; but Satan never conveys any man back, nor ever has any returning track. The wanderer's return, if accomplished at all, has to be made on foot, beneath a heavy burden, over many a Hill Difficulty, many a weary league of roughness, peril and darkness.

We have said that a Christian traveler needs to be watchful unto prayer. And with prayer must be joined the Word of God, for the daily course of our life, and all God's blessings, and all our trials, are sanctified by the Word of God and prayer. The Word of God is the Pilgrim's daily food, which he should endeavor to receive with prayer, by the ministration of the Holy Spirit. The Word of God is the Traveler's Hand-book and Guide-book, the place of which can be supplied by nothing else. Every day it must be consulted. "These words which I command thee, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." A traveler must find time for this, or his soul will wander from the way, and will not be prospered.

He that feeds daily upon God's Word, and feels the power of it in his own soul, will have a blessed light and influence shed by it over his whole deportment and conversation. And a Christian traveler should remember the benediction in the Word of God—"Blessed are they that sow beside all waters"—that are busy casting the seed of the Word of God everywhere. "Therefore, in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. Many a tract, and many a seed of the

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Word, dropped by a Christian traveler, has sprung up, and brought forth fruit to life everlasting. And always, he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

A Christian traveler should be careful to keep the Christian Sabbath. If he be traveling where it is profaned, so much the greater need of his good example, so far as it can help to resist such desecration. A traveller on the Sabbath is *not* a Christian traveler, but he is rather traveling on Satan's railroad, rapidly away from God. There is nothing about which a Christian ought to be more careful at the present day, than the keeping of the Sabbath, especially when he is away from home. Then it is, that he most needs the day's sacred and blessed influences for himself, and then it is, whe so many are tempted to desecrate the Sabbath, because the eye of those who know them is not upon them, that the *example* of the Christian traveler, in obedience to God, is most needed for others. Men may go where the eye of no Christian friend follows them, nor the eye of any mortal recognizes them. But they cannot flee from the presence of the God of the Sabbath, nor shun the notice of his eye, nor set their foot where the obligation of the Sabbath is not upon them.

And if the Sabbath be broken for a present supposed benefit, or worldly convenience, for the furtherance of a man's journey, or the prosecution of some earthly scheme, the sin will pursue him as long as he lives. A man who is a child of God, and yet falls into this sin, has laid up for himself a cause of bitterness and mourning, and has given reason to God to hide his face from him, and to visit him with sore chastisement. If a Christian traveler would not bring back to his home a conscience filled with thorns, and a memory full of the materials of regret and remorse, let him see to it that he rests holily on God's day, keeping the Sabbath holy unto the Lord. Every wasted Sabbath in a man's pilgrimage, whether he be abroad or at home, is more than seven days of common mercy wasted and turned into evil. The worldly manna that is gathered and hoarded on the Sabbath, will breed nothing but worms; a curse attaches to it; nay, it produces scorpions for the soul, instead of worldly prosperity. If men value their happiness in this world, or their salvation in the next, they will keep the Christian Sabbath.

Who resteth not one day in seven,
That soul shall never rest in heaven.

A Christian traveler should endeavor always to be journeying as a child of God, in the enjoyment of the spirit of adoption. He should go in faith, resting on God's providence and grace, and minding the Apostle's injunction, to be anxiously careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, letting his requests be made known unto God, that so the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep his heart and mind through Christ Jesus. This is the sweet temper of mind and heart, in which truly to enjoy a journey. If it be a journey for the sake of scenery, or which takes you through lovely scenery, this is the temper in which to enjoy God in it. The whole creation in its loveliness praises God, and when the heart is praising him, the song of creation is heard, and the lesson goes down into the soul. Everything in creation wears an atmosphere of blessedness, when the heart is at peace with God.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

It was in such a state of mind that David wrote the Psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork!" It was in such a state of mind that Edwards wrote his description of his feelings in the sight of God's creation, when everything appeared filled with God's glory, "a calm, sweet appearance of the Divine glory in every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing, in the sun, moon and stars, in the clouds and blue sky, in the grass, flowers and trees, in the water and all nature." Happy is the Stranger and Pilgrim, who can thus go about the world, beholding God.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

The floods of time have rolled on for nearly two thousand years since the altars of True Philanthrophy were first reared. The first to present his oblations upon these altars was the Saviour of mankind. Boldly did he hold up to view the black catalogue of crimes—fearlessly did he demolish systems of error and falsehood, and on

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their ruins firmly did he establish another against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. In his youth even, he feared not to enter the lists of argument with the learned doctors of the Jewish law. He marked out a course worthy of his mission, and, fearless of consequences, sought its accomplishment. The wickedness and prejudices of the Jews escaped not his reproofs. He exposed their selfishness, and met their boasts of peculiar favoritism of High Heaven, with the broadest principles of philanthrophy. He saw the miseries of our race and proffered the means of alleviation. He was not blind to the condition of the blind—deaf to the appeals of the deaf—silent amidst the silence of the dumb—nor wanting in sympathy for suffering humanity. The principle which actuated him, was love to man—to man in his native Judea not only, but to the whole species. As great was his kindly feeling towards the sun-burnt Ethiop of the Equator, and the fur-clad dweller in Frozen Land, as towards the fairer and more beautiful inhabitants of gentler climes. His plans of benefitting mankind were commensurate with the moving principle; he had taken the dimensions of the field of his benevolence, and himself pronounced that field, THE WORLD. Thus was begun a system of good will towards man, that was aforetime unknown on earth. It established an era of amazing moment in the annals of Time.

An enterprise so new, so grand, and so fraught with beneficence, could not long exist without enlisting the affections of kindred spirits. Hence arose that fearless phalanx, the apostles of Christian philanthrophy. Among them, in the panoply of heaven, we behold him of Tarsus. His education doubly qualified him for the wide and various field which the enterprise embraced. Looking over its territories, he saw cruelty in its multiplied forms, and heard the groans of the victim of oppression. Abandoning the narrow principles of Jewish economy, he becomes the promulgator of tenets as broad as the whole earth. To accomplish the plans of his beneficence, he is ready to brave the perils of the land and the sea. He reaches the Eternal City, and the idolatries and sensualities of the Pantheon escape not his maledictions. Persecution legalized and armed with power, stalks abroad seeking vengeance. But his career of piety and philanthropy is not stayed by the decrees and edicts of the Cæsars, till the ball of moral revolution is moving with an impetuosity which defies the potency of opposition. In his character—

"——————one may read
The open leaves of a philosophy,
Not reared from cold deduction, but descending
A living spirit from the purer shrine
Of a celestial reason."

What observer of events can doubt that the great benevolent schemes of the present day to meliorate the condition of man, are indebted to those more than Herculean labors of primitive philanthropists. In these moral enterprises of the age there is brought into action such an amount of benevolence, and so much regard for the human family, that the spirits of the humane are gladdened and the hopes of the good greatly cheered. There is a feeling abroad in the earth of irrepressible energy. It has its source in the Spirit of Religion. What but the religion of Christ has put in motion that moral machinery, which, in its influences, is telling upon the darkness of heathenism? What else has prompted an invasion upon the worship of Juggernaut? What else has been instrumental in making known to the deluded inhabitant upon the Ganges, the inefficacy of its waters to wash away his sins? What else has made the far isles of the sea resound with the glad news of salvation? What else has softened the manners and reformed the character of the rude Aboriginal,

"——————Whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."

What else has nerved so many thousands to enter into warfare with the monster Intemperance? What but the philanthropy and religion of the Gospel, could induce any one to become of no reputation, and war against that foul accursed and accursing evil, LICENTIOUSNESS?

We would not make invidious comparisons in regard to the relative importance of the several moral enterprises of the day; but would, among others, point to the gloomy slave-ship as she hovers vampyre-like upon the coast of ill-fated Africa, and bid listen to the peals of anguish from a thousand bursting hearts, while the clank of chains comes upon the ear like the knell of liberty—of happiness, and say go unloose the manacles which hold the African in bondage; would also name the cause which seeks to destroy the temples and to demolish the altars of idolatry, which "are rank and smell to Heaven;" would commend the cause whose object is to raze to the earth the vast labyrinth of Licentiousness, whose bewildering mazes have conducted myriads to the chambers of death. Let the moral dignity of these enterprises be felt and perceived in all their bearings, and we venture the remark that the moral sense of the great mass of community

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will readily second the laborious undertakings in their behalf.

THE GREAT BATTLE-FIELD.

This world is a theatre of conflict. For nearly six thousand years the contest has been going on between opposing forces. Such a conflict is, doubtless, an anomaly in the history of all other worlds. The character and relations of the combatants are such as angels might weep over. Memorable scenes have been witnessed—scenes never to be forgotten in the history of man, while time lasts or eternity endures. The consequences, to all concerned, deeply affect the destiny of man, and stretch away onward beyond the issues of the final judgment. From all periods in the coming future, this world will be looked back upon as the great battle-field of the universe—as the theatre of a strange and unnatural conflict between man and man—between hostile and contending nations, by a race of beings in rebellion against their rightful sovereign.

Few spots are visited with more thrilling interest or longer remembered, than the spot where once was fought some memorable battle. The mountains of Gilboa, the plains of Marathon, and the fields of Waterloo, will be remembered and celebrated while the world stands. Those renowned fields were once the scene of terrible conflict. They were strewn with the dying and the dead, who, by thousands, passed in a moment forever beyond the din of battle into the deep, profound and awful solitudes of eternity. What a change, what a transition for moral and accountable beings from the rage, and strife, and noise of battle to the bar of God! What a horrid business is war among mortal men, and what a melancholy spectacle to angels is the nature and results of any great battle!

But it is not the mere conflict of contending armies, strewing the fields with the slain, and filling the air with the groans of the dying; terrible as it is, that will render this world memorable as a battle-field in the eyes of the universe. It is rather that mighty, moral conflict between the Lord of hosts and his rebellious subjects, that will forever excite the astonishment of other worlds. Never before did the universe behold such an array of contending forces. The King of kings, leading forth the armies of heaven, and all the faithful on earth, on the one hand, and on the other, the Prince of the power of the air, having under his banner the hosts of apostate angels—an army of wicked men and devils. This army of the aliens have pitched their tents all over this fallen world. Out of their camps have come, for ages past, these visible and invisible enemies of God, to make war upon the interests and subjects of Jehovah's kingdom. There has been a wonderful unity of design in all their movements, indicating that both fallen angels and wicked men are under the direction and command of one mighty leader and presiding spirit, the Prince of Darkness. There is no other way of accounting for the prolonged, and determined, and united hostility of wicked men from age to age, than their allegiance to the Prince of the power of the air. In all countries, and among all nations, the same spirit is manifested. Various and memorable have been the conflicts of these contending armies in ages past. Sometimes there have been a mighty gathering and combination of forces by the Prince of Darkness, and a terrible onset made upon the camp of the saints. At one period ten memorable battles or persecutions followed each other in rapid succession, in which the enemy employed the sword, fire and faggot, but the soldiers of the cross increased faster than they fell. To fall in conflict with the powers of darkness, is to gain a victory and a crown. Innumerable have been the struggles and the conflicts between the friends and foes of God from ancient times till now.

In these modern days, the Prince of Darkness seems to have been studying a new system of tactics, and preparing for a new and more determined onset, "knowing that he had but a short time." The crisis seems to approach. The times are ominous. There is a noise and a movement in the camp of the enemy. Their great leader is summoning his forces to gird themselves for the battle. The Jesuits are busy in all parts of the world enlisting recruits, and tempting all who are of doubtful allegiance, and carrying out the grand designs of their great leader. They have been successful. The advocates of forms, and ceremonies, and ancient rites, have lent a ready ear to overtures for a friendly alliance, and have manifested a willingness to go over to the enemies' camp which has surprised and alarmed half of Christendom. Some famed leaders have bridged the gulf between Protestantism and Romanism, and taken up their line of march, it is said, for the camp of Antichrist. It is not strange; they were not true men. Others there are, who seem to be looking wistfully in the same direction. These signs of the times are not to be mistaken. They are ominous of a coming crisis. And one sign, not the least

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ominous, is the divisions, and alienations, and conflicts in one small camp among those who claim to be of indispensible importance to the grand army of Israel. They are not ready for the battle. They have no leader.

The times require true men, and men of unflinching courage. The watchword is already sounding forth, "Who is on the Lord's side; who?" It is time for every man to gird on his armor anew, and to know on whose side he is, and come out and be separate. There is a great battle to be fought. The final and decisive conflict for the mastery is coming on between truth and error, between sin and holiness, between the hosts of heaven and the armies of the aliens. The result of the battle cannot be doubtful. The great Captain of our salvation has the resources of the universe at his command, and can summon at any moment more than twelve legions of angels. But the visible battle is to be fought by human instrumentality; and not with carnal weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. And though, on the other hand, the terrible weapons of flame, and faggot, and persecution, may be resorted to by the enemy, as doubtless they will, yet must the soldiers of the cross stand firm at their posts, and having done all, to stand. When the battle is over, as it soon will be, there is a scepter and a crown of reward in reserve for all who fall on the field, or remain faithful to the end. But a terrible overthrow awaits all who are found fighting against God, and opposing the redemption of this world, which has been redeemed by the blood of Christ, and belongs to him.

ELIJAH AND THE FALSE PROPHETS.

BY MARY ANN COLLIE.

And Elijah said, I only remain a Prophet of the Lord; but Baal's Prophets are four hundred and fifty men. 1st Kings 18th, 22.

He stood alone—the man of God,
And called upon Jehovah's name;
The Presence that of old abode
On Horeb's mound of burning flame.
He is but one, yet firm, alone,
He stands, the Lord his God to own.

Arise! false priests, that vainly serve
In throngs round Baal's impious altar;
Nor from your rites unhallowed swerve,
Nor let your souls one moment falter;
To prove your vaunted God arise,
And win in fire his swift replies.

The morning sun is mounting clear,
Unearthly shouts are echoing loud;
Full soon in haggard throngs appear,
The servants of the idol god.
As climbs in heaven the star of day,
For aid in evil cause they pray.

Vain thought! the noontide hour has passed,
The seers upon the altar leap;
The hours of day are waning fast,
The frantic worship still they keep.
O Prophet of our God! indeed,
His help be thine, in this thy need.

They cease; the prophets all are dumb;
Their prayers, their cries, their throes have passed,
Elijah's hour of might has come,
His hope is in Jehovah cast.
Heaven help thee, thou art all alone,
Thy God before thy king to own!

In calmness he invokes that name,
In solitude he oft had breathed;
And straight a pure and living flame,
Its folds around the altar wreathed.
From Heaven came down the fire of God,
To mark the steps his servant trod.

O idol prophets! ne'er again,
Your voice in unblessed prayer shall rise,
To lure bewildered souls of men;
No more your songs shall rend the skies;
Past is on earth your triumph hour,
Your day of dark unhallowed power.

Down by the Jordan's sacred tide,
Four hundred perjured prophets lie;
No more God's worship they deride,
No more to Baal's shrine draw nigh.
The idol worshipers are slain,
God's presence gilds the earth again!

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

From the dim ages of remote antiquity, down to the present day, the veil has ever been regarded as an indispensable part of the bridal costume. The custom has descended, while the import is forgotten; and that which was once a type, full of significant meaning, is but only regarded as giving a higher claim to beauty, as the last finish to the decoration of the toilette.

In ancient days, as now, in eastern lands, where the flowing sashes are common to both sexes, the veil was distinctive of the female, and the man who, in effeminacy or caprice, spurned it, was despised as having denied his manhood, and disgraced his sex.

It has its origin in those ages in which woman was the slave of men, and the bridal veil seemed the token of the subjection and the dependence of the wife. It fell over her like a heavy pall, dooming to a life of strict seclusion, separating her from the world, and teaching her that she was only to live for her husband, and only in his

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sight. In eastern lands, the veil is not worn by young girls; it is the token of womanhood, the type of the shame, the submission, the humiliation of the wife.

The Romish church still retains the rite, and enforces its full meaning. The novice professes herself to have died, and the veil which enshrouds her, consigns her to a living tomb.

From the time in which it is flung over her, she is dead to all who have known or loved her, to be separated from friends and kindred. It is the token of her bondage to the will of her priest, of her utter dependence and entire subjection to his authority. In all respects, the evils of the nuns assimilate to those of their degraded sisterhood of eastern lands.

In form and type they are alike, and the condition of the wearers is the same. Slaves, abject slaves, in western nunneries, as in the eastern harem, are they alike.

We can trace the veil back to the days of the patriarchs. Abimelech delicately reproved Sarah for her connivance in the deceit of Abraham, and when he told her that he had given her husband the thousand pieces of silver, adding, "Behold he is to thee an enemy of the eyes," he referred to the custom of the wife in being always veiled, and this may be the earliest reference to his habit.

Again when Rebecca found she was soon to meet her betrothed husband, she descended from her camel, and wrapped herself in her veil before she was presented to him, as much in token of the subjection of the wife, as of the modest diffidence of the bride.

While we trace the veil from those remote ages, down to modern times, we yet learn there was no veil flung over the bride of Eden. Then woman stood by the side of man his equal. He who instituted marriage consecrated the first bridal by his presence and by his blessing; and one benediction was pronounced upon both.

Man and woman, husband and wife, were created equal, and recognized as equal when united. Each brow was encircled with authority, the hands of each bore the sceptre of dominion. But when woman sinned, when through her death enticed, the dominion passed from her, and, disowned, dishonored, she sank from the side of her husband to his feet. And it seems as if even in memory of her fall, in token of her shame, the first mother may have flung over her daughter in the very hour of her espousal, that veil which was to remain a perpetual momento of their fallen state. And now, through all these ages, has woman still adopted the token of her subjection. And, owning her subjection to her husband, woman seemed to have forgotten her responsibility to her Creator.

In the day of her fall, she acknowledged the righteousness of her penalty, and, in the confusion of a sin-darkened mind, she forgot her sin against her God, in her sorrow for her fault against her husband. Thus it seems as if by a lowlier abasement. a deeper humiliation, she had striven to atone for the less offence, forgetful of the higher.

Man interposed between the soul of woman and her God, and stood to her in the place of Jehovah, and during the ages which intervened between the fall, and the coming of Mesiah, the thick dense veil which enveloped her form, was but the type of her state.

During all these ages, women sat in darkness. and bondage, and death; receiving the word of their husbands as the law of their lives, the rule of their duty; they lived but to obey their lords. Stripped of their inalienable birth-right, responsibility to Jehovah, denied immortality, women sunk into the slaves of sense, forgetting alike that they were rational or immortal.

Christianity restored to woman her right as a wife. It transformed, by one reference to the original institution, the harem into the Christian household; it enthroned the wife in the affections of her husband; it encircled the mother with the honor and reverence of her children. It softened the subjection of the wife, by cherishing the tenderness of the husband, and by teaching woman her responsibility to her Maker—it taught her her duties.

Yet, while Christianity raises woman from the depth of degradation into which she has fallen, and awakened her to her high consciousness as a creature, rational and immortal, she sits invested with the right and responsibilities of a being formed in the image of God, and destined to a duration extending with the eternity of the Creator. Christianity still did not restore to woman the position which she had forfeited by the first offence.

In the decree in which her sentence was pronounced, all the power with which at her creation she was invested, was taken from her, and from thenceforth she was to be in subjection to her husband.

And though in the confusion of human affairs, there have been times in which women have been raised to power or elevated to office, when the Christian Church was established, woman was rigorously excluded from all participation in any power or office.

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Much as Christianity has done for woman, it still most strictly enforced the original sentence pronounced upon her.

Therefore, in accordance with long established usage, the apostle commands the women, in token of their subjection, to still retain their veils in all assemblies of Christian worship.

And thus in all the congregations for Christian worship, the women still appear with their heads covered. When this custom was established, the head was covered as a token of homage. Then the slave stood with bare feet, and crouched form, and covered head, in the presence of his master. In our land, and at this age, the head is uncovered, the hat is lifted in token of respect.

Still, in our worshipping assemblies, our women sit with their heads covered, and apostolic ordination, is enforced by immemorial custom. Yet the very covering marks the transition and progress of ages. The heavy veil wrapping head and person, concealing in its cumbrous folds the form and the features, have disappeared.

We think we can trace it in its various transformations, through many ages and wide-spread lands. From the heavy mass of thick drapery concealing the guilty Thamar, or the strong folds of the veil of Ruth, capable of being converted into a sack for corn, down to the lighter material of various fabric which have formed the mantles of modern days. All have been devised from the primitive soil. The blanket of the Indian girl probably assimilates the leaf, the next the skin of some animal, and the Indian still retains the idea in all its simplicity.

The cloaks, and mantles, and shawls of our grandmothers and remote ancestresses, were all modifications of the original veil. It is not until within a century, that the head-dress of women has been entirely separated from the covering that has shrouded her. The cloak and hood were a more convenient arrangement of the primitive veil, and the peasant women of Europe know nothing of our modern bonnets.

We can scarcely recognize the ancient veil, in the light and graceful head-gear in which our modern ladies appear in our churches. Yet it is a token significant and full of meaning. Woman still retains the badges of her subjection, but she so arranges it that it displays her beauty and enhances her charms. It appears, as she now wears it, as if assumed rather from her own modest self-respect as due to herself, than as any token of subjection to man. And probably it is very seldom that those who look over an assembly convened for religious worship, and note the covered heads of the female portion, remember that here is a perpetual momento of the sin of woman, of her fall and disgrace.

The light veil of modern days bears little resemblance to the ancient veil of the patriarchal ages, yet it proves the fondness of women for this article of attire, that it should be adapted to every mode of dress and to every climate. There is in truth no article of apparel so graceful and so becoming. In southern lands, it still supersedes the use of the bonnet, and the long veil of muslin or lace falls over the Spanish beauty as did the heavier drapery of the daughters of Israel, and of Assyria, and of Greece,—ages since. Yet little does the fair bride who surveys her veil floating around her, as, confined by the wreath of orange buds, it falls over her drapery, and gives the last and graceful finish to her bridal costume; little does she think of any meaning, or ponder on any token it may convey; the veil to her brings with it no shadow from the past. She does not pause to think how often it has been flung over brides loathing and abhorrent, sold to age, and doomed to wretchedness How often it has fallen over the poor victim of religious fraud or family policy, crushing as if its folds were iron, all the affections, and locking the soul in its stern embrace. Yet still the veil is, and will be worn, and is at once a memorial of the past, a token of the present. And as the modern veil is no longer *imposed*, as it is now most cheerfully assumed, so does the Christian wife and mother rejoice to recognize all the allotments of Divine Providence, and to conform to them, no longer struggling for forfeited honors, she finds in the sphere she now fills, enough to employ all her powers, to awaken all her energies.

OH! HOW I LONG AGAIN TO VIEW.

Oh! how I long again to view
My childhood's dwelling-place—
To clasp my mother to my heart—
To see my father's face!
To hear each well-remembered tone—
To gaze on every eye
That met my ear or thrill'd my heart
In days long since gone by.

Oh! let me seek my home once more,
For but a little while—
But once above my couch to see
My mother's gentle smile;

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It haunts me in my weary hours—
  It comes to me in dreams,
With all the pleasant paths of home,
  And woods and shaded streams.

There is a spring—I know it well—
  Flowering beneath a rock;
Oh! how its coolness and its light
  My fevered fancies mock!
I long to lay me by its side,
  And bathe my lips and brow;
Twould give new fervor to the heart,
  That beats so languid now.

I may not—I must linger here—
  Perchance it is but just!
Yet, well I know this yearning soon
  Will scorch my heart to dust.
One breathing of my native air
  Had call'd me back to life;
But I must die—must waste away,
  Beneath this inward strife.

OLD ANNIE, THE WASHERWOMAN.

Annie Briggs was a genuine character. Her *physique* was most unprepossessing it is true,—she stooped with age and with hard work; yet her heart was one of the most upright I have ever known.

Early risers may often have observed the old woman walking briskly along in the gray of the morning, threading her way among the laborers and mechanics going to their work. With some of these she exchanged nods, for she had trod the same causeway for years, and nearly everybody knew old Annie Briggs.

She was neatly but very humbly dressed, and the faded muslin cap upon her antique head (which evidently had done duty before on some much gayer head than hers) was adjusted in the most irreproachable manner. While many of the passers-by might, at the early hour at which she made her appearance out of doors, look yet drowsy and but half wakened up, Annie's brisk and lively air, her clear eye, and her undisturbed appearance, showed that she had already been up some time, and was thoroughly awake. Indeed, she had already been up an hour or more, and making everything tidy at home against the rising of her little family.

Not that Annie had any family of her own. No: she was yet, and would most likely ever remain, a single woman; for who that could have youth and beauty would take up with a washerwoman like her in her old age? No! And yet Annie used to speak of those whom she had left at home as "her family." She always did so most respectfully, as if they were something superior to herself, and not as if they owed everything to her industry and economy, which they really did.

But I must tell my readers something about this "family" of Annie Briggs, and then they will be able to form some idea of the noble nature which lay hidden under her humble garb. And let me here add, that what I am about to relate is not fiction, but sober fact.

Annie, in her younger years, was a domestic servant; and a most faithful one she was. She grew up to womanhood in the same service; and her master and mistress admired and valued her exceedingly. When their only son got married, Annie removed from the old house into that of the young pair, where her experience (as was naturally to be expected) gave her no inconsiderable importance in the household. But she never aspired to be more than a servant, nor did she ever venture to assume any "airs," which indeed did not become her.

All went prosperously for several years in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, the master and mistress of Annie Briggs. Business prospered, children were born into the family, and all seemed be going on hopefully and happily. Annie being among the most cheerful of them all. But this course of prosperty was soon brought to an end: Mrs. Reynolds fell ill; at first it was only a troublesome cough, to which no particular attention was paid; then there came a great prostration of strength, and an occasional spitting of blood, on which alarming symptom displaying itself the doctor was called in; soon after which it began to be whispered about the house that the mistress was laid up with consumption. A hectic flush showed itself upon her cheeks, she was soon entirely confined to her bed, and it became clear enough that she was rapidly sinking. When the mother knew that her days were numbered—for the fatal nature of her disease could not be concealed from her,—after a great outburst of grief, not so much for herself as for the beloved children and the dear husband she was about to leave behind her, to unknown trials and dangers through which she might not hold them by the hand, she at length became gradually calmer and more resigned, and prepared to meet her fate in quiet Christian submission and resignation. Annie Briggs was constantly by her mistress's bedside during her last illness, and indeed wore herself to very skin and bone by her untiring devotion to her. The dying mistress's uppermost and last thought was for her children, and while she held Anne's hand in hers—looking up into her face with her wan eyes—she would say,—

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"And, dear Anne, you will mind your sacred promise to me, not to lose sight of the dear children until they have grown up and can do for themselves."

To which appeal the sobbing Annie had but one answer:—"Never, dear mistress, never; indeed I will not leave them, if master will but let me serve them and him to the end my days."

"He has promised, and he will perform. While he lives, you will have a home here; and though you cannot supply a mother's love and care, I know you will do what you can. Bless you, dear Annie, and be tender and careful over them, for my sake."

Annie's mistress died; the children cried bitterly because of their loss at first—but children's memories of the dear departed are happily short,—and Annie continue her charge of the young family as before. They consisted of one boy and two girls: the boy was a fine spirited fellow, full of fun and mischief, as most boys are who have a great deal of life in them; while the girls were of a more sedate and thoughtful cast, and looked as if the shadow of some great grief had early cast itself over their young lives. They gradually grew up through boyhood and girlhood, owing much—how much, indeed, they could never describe in sufficiently grateful terms—to their faithful and affectionate serving-woman, Annie Briggs.

But, meanwhile, severe and heavy trials fell one after another upon the Reynolds' family. Michael Reynolds sustained heavy losses in business, which brought his affairs into irretrievable disorder; and being a man of but little energy, he could never fairly buckle to the task of confronting or overcoming them. He was one of those men who, once down, are fairly conquered, and who can never muster the courage to rise up again to their feet and stand boldly upright. He struggled on, but it was by shifts, which only made the matter worse. Besides, he was growing old, in which case it is a difficult thing to begin the world anew. The world set him down for what he was, an unsuccessful man—and the world has little mercy on such. The short and the long of his story was this: that he failed uttterly; was a bankrupt and ruined man; and his stock in trade, his household furniture, and even his late wife's jewellery and dresses—preserved by Annie Briggs with an almost reverential care, for the young misses—were sold off to pay the broken Michael's debts. And then he was cast forth from the home which had been promised to Annie Briggs for her lifetime; and "the world was all before them where to choose."

Annie now became the virtual head of the family. During her long years of service she had laid by a small store of savings, though a large portion of them had been deposited in the master's hands, and had gone with the rest of the wreck; but still she had something which she could call her own and use as such. Her first care was to provide a home for her "family."

In a humble house, in a mean back street, behold the Reynoldses, now installed under the charge of Annie Briggs. But how was the family to be supported? Courage, Annie, *thou* shalt solve that question speedily. Annie has a pair of ready hands, a quick step, a clear eye, and a brave heart. Did not Annie solemnly promise to her dying mistress that she would never leave nor forsake her children while she lived? and Annie thinks of that solemn promise now. It nerves her arm and inspires her heart. Yes! she will work, she will slave, but those dear children of hers shall not want.

You understand now the origin of the washerwoman, Annie Briggs. Is there any queen who can boast of a more royal nature than that humble woman? No! And there are many true-hearted women such as Annie Briggs among our so-called "lower classes," who would be an honor to even the highest, but whose names are never uttered in the world's ear, because all their good deeds are done in secret, far retired from the noise and bustle of the crowd.

Cheerful, unrepining, laborious, and truly happy, this noble woman went her way through life. She was becoming bowed down with work and age, and yet she persued her noble vocation. One by one the members of her young family left her humble dwelling to earn bread for themselves, which they did so soon as the were able. The two girls got places as teachers; but you know how scanty is the pittance paid for female teaching, and it was years before they could contribute anything out of their earnings to help to maintain their old and now infirm father. They were glad enough at first to find a home, so that they could but relieve Annie Briggs of the burden of their maintainance.

The boy, John, had also been early put to a trade. The father wanted to make him a merchant, as he had been himself; but Annie, for once, overruled the judgement of "the master," as she still termed the old gentleman, and insisted that John should be put to a trade which would the soonest enable him to maintain himself. And she carried her point: the boy was put apprentice to a machine-maker.

At length, when the girls had gone to their

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several places, and John's apprenticeship over, he entered upon a situation abroad, with many promises that he would send money home for his father's support as soon as he was able—the old pair, Annie and her master, were left to themselves. Though Annie was the support of the household, and had throughout been the mainstay of this family, strange to say, her relation to them had never changed: old Mr. Reynolds was still "master," and Annie waited on him and did his bidding as his "servant." Age and disappointment had made him querulous, too, and he would now and then burst out into brief fits of ineffectual rage, which would have been ludicrous for one in his situation, were they not also so humiliating and so melancholy. These two aged beings, the one so much indebted to the other, lived almost alone in the world. For many long hours Annie would be absent at her washing, and when she came in worn out and exhausted—for she was growing daily feebler—she was not unfrequently saluted with a scowl and a scold. "What can have kept, you so long? You will kill me with your neglect, you will!" And Annie would then implore "master" to forgive her, for that she "could not help it," but "would take fewer jobs for the future."

One day, on her return from a forenoon's work, she found her old master lying senseless and speechless. He was stricken by palsy—perhaps the result of low living. She tended him for two months, and expended her last store of savings on drugs and doctors; but it was all in vain. The old man died, and she followed her dear old master almost alone to his grave.

She was now getting old and infirm, with only the prospect of the poor-house and its cold charity before her, having exhausted her store of strength in the desperate effort to maintain her independence, and to retain the blessings of a home, miserable and poverty-stricken though it was—when a letter reached her. It was from John Reynolds, of whom she had begun to despair—settled far away as he was. But his letter, though long in coming, gave her new life. The young man was doing well, and thriving; and he enclosed the first fruits of his honest toil abroad, in the shape of a small sum of money as a help to support her in old age. She did not value the money so much as the feelings of gratitude which the letter displayed. She now felt that all her toil was rewarded, and she could lie down to sleep in quiet. She had faithfully fulfilled her promise given by the bedside of her dear mistress so many years ago. She had indeed nobly performed her life's work. And the last days of Annie Briggs, the old washerwoman, were days of peace—truly of the peace that passeth knowledge.

PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.

Swifter and swifter, day by day,
Down Time's unquiet current hurl'd,
Thou passest on thy reckless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world.
Thou passest on! Time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path;
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain, to stay thy course of wrath!

Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth, the cares of age;
And smiles and tears, and joys and wo,
Are on thy history's troubled page!
There, every day, like yesterday,
Write hopes that end in mockery;
But who shall tear the veil away.
Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride
His misty shroud forever spreads;
Where all thine iron hand hath traced,
Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced,
Like them shall live, like them decay.

Thou passest on, with thee the vain,
Who sport upon thy flaunting blaze;
Pride, framed of dust, and folly's train,
Who court thy love and run thy ways:
But thou and I—and be it so—
Press onward to eternity;
Yet not together let us go
To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea.

Thou hast thy friends—I would have mine;
Thou hast thy thoughts—leave me my own
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine,
I bow not at thy slavish throne:
I see them pass without a sigh—
They wake no swelling raptures now;
The fierce delights that fire thine eye,
The triumphs of thy haughty brow.

Pass on, relentless world! I grieve
No more for all that thou hast riven;
Pass on, in God's name—only leave
The things thou never yet hast given—
A heart at ease, a mind at home,
Affections fixed above thy sway,
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through life's little day.

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"EYES AND NO EYES."

The fable of "Eyes and no Eyes" is illustrated by the experience of every day. Even in walking the streets, one man discerns a significance in things that another entirely overlooks. Both can see equally well, so far as the organ of vision is concerned; and yet the one is almost blind as compared with the other, and might as well carry his eyes at the back of his neck as under his forehead for all the information which they convey to him from without. The one is a discerner, the other merely a gazer.

To see and discern the significance of things, requires trained powers of observation; and to make proper use of the materials presented to the eye, requires habits of reflection untinctured by prejudice. How different are the results of travel in different men! One returns from a continental tour with one leading idea fixed in his mind—the extortion practised at the hotels: perhaps, he remembers, too, a few of the leading sights on the Rhine, and the picture-galleries of Paris, Dresden, and Rome; but he can give no account of them, for he merely gazed at them as "sights"—did not *see* their meaning and their beauty. Another traveler returns full of new ideas on all subjects. He has seen how the people of many nations live; what they are doing, and what they are trying to do; what is their social and political state; how they are educated; what are the characteristics of their literature, religion, and art. And he has seen all this, because the eyes of his mind as well as of his face have been open.

It is long, however, before a traveler, even the most intelligent, can thoroughly understand foreign people. Few of us know well the condition of our own country, of our own city, of our own street. It would be difficult even for an intelligent man to classify the morals and manners of any English hamlet after a summer's visit to it. Yet we have no small number of tourists rushing into print with their wholesale conclusions as to the manners and morals of entire nations, after making *A Summer Scamper in the Tyrol; A Six Weeks' Tour through Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France; A Visit to the United States;* and so on. Visitors to the States take a run from New York to Niagara, pay a hurried visit to Boston and Bunker's Hill, rush to Philadelphia and from thence to Cincinnati, down the Ohio and Mississippi, land at New Orleans, and fly across the Slave States; and then come home with the information that America is full of swamps, forests and prairies, and of men who smoke, spit, and pick their teeth.

Half of the travelers in the States who have written books about it have seen nothing except with the physical eyes. The energetic life which underlies all the free society of the Union has entirely escaped their observation; and, for the most part, their generalizations are as rash and unworthy of credence as that of the raw English traveler in China, who, when entertained by a drunken host whose wife was red-haired, immediately entered in his note-book that the men in China were drunkards and the women red-haired; or as the Chinaman in London, who when landed by a Thames waterman who had a wooden leg, wrote home to his friends, that one-legged men in England are kept for watermen.

There are even blind people who *see* better and more clearly than those who have good eyes. Holman, the Blind Traveler, has told us more interesting facts about the countries he has visited than most other travelers with all their physical powers of vision perfect. Holman's seeing eye was in his mind; he made use of the physical eyes of others to furnish him with his store of facts, but they could not see the significance in them which he did. There was also a Deaf traveler, who, from the same reason, furnished us with more knowledge of foreign people than many a fine-ear author has done.

Most persons persist in putting on their pet colored glasses, and contemplating everything new through them alone. The man born to eat beef professes horror at those born to eat frogs, and who think them good meat. The English religionist, who has little merit in his faith, because he could not help being what he is, professes detestation at the "mummeries" of foreign Christians, who like him inherited their faith, and know no other. A gipsy passing judgment upon the Shaker of Lebanon; a Thames boatman upon a monk of La Trappe; a Russian soldier upon an English electoral meeting, were as unreasonable as the summary condemnation passed by many travelers upon foreign people, whose circumstances they can neither appreciate nor understand.

How different are the consciences of men!—the conscience of an Indian Thug, and of a Presbyterian Scot; of a Parisian *badaud*, and a Russo-Greek priest; of a Hindoo widow who burns herself, and a British widow who "sets her cap" for a husband. Even in the same street the seeing man will find differences as striking, such as between the English child of the middle class, and the little Arab of the lowest class who prowls

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about our doors; and when grown up into men, their moral condition exhibits as striking a difference. They are made what they are. Their lot has rigorously confined them within certain modes of thought and action; it may be wicked or it may be virtuous; but the consideration of such circumstances makes the seeing, thoughtful man day by day more tolerant as to the convictions and practices of other men. The Ashantee, when he offers a human sacrifice to his gods, is performing a rite of which his conscience, informed as it has been by others, as much approves as the English Christian's does of prayer and praise. And the Hottentot, when he exposes his aged parent at the door of his kraal, in order that he may be carried off at night by some beast of prey, is doing what in his own eyes is as dutiful an act as that of the civilized European who provides comfort and ease for his father's old age.

The seeing man will not look for cultivated ideas of political independence among the serfs of Russia, or expect high notions of woman's rights among the female slaves in a Turkish harem. All conditions have their sufficient causes, and they are to be found if sought for. Why are you haunted by beggars in Spain and Ireland, or dogged by police in Vienna or Milan? How is it that Germany is stocked with petty barons, and infested with the equally petty spirit of a decaying aristocracy, whereas in the whole of the United States you shall not meet with a single lord, though every free American has the bearing of one? If you look into History, it will tell the reason of all these strange diversities: though it must be admitted that the unprejudiced study of history is somewhat difficult—most historians, like travelers, viewing objects through their own colored glasses, so that it is difficult, even in questions of mere facts, to get at the actual truth.

But, using the eyes of his own unprejudiced judgment, the seeing man will be able to gather much truth even from a very partial history. He will find institutions described in them; and under institutions grow up manners, habits, customs, and the whole life of a people. The institutions of a nation—political, religious, and social—put evidence into the observer's hands as to its capabilities and wants, which the study of individuals could not yield in a lifetime. The records of a people let us into the causes of the present state of their morals. History explains the monk of Rome, the serf of Russia, the petty baron of Germany, the beggar of Spain, the whiteboy of Ireland, the dervish of Egypt, the policeman of Vienna, the freeman of Boston it illustrates the bull-fight of Madrid, the Passion-week of Rome, the secret societies of Paris, the public town-hall meetings of England, and the common day-schools of the United States.

He who has eyes to see, will see a deep meaning even in the apparent frivolous acts which enter into the life of a people;—in the dress of the women, in the *cavalieri serventi* of Italy, in the fan-flirtations of the Spanish ladies, in the home-pride of the English housewife, in the *spiegeltie* (or outside mirror) of the Dutch frau.

Even the tombstones of burying places afford an insight into the sentiments and life of a people. They inform the seeing man of their views of death and a future state. The pyramids are mute compared with them, for we know not as yet for what the pyramids were designed, whether as monuments or mausoleums. At Constantinople, the dead are carried beyond the walls, and lie in still solitude, far apart from the hum of men. In Persia, their ashes are ranged in niches of the cemetery walls; in Christian countries, they are buried in the consecrated ground in or about the churches, or in the God's acre outside the city, as in Germany. The inscriptions on the tombs tell of the disconsolate relations who weep their loss, and of their hope in the blessed resurrection of the dead. In America, "the keen eye for trade" sometimes displays itself even in the cemetery, as for instance in the case of that bereaved woman of Philadelphia, who on her husband's tombstone "respectfully intimated, that the disconsolate widow continued to carry on the deceased's business of a tinner and brazier at No. 139, Vine Street, where orders would be punctually attended to."

In passing through any country, the man with observant eyes will note a thousand things in passing, which will indicate to him the state of its people. Large enclosed parks for the preservation of animals of the chase, as in England, will inform him that feudal privileges still survive there; and a country divided into little holdings, with snug farmhouses, will show that a middle class has been gradually accumulating property and establishing itself. Long chimneys and clouds of smoke hovering over the large towns, will speak of coal, and manufactures, and hardworking people; and cathedral erections, handsome bishops' palaces, and a miserable people, as in Ireland, will speak to him of a different state of things. Canals, railroads, and highways such as we find in England, as contrasted with

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the absence of all these in Spain, exhibit at a glance the wide difference in the condition and habits of life which characterizes the two peoples.

One may learn much by conversing freely with the people met with in vehicles, railway-carriages, and steamboats. The Englishman has always great difficulty in unbending to strangers; but as he becomes more locomotive, this demureness and taciturnity will get rubbed off. He will then learn more of the people who are his countrymen, among whom he lives, and of whose race he feels so justly proud. A man who is an observer of character cannot take a ride in a penny omnibus without learning something. But of course, if he keeps his mental eyes shut, he will come out of the penny omnibus as he will come out of a picture exhibition or a church;—no wiser than he went in.

THE SILVER THIMBLE.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

"ELLEN, my dear child, what are you about? Do come and sit down by me, and begin your sewing."

"Oh, Miss Applin! I have lost my thimble—my new silver thimble."

"Nonsense, my dear; you cannot have lost it; you have not been out of the room."

"Indeed, Miss Applin, I have looked everywhere, and cannot find it. I was close by the table when it fell."

"It must have rolled under the table, then. Kate, my love, go and assist your sister to look for it."

Kate Stowell, was a little younger than her sister Ellen, and of a close and selfish disposition, had sorely envied the latter when she received a handsome silver thimble, with her initials engraved on it, as a reward for good conduct during the past half-year. It was but a trifle to covet, our young readers will think, for a silver thimble is by no means an infrequent present to a good little girl; yet selfish people are inclined to be covetous of trifles; and there was something in the cut, and the carved and glittering rim of the very pretty thimble in question, that pleased little Kate's eye, and excited her acquisitivenes, and made her determined to take the first opportunity to possess herself of it. Foolish child! She never thought what she would do with her prize when she got it; for one thing was very certain, that she would never dare to wear the produce of a theft.

She rose from her chair with alacrity at the command of her governess, laid down the skirt-body she was engaged upon, and went to help Ellen in her search. Her quick eyes soon perceived the object of it; but, instead of announcing her discovery, she slily pushed the thimble into a small opening in the wall close by, where it remained concealed from every eye. She then returned to her chair, declaring the uselessness of looking any further, and was followed by Ellen, who could not refrain from crying.

"Really, my dear, you have been very careless," the governess began; then, seeing that her elder pupil was really in grief, the good-natured young lady tried to soothe her—"Wear your old thimble for to-day, my child," she said, "and I will ask mamma to buy you a new one."

Ellen was somewhat comforted by this, but she begged Miss Applin to look once more under the table. The governess did so, but no thimble was visible: Kate's trick had been but too successful.

That evening, when lessons and work were over, and the little girls, with their governess, were sitting according to custom, in the drawing-room with their papa and mamma, amusing themselves in a quiet way, any one who had taken the trouble to watch Kate's movements might have observed her leave the room on some slight pretence, and proceed to the school-room. There she crept under the table and taking out the thimble, secured it in her pocket. Having done this she stepped quietly back into the drawing-room, with a tell-tale flush upon her cheek; for it was her first positive deviation from honesty, and she could not yet wear a hardened countenance.

"Kate," said her mother, "what have you been doing? You look quite flurried."

"Nothing, mamma."

The child could find no better answer, and the blush deepened upon her cheek. Her governess questioned her, but with no satisfactory result. At length, supposing it was some childish mystery, they let the matter drop, and nothing more was said.

Poor Kate! she had already begun to experience the punishment of her sin—that natural punishment which overtakes wrong-doing even in this world, and is no more separable from it than pain from a bruise, or sickness from an infringement of the laws of nature.

The next day was a half-holiday, and two little girls came to spend the afternoon and take tea with Ellen and Kate. It was a beautiful autumn

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lay; and, as the sun's beams were overpoweringly hot, the children agreed to take their dolls and play in the orchard, where the large old apple-trees, their boughs weighed down to the ground by the load of their yet unripe fruit, promised the party an agreeable shelter.

Amelia and Sarah Winyard had been carelessly brought up, and had been allowed to eat green gooseberries and sour apples; and, in short, to indulge all the perverted tastes incidental to foolish children, who love to indulge their appetites, and do not know what is good for them.

It happened that, Miss Applin having received permission to visit a friend, the housemaid had been desired to take her work, and remain within sight and hearing of the four young ladies. But she soon got tired; and, pretending some business, rose from her seat on a mossy bank, and went back to the house, taking her work with her. The children being thus freed from restraint, Amelia and Sarah began to pluck the unripe apples from the trees, and persuaded Ellen and Kate to do the same. They were thus engaged, when Mrs. Stowell came from the house to see how they were amusing themselves.

"Quick! quick!" said Sarah Winyard; "pocket your apples. Here is mamma coming."

Ellen and Kate hastened to do as they were told; but too late to escape their mamma's observation, who at once guessed what they were about.

"You need not attempt to deceive me, my children," she said, in a grave and sorrowful tone of voice; "I am grieved that you should attempt to do so. Take your hands from your pockets immediately, and let me see what you have got. You know that I have always forbidden you to pluck any fruit, ripe or unripe. Little girls like you are not judges of what is good for them. As for your visiters, I shall speak to their mamma about them. I am sure she will not approve of their coming here to set a bad example to children younger than themselves."

Amelia and Sarah stood abashed. Ellen blushed deeply, and the tears gathered beneath her long lashes. As for Kate, when her mother, seeing that she remained immoveable, approached her and put her hand in her pocket, she turned as pale as death. She remembered the thimble.

But Mrs. Stowell did not discover the stolen trinket *this* time. She merely drew forth a couple of apples, green and hard, and apparently sour enough to set one's teeth on edge. Then, after making the other children give up what they had gathered, she ordered them all into the house.

We may suppose, after this occurrence, that the young people did not pass a very pleasant evening. Indeed, so dull was it, and so uncomfortable did the Misses Winyard feel beneath Mrs. Stowell's reproving eye, that they were quite overjoyed when at length the servant-maid came to fetch them home.

Kate, guilty child as she was, lay awake that night long after her innocent sister was wrapped in peaceful slumber. The thimble pressed like a burden on the little evil-doer's heart. The very remembrance of her mamma's hand in her pocket made her tremble. If—oh! *if* she had discovered it, and drawn it forth! Could she (Kate) only get rid of it out of her pocket, where it was in constant danger of detection, and hide it in some safe place. But where? She had no private box, no drawer which her governess or her mamma did not visit at least a dozen times a-week. Sometimes the little girl formed a wish that she was rid of it altogether. But when she thought of its glittering prettiness, and the shining scroll that decorated its edge, the desire of retaining it in her possession again gained ground, and she again sought to contrive some mode of concealment. In the midst of these reflections, fatigue overpowered her, and she fell into a restless slumber, full of dreams of terror and disgrace.

"Kate! Kate!" cried Miss Applin the next day, as she stood in the hall with her elder pupil bonneted and shawled for a walk, "why are you so long? What are you doing?"

"Nothing, Miss Applin," replied Kate from the landing; "my bonnet-strings came loose." And, running down stairs, she quickly joined her sister and governess. Occupied with something else at the moment, they did not notice how flushed was their little companion's face; nor how trembling and how out of breath she appeared. Kate had been hiding the thimble.

In the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Stowell having occasion for something out of the attics, ascended thither, and proceeded to an old chest of drawers, in one of which she knew she should find what she wanted. Now, the two servants slept in this attic, and a couple of drawers in the chest had been appropriated to their use. Mrs. Stowell, in her haste, happened to pull out the wrong drawer, and quickly discovering that she had opened one of those used by the servants, was closing it again, when, rolling about in an empty corner, she perceived a new silver thim-

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ble. She at once recognized it as Ellen's.

"Is it possible?" she thought to herself; "have I a thief in my house? This must be examined into; for those who are capable of purloining a trifle, will take something more valuable when opportunity serves. This is Margaret's drawer; this is her shawl, and those are her gloves. I thought I could have depended on that girl; but it seems I have been deceived."

When Margaret was summoned to her mistress's presence, and charged with purloining Miss Ellen's prize thimble, she stood astounded at the imputation. She explained how she had found it behind the old clock when she was sweeping the stairs down a few hours previously; and how she would at once have given it to her mistress or Miss Applin, but both of them were out, as well as the young ladies. "Then," she said, "I took it with me when I went up into the attic to make my bed, and, having many things about, I just slipped it into my drawer, and forgot it entirely. Indeed, indeed, ma'am, I did not mean to keep it."

"Whereabouts behind the clock did you find it?" asked Mrs. Stowell, to whom this story appeared very improbable.

"On the ledge of the wainscoting, ma'am."

"The thimble could not have gone there without hands. The individual who hid it knew where to find it. Margaret, I will not have a thief in my house. You may consider yourself at liberty to seek another situation.

Ten minutes after Margaret's dismissal from the presence of her mistress, Kate happened to meet her on the stairs. The poor girl was sobbing and crying so vehemently, that Kate could not help asking what was the matter.

"Oh! miss, your mamma has given me warning, and all about Miss Ellen's thimble, which I am sure I never intended to steal. And now I shall be called a thief. Oh dear! oh dear!"

Kate trembled all over. "What do you mean," she stammered, "about Ellen's thimble?"

"Oh! miss, oh-h! I found it behind the—the—clock, and missis thought I—I put it there."

Kate turned very red. She knew not what to say to this poor injured, honest girl, who was suffering for *her* fault. It was a great relief when Miss Applin's voice sounded from the hall, "Kate! Kate!" and she was compelled to hasten down stairs as fast as her trembling limbs would allow.

Three weeks after this, Kate Stowell was taken very ill. The doctor said it was a singular complaint for a child,—a sort of low nervous fever; and that if had been a grown-up person, he should have fancied that she had something on her conscience. But, of course, it was impossible, that a child in her position could have done anything very wrong. Yet, as he continued to visit her, he began to suspect that this, impossible as it appeared at first sight, must be the case; and as the worthy man perceived that Mrs. Stowell had not taken much pains to win the confidence of her children, leaving them as she did almost entirely to the management o the governess, he one day, when he chanced t be alone with Kate, asked her a few leading questions. His kind manner and dexterity soo drew the whole truth from the little girl, who, i fact, felt her guilty secret an insupportable burden, especially when she thought of Margaret dismissed with a ruined character.

"Oh! sir," begged the little girl, with many tears, "tell mamma all about it, and beg her to let poor Margaret stay. I don't care how she punishes me, for I deserve it—only let poor Margaret stay, who has done nothing wrong."

The doctor promised to make all right, which he succeeded in doing. Mrs. Stowell, apologizing to Margaret for her suspicions, retained her in her service, and forgave the real sinner, who had suffered so acutely already as to justify the non-infliction of the punishment which she claimed as her due. Kate, relieved of her mental burden, recovered rapidly; and, so salutary was the lesson she had received, that if ever the shadow of a covetous desire fell upon her soul she dismissed it as her most dangerous foe.

Seize upon Truth where'er 'tis found—
Among your friends, among your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground:
The flower's divine, where'er it grows.

TRUISMS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL

'Tis true that clouds
But momently bar out the sunshine; true
That stars—invisible by day—in crowds
Spangle the skies, but come into the view
In darkness only; true that flowers will die,
And be renew'd, as fair, beneath a vernal sky.

'Tis true that grief
Is not eternal: that our bitterest tears,
As well as that which makes them, find relief
In fewer moments than we give them years
To wear away our hearts in; true it is
That almost every sorrow hath its sister-bliss!

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'Tis true that graves
(Within whose close-shut lips dear treasures lie
Which the death-kiss pollutes) give forth green waves
Of grass—all flush with flowers—which no keen eye
Could guess for growth proceeding from decay,
Where nothing sweet there is that hath not sour'd away.

When spring is dead
Upon rich summer's bosom, which, in turn,
Lays the last clusters of its lovely head
Upon pale autumn's breast, till, in his urn
Of wither'd leaves, old winter buries all—
We know that time shall back each dear-beloved presence call.

We know that all we lose
May be restored; we know that flowers which fade
May flourish, and that even love's sweet rose
(Sore-girt with thorns) may make, as it has made,
Our happiness again. We know all this;
Yet doubts o'erwhelm all knowledge—fear subdues all bliss.

Our hopes are mists
That mount up from the very earth around us,
Till lost in heaven above, where Heaven resists
All earthly exhalations. Pain may wound us,
And trials mark us with full many a scar;
But time brings certainty—than hope a brighter star.

Yet sweet are hopes,
And fair their presence is, with sorrow by us;
But though their rosy hands the portals ope
Of joy ideal, care can still defy us;
For we shall find, if we regard it near,
The shadow of each hope to be a nameless fear.

FORCE OF HABIT.

The influence of habit extends far and wide; it is observed in the vegetable world, prevails among the lower creatures, and is of irresistible power in the human race; plants become habituated to new climates and new soils, but in general retain some habits which point out their foreign origin, though flowering at the time usual in the country to which they have been removed; many plants still blossom according to old habit at the season of their bloom in their native country; so we may thus learn that such as flower twice with us are natives of another land. When we talk of training animals, it only means that we are giving them habits which will be useful to us; it is, indeed, very wonderful that we should be able to give them habits which are contrary to their nature. There is no animal with which man becomes familiar that is not influenced by the habits which he induces. Many surprising cases are on record, and few who have not witnessed it themselves, in the creatures they domesticate. We have ourselves seen dogs who had the habit of quitting the dining-room the moment the dinner was laid upon the dining-table, and who never attempted to follow their owners on Sunday, though eager to go out with them on every other day. Nay, it is said that the animals in the Zoological Gardens never look for food on Sunday, though impatient for it every other day at the accustomed hours. Thus they are habituated to do without it, that their care-takers may have a day of rest. The creatures that are accustomed to get their food at a particular hour are sure to look for it at the regular time, and testify impatience if it is not ready for them. We have been amused at seeing a drove of turkeys pursuing the girl whose business it is to feed them at a stated hour, and upbraiding her in the most querulous tones if she is not provided with the expected meal. Dogs and cats who have been out roving almost invariably return home at their usual hour of being fed. Cattle that have been accustomed to be driven in at certain hours usually collect at the appointed period. We have often observed cows lowing for the dairy-maid when the milking-hour arrives. The appetite in all creatures appears to be under the the influence of habit. The different periods of the day in which the various classes of men feel the cravings of appetite and the inclination for rest—hunger coming at the appointed hour, and sleep at the time fixed for it—show how all our propensities are swayed by habit. The senses are in a remarkable manner under its influence. The sight has been known to habituate itself to a portion of light quite insufficient for unpracticed eyes. A prisoner confined in a cell, apparently dark to all others, was enabled to distinguish the minutest object about him by the light admitted through a very slight chink in the wall. Sailors, in the habit of exercising their sight on distant objects, can discover what is absolutely invisible to common eyes. Indians—and others in the habit of listening with attention—lest they should be overtaken by danger, are known to detect sounds which never reach unpracticed ears. Habit will even in a manner substitute one sense for another. Those who have lost their sight are often found singularly acute in the sense of hearing and of touch. The deaf mutes are remarkable for their keen and observant eyes. One limb is often known by habit to supply the place of an injured one. Whether there be a tendency to use the right hand more than the left, or whether it arises from the earliest training, is a disputed point, but it is a known fact that the most unpracticed left hand can be brought by habit to make up for the

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deficiency of the right, should it *have lost its cunning*. A very extraordinary power of habit, is that of its diminishing the effect of poison: opium constantly taken, and its doses gradually increased till they amount to a large quantity, produces none of the fatal effects which it would on those not thus in the habit of using it. The Turks eat opium constantly, sometimes a dram at a time, without ill effects. Confirmed opium-eaters can take at once as much of the drug as would have killed them had they taken it in the first instance when they first began to use it. Garcius ab Horto mentions having seen a man at Goa that consumed ten drams in three days, "and yet spake understandingly." It has been ascertained that even infants and young children who are peculiarly succeptible to the effects of opium, and who are liable to be poisoned by very small doses, may be habituated by degrees to take it in large qantities. It appears from a statement made by Mr. Grainger in the report of the Children's Employment Commission, that opium is administered in the factory districts as soon after birth as possible. The dose is increased gradually, till the child takes from fifteen to twenty drops of laudanum at once. This is given for the purpose of throwing it into a lethargic stupor—an astounding fact, when it is known that children of the same age in health would be killed by five drops;* indeed, medical experience can throw the most striking light upon the force of habit.

Habit not only reconciles to what is painful, but often makes it necessary. Sir George Staunton, when in India, went to see a man who had committed murder; in order to save his life, and, what was more valuable, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed; it condemned him to the sleeping on a beadstead for seven years, without any matrass, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. It was in the fifth year of his submission to this punishment that Sir George saw him; his skin then exactly resembled the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous. On this miserable bed he could at that time, from habit, sleep comfortably; and he declared that he thought it probable that, when released, he "would continue that system from choice which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity." Clarke gives an instance somewhat similar to this; a cruel custom, he tells us, is common among the slave-dealers in the West Indies—a clog, which they call the pudding, is tied to the foot of the slave, to prevent his running away. It is a large collar of iron, locked round the ankle of the unfortunate man. Some have had them twenty pounds' weight, and been condemned to carry them for several years: when released, they could not walk without them. "A case of this kind," Clarke tells us, "I knew; the slave had learned to walk well with the clog, but when taken off, if he attempted to walk, he fell down, and was obliged to resume it occasionally, till practice had taught him the proper centre of gravity, which had been so materially altered by wearing so large a weight, the badge at once of his oppression and the cruelty of his taskmasters." It is known that prisoners, when released, have been found to wish to go back to their prisons. Habit attaches people to what is manifestly inconvenient, and they look with a jealous eye on improvements. It has indeed been well observed, that the world is apt to be very angry with reformers and innovaters, not because it is in the right, but because it is accustomed to be in the wrong. It it mentioned in Tyerman and Bennet's *Journal of a Voyage to the South Sea Islands*, that though a causeway has been made from the houses of the missionaries to the chapel, protected by cocoanut-trees laid along the sides, the middle part being covered with pebbles, and wide enough for several persons to walk abreast, yet the people continue one to follow another in line as formerly, in the narrow tracks. A thousand instances might be referred to, where habit would have perpetuated inconveniences. It is strange what hold habit takes in mere trifles; most people have a particular seat at table, and feel a little put out of their way if placed in another; one, remarkable for his wit, being placed differently from usual at dinner, disappointed a whole company, who had been invited that they might be amused with his agreeable sallies: he was moody and dull, and might not himself have been aware of the cause which made him so uncomfortable.

Madame de Genlis contracted an odd habit in her later years; she was then obliged to employ as an amanuensis her waiting-maid; but as she was totally ignorant of orthography, her mistress spelled every word for her as she transcribed it. From the constancy of doing so, she would quite unconsciously do the same thing in conversation. She found it very difficult to break herself of this habit. Habits are often

* To this practice it may be ascribed, that idiotcy and cretinism have appeared in England in an alarming degree.

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unaccountably contracted, and are generally designated tricks. We must have observed them in others, if not in ourselves. Madame de Stael always carried a sprig of poplar with two or three leaves on it; this she constantly twirled round between her finger and thumb. The little rustling noise which it made pleased her: she declared that without this she would not be able to utter a single word. In winter little rolls of paper were substituted. So much aware were all her acquaintance of this habit, that whenever she was invited to a party there was a supply prepared for her, from which she selected one which was likely to serve the purpose for the whole evening.

Habit even asserts its influence in sleep. When worn out by fatigue and hardship, the soldiers pursued their marches in Spain when fast asleep, infantry and cavalry alike. The little children employed all day in the factory, continued to ply the busy task throughout their slumbers at nights; the little fingers were seen as if employed in feeding the wheels with the cotton. The rope-maker who worked indefatigably at his trade all day, continued to do so in his sleep.

Idleness has its habits as well as industry. Their mischief is thus touched on by Southey, when speaking of his countrymen, the English: —"They touch everything they want to look at, they thus injure pictures and poke at monuments with their walking-sticks; they deface milestones, break directing posts, and throw the parapets of bridges into the rivers."

The habits which some have given themselves in composing is well-known. We have read that Glück composed in a garden quaffing champagne, Sarti in a dark room, Paesiello in his bed, Sacchini with a favorite cat perched on each shoulder; Meyerbeer (composer of *Robert le Diable*) never sits down to write music without having a dozen pillows beneath his feet and on either side of his person; Haydn was lost if he sat down to the instrument without his ring.

The habit of reflection which withdraws the mind from the passing scene is so wonderful in its results, that it must have struck every one. The answer of Domenichino, when blamed for being so slow in finishing a picture which was bespoken:—"*Io la sto continuomenti dipingenda entro di me*,"—"I am continually painting it within myself," reveals at once the habit of men of genius. To this power of following their pursuits internally, we are indebted for the noblest discoveries, and happiest results. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked how he made his discoveries, he replied, "By continually thinking of them." There are innumerable instances of habits continuing long after the causes from which they were acquired had ceased to exist. Snuff-takers, whose habit is quite inveterate, can almost always trace its commencement to some painful cause, which made it necessary that they should keep awake. Two ladies that we know often lamented their state as confirmed snuff-takers. It was during a time of disturbance, when they expected that their house would be attacked, that they took an occasional pinch of snuff at night, that they might not fall asleep. The number of pinches have gradually increased. The country became quiet, and the ladies confirmed snuff-takers. The *Spectator* mentions, that Dr. Plott, in his *History of Staffordshire*, tells us of an idiot, that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock having been spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hours without the help of it. One of the most affecting instances of the force of habit where it outlives the mental power, by which it was fostered, is related so interestingly by Mr. Calcraft, that we give it in his own words. In speaking of Williams, who was a clever and favorite actor upon the Dublin stage, he says, "When his faculties were beginning to fail, poor Williams would frequently come to the theatre, and ask the prompter for books to study new parts, or review old ones; he was in easy circumstances, but spoke so seriously of his intention, and often approaching benefit, that his family grew nervous, thinking that he really meant to make the attempt. I received more than one earnest message, to beg I would give him no encouragement; he had a constant habit for many years of paying me a visit almost daily in my room of office at the theatre. He walked deliberately upstairs, looked in at the door, smiled, shuffled up to the table, paused a little, and then said, "You had £60 in the house last night," or as the case might be; "You'll have so and so to-night. Good-by." And then he turned round and walked out again. So unvarying was he in this practice, that whenever I missed him, I might be sure it was either illness or bad weather which deprived me of my constant visitor. The force of habit takes such hold of us that when a day passed in which he came not, I fancied that something was different in the regular routine of business." The importance of inducing good habits among such as are within our influence is too evident to need enforcing; these we must remember cannot be the result of set lessons, but must be the growth

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of time; that it should be given to elevated subjects, useful occupations, and intellectual pursuits, will go far to form an amiable character. How much the mind can be trained to what is estimable is glanced at by the writer, who remarks, that "if a man naturally rough becomes softened for the time by music; if those times are continually renewed, habit will take place of nature, and that a man's character will, to a certain degree, change." Those who fancy that evil habits can be relinquished at pleasure, are fatally mistaken. "Sin repented," it has been said, "becomes customary—custom soon engenders habit, and habit, in the end, assumes the form of necessity—the man becomes bound with his own words." The habit of swearing, if once contracted, is rarely, if ever, given up; that of drinking, which in almost all instances comes on by degrees, is remarkable for its inveteracy; even in the last stage of misery which it brings on—the *delirium tremens*—there is an absolute necessity for the permission of the indulgence to a certain extent. The habit cannot be broken off suddenly without risking fatal consequences. One of the most melancholy examples of the fatal habit was that of the amiable and unfortunate Charles Stuart: the dreadful habit was acquired by degrees, during the hardships of his Highland adventures and escapes, when, we are told by the historian, "a dram of whiskey might sometimes supply the want of food and rest." Thus was the habit contracted, and it continued after the cause of it had ceased. The difficulty of overcoming bad habits is so strongly illustrated in the text from the 13th chapter of Jeremiah, that it leaves nothing further to be said on the subject: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."

GONE.

BY MARK RUSWOOD.

Another snow-covered mound,
Is in the yard of the dead;
Another traveler has found
A place for his weary head.

Another spirit has fled,
From its prison-house of clay,
And its flight has upward sped,
To a clearer, brighter day.

Another brother has gone;
And others may fill his place;
But they'll miss that friendlier tone—
They'll miss that happier grace.

And oft to his grave they'll go,
And wet with their tears the sod;
But he whom they mourn we know,
Is now with the blest of God.

MODE OF TRAVELLING IN THE EAST.

The above cut represents a company of Bedouin camel-drivers with their tents and traveling utensils. They do not travel with the velocity of the Arabs of the desert, but proceed at the slow pace of about twenty miles a day. Dr. Robinson says the only difference between the camel and the dromedary is, that the latter is trained for riding and and the former for burdens. The distinction, at the most, is the same as between a riding horse and a pack horse; but among the Bedouins it seemed to amount to a little more than the one had a riding-saddle, and the other a pack-saddle.

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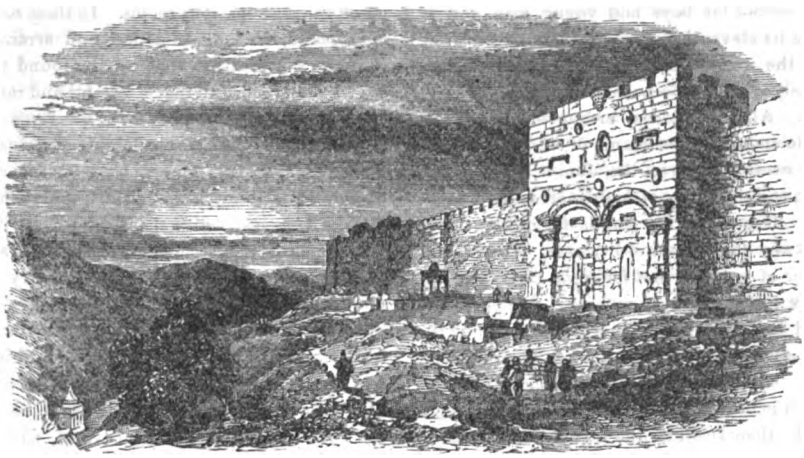

THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE above cut of the famous Golden Gate, in the eastern wall of Jerusalem, has been furnished us by Mr. Banvard, the author of the great Panorama. It is a relic of the original city. It is the gate through which the Saviour rode from Bethphage. It was formerly called by the Arabian writers the "Gate of Mercy." The term "Golden" seems to have been derived from some supposed connection with one of the ancient gates of the temple, which was said to have been covered with gold. It has been closed for centuries. It was already closed up in the times of the Crusades; but was thrown open once a year on Palm-Sunday in celebration of our Lord's supposed triumphal entry through it to the temple. Allusion seems to be made to this gate in Ezekiel 44 : 2. "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut." It still remains walled up, says Dr. Robinson because the Mohammedans believe that a king is to enter by it, who is to take possession of the city and become lord of the whole earth. But Mohammedan writers describe it as having been closed up for the security of the city and sanctuary, because it is on the side towards the Desert, and there would be no great advantage in having it open. Some say it was walled up by Omar; and will not be opened again until the coming of Christ.

Editorial Miscellany.

MOUNT WASHINGTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—By the kind permission of Messrs. Clark and Fanning, the Proprietors and Principals of this excellent Institution, we present our readers this month with their beautiful engraving as one of the embellishments of this number. Every one will pronounce it a charming picture. The subject is fine, the perspective is perfect, and the artistic execution could hardly be surpassed. The Institute is the prominent building on the right, corner of Fourth and Macdougal streets, fronting on Washington Square. The view presents about one half of the Park, with the fountain in the centre; New York University directly beyond it; the square towers of Dr. Hutton's Church a little to the South; and between these two buildings in the distance is seen the square tower of Mercer Street Church; and, still further on, the lofty spire of the Dutch Church in Lafayette Place, on the other side of Broadway. The view is from the West.

We also take great pleasure in saying a word of the Institution itself, and its enterprising principals. It is near the centre of the city.

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It is a school for boys and young men, and is now in its eleventh year. The building is owned by the principals and was erected by them expressly for their school, with room for 200 pupils. All the internal arrangements are admirable and the departments of study no less so. These consist of three, the Junior, Middle, and Senior, and the course of study is arranged accordingly. This course fits pupils for college or for almost any department of business. The present number of pupils is not far from 200. It is decidedly one of the best schools in the city. Its careful discipline, its fine moral influence, and the intellectual ability with which it is conducted, are greatly admired by all its friends. Its proprietors have spared neither labor nor expense to make their Institute the first of its class. Such Institutions exert a powerful moral influence in the community and deserve the highest commendation.

THE LATTING OBSERVATORY.—We present our readers this month with an engraving of this novel building. The projector is Mr. WARING LATTING, whose name it bears. The architect is Mr. Wm. Naugle. The idea of such a lofty tower of observation was not new to the projector. He had reflected on it and drawn a plan years ago; and it was only since the foundations of the Crystal Palace were laid, that it was carried into execution. The result has proved the correctness of the conception.

It was commenced on the 1st of February, and opened on the 1st of July. It contains 900,000 feet of timber. It is the tallest wooden structure in the world, and on some accounts as peculiar as it is new, there being neither mortise nor tenon in the entire building, and no piece of timber larger than three inches by twelve. It is 75 feet in diameter at the base, and 315 feet in height to the lantern at the apex. It is octagonal in form, and each corner of the octagon is anchored in the earth, with at least 30 tons of solid masonry; and the foundation on which it stands is solid rock, only a few feet below the surface of the ground. The entire frame is a piece of trussel-work, the timbers being locked together in the most scientific and ingenious manner, braced in every possible direction, and so bolted, keyed, and screwed together with iron bars as to form an acute cone of amazing strength. A spiral staircase ascends from the base to the top, leaving a large hollow space in the centre of which a steam elevator will be arranged at a future time. Since the engraving was made, the first hundred feet of the building have been enclosed and finished off in large spacious rooms. In these rooms it is proposed, ere long, to collect and arrange the choicest works of art that can be found in the world—to procure all that is tasteful and rare and beautiful in statuary, and all the finest specimens of painting of the most celebrated artists, thus filling the building, if need be, with the richest display of skill and taste and art, and whatever may be of an instructive character. Near the top will be placed a telescope of great power, so that the visitor can easily survey the country for 60 miles around. In short, it is the design of the directors to make it a centre of attraction, or at least one of the greatest attractions in this city, and unlike anything to be found in this country. Upon the top, in the lantern, is soon to be placed the Calcium light, by Professor Grant, which will be the largest light in the world.

The building is already attracting a multitude of visitors. From the upper windows, the view is enchanting. The great City spreading out from the base, the majestic Hudson sleeping among the hills, the bay of New-York, the ocean in the distance, the East River sprinkled with its beautiful islands, and the broad landscapes extending and clustering in all directions, form a scene of beauty and grandeur unequaled on this continent, if in the world. Here you may stand and gaze for hours, and constantly discover new objects of interest filling up the vast area of the living picture. Men look like dwarfs in the streets, and the ships like specks upon the ocean. Trains of cars are going out or coming into the field of vision, and steamboats are engraving their wakes upon the waters. The ships of the Navy Yard quietly display their triple rows of teeth, while the white sails of the vessels in the Narrows appear like a flock of swans enjoying pastime in some familiar brook. Strange music, too, comes up from the moving world below. The clang of fire-bells, the rattle of cars, the blowing off of steam, the wild yell of the flying locomotive, like the overstrained voice of some opera singer, the deep sub-base in the roar of the city, and the guns of the "ocean travelers" arriving or departing, like heavy strokes upon the drum of nature, all combine to produce a concert of sounds, discordant indeed, but sublime; intermingling, yet each seems separate and alone. And when all this music dies away, and sable night drops her curtain upon the scene, the great lantern of the tower pours fourth a soft but rich effulgence, as if to charm the troubled elements and prepare the city for its hours of repose.

PANORAMA OF NIAGARA.—We have just return-

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ed from a visit to Frankenstein's great painting of Niagara Falls. It is certainly a most wonderful work of art. It is a faithful representation of one of the greatest wonders of nature, or rather this a series of views from almost every possible point of observation. We had no idea that the Falls could present such a variety of aspects. We seemed to be seated in a balloon with power to move ourselves like a bird to any given point. Now we are moving across directly in front of the Falls; now we have a full view of the Canada shore, now the American shore, now of Table Rock, now the great whirlpool foaming and dashing in its fury, now the smooth river stretching away to Lake Ontario. Now we are in the rapids sailing around Goat Island, now descending the staircase, now under Table Rock, now in the Cave of the Winds, now on the little steamboat, now again upon the heights. Now we have all these views by moonlight. Now we see them in the winter when everything seems glittering with frozen diamonds. This painting is an epitome of the cataract at all times and seasons. In this respect it excels the scene itself, as few can see it in all those rare aspects in which the artist saw it during his nine years' labor. We have here some of the grandest views, such as sailing under the Fall or walking in the Cave of the Winds without the danger or the wetting. It is at present one of the greatest attractions of our city; but it is soon to leave us. We advise all our friends to pay it a visit at Hope Chapel, 718 Broadway.

BANVARD'S GEORAMA is a place of great attraction, at 596 Broadway. We know of no place where a more agreeable or pleasant hour can be passed. The painting consists of four immense volumes, or cylinders, which present in minute detail the sacred localities of the Holy Land, the cities, mountains, plains and rivers, celebrated in history. We have the highest testimony that these are correct delineations. To these have been recently added some splendid views in Egypt. The great desert, the moonlight scene upon the Jordan, the gorgeous architectural painting of the interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and many other striking parts of this exhibition are gems of art that deserve to be studied, and would alone furnish a profitable evening's entertainment. As the curtain rises and the panorama begins to move, the beholder seems to be transported to the land of Palestine. Here, from the Mount of Olives, you see the City of Jerusalem in the distance. Then the artist carries you round the walls, and finally entering one of the gates, shows you the interior of the Holy City. Then you pass to and fro through that ancient land, visiting mountains, rivers, and sacred places so often mentioned in the Bible. Mr. Banvard being present himself to explain everything, adds greatly to the interest of the exhibition. He has done a great service to the world and well deserves the patronage and gratitude of the community.

ROOT'S DAGUERREAN GALLERY.—There is no place like this in New York for perfect daguerreotypes. Here is displayed a multitude of the most beautiful specimens of this art, showing the perfection of Mr. Root's mode of taking them. This gentleman has placed in the Crystal Palace some forty or fifty pieces, which attract great attention, and will probably secure the first prize. Any one who has seen them cannot but admire the sharpness of the figure, the perfection of the drapery, and especially the remarkably clear and natural expression of the eye—one of the most difficult attainments in this art. No higher testimony can be given to the excellence of Mr. Root's daguerreotypes than the constant press of business on his hands, his rooms being thronged every day with visitors. He succeeds admirably in taking the likenesses of children. And what mother would not love to preserve the infant features of her children to look upon in after years, especially should they be taken away by death. We have rarely seen a more beautiful illustration of this than in the following:

Sweet child, that angel face must fade,
As years shall come and go,
For time doth ever mar the fair
And bright of all below.
But thy fond mother's jealous care
Hath robbed the yawning tomb,
And by the might of art, hath fixed
For e'er thy youthful bloom.
Within her sacred shrine there hangs
In all its infant grace,
On Root's unequaled, perfect plate,
Her darling's glorious face.
Then, mother of the blooming child,
Trust not the fleeting hours,
But, as this mother did by her's,
Do thou at once by yours.
Then, should the sudden dart of death
Your loved one call away,
You'd bless the hint by which you had
The picture done to day,
By Root, 363 Broadway.

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Book Notices.

SON OF A GENIUS.—The fondness of some parents is apt to make them think that no children are equal to their own. On the other hand, some parents are always speaking disparagingly of their children. This book may be profitably used by both. There are lessons of wisdom and instruction here not often found. It is a small book, but full of excellent things. Sawyer, Ingersoll, & Co., Hudson O. Newman & Ivison, N. Y.

FAMILY BIBLE: with brief notes and instructions. By Rev. JUSTIN EDWARDS, D.D. This work also includes the references and marginal readings of the Polyglot Bible. The object of this work is to assist common readers to understand the meaning of the Holy Spirit in the Bible, and to draw from it such instructions as they may. It is printed on clear beautiful type by the American Tract Society. The first volume from Genesis to Job, has just been issued. The second volume, to include the remainder of the Old Testament, is in preparation. The New Testament is already issued.

THE MUD CABIN: or the character and tendency of British Institutions, as illustrated in their effect upon human character and destiny. By WARREN ISHAM. When we first glanced at the title of this book, it suggested the idea of wretchedness and misery. And as we proceeded we found it identified with the sober facts and reflections which fill the pages. These seem to be the result of careful investigation and research, and the candid exhibition of them by the author challenges the strictest scrutiny. He speaks of the mud hovels of England, the woes of Ireland, the woes of silk-weavers, and many other prominent topics connected with the lower classes. On the whole, the book gives us a better view of the poor of England than any thing we have seen. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

MESSIANIC PROPHECY AND THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By WM. S. KENNEDY. A work full of rich instruction on these subjects. It is written in popular style and the arragement is such as to present the whole in a clear light. The design is to present the Messianic Prophecies of the Old Testament in their chronological order and the life of Christ, arranged according to the best harmony of the Gospel. Every man's religion is determined by his view of Christ. And his view of Christ must be determined mainly by his study of the Gospel narrative in connection with the prophecies of the Old Testament. For such a study this work is admirably adapted. It contains a copious index which points the reader to every part of this great subject. It ought to be in the hands of every Sabbath School teacher, and every student of the Bible. Sawyer, Ingersoll, & Co., Hudson O. Newman & Ivison, N. Y.

PERIODICALS.

THE ECLECTIC for October, is a splendid number of this admirable work. It contains many articles of peculiar interest, and all of them are of permanent value. It is embellished with a beautiful mezzotint engraving of the celebrated Henry Hallam, whose works have been so much admired. A review of Moore's life, written by John Wilson Croker; a sketch of Burke, by Gilfillan; a sketch of Maria Theresa and Joseph I.; and a critique upon Hawthorne, are among the most valuable articles.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for October, does great credit to the well earned reputation of that popular work. It serves up a rich table of contents, and some of the articles are truly bold, manly and excellent. What Impressions Do We Make? The Early Poetry of France, and Collier's New Emendations of Shakespeare, are among the best.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for October, is able, interesting and beautiful. It is deluged with engravings. Jacob Abbott's article on Damascus is richly illustrated. Mr. Richards illustrates with his own pencil his admirable article on the Valley of Wyoming and the Susquehannah. The Bleak House is completed. J. S. C. Abbott continues his life of Napoleon.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October, has a rich table of contents and is beautifully illustrated. The Life and Times of Johnson, and Jonathan Edwards are admirable articles. They carry us back to scenes of great interest. The Reminiscences of the Pilgrims is also a thrilling article.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, for October is also a rich number. The cuts are large and some of them well executed. Those who have a taste for pictures will be pleased with this work.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS: a sequel to the Anxious Inquirer after salvation. By JOHN ANGEL JAMES. This is a precious little book. The prominent features are the necessity, nature, means, hindrances, mistakes, motives and encouragements to Christian progress. The name of the distinguished author alone is enough to recommend it. Robert Carter & Brothers.

THE FADED HOPE: By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. This is a precious little memoir of the only son of this gifted author. He died at the early age of nineteen. And this book is a sketch of his infant years and youthful life, written in the enchanting style of the well-known authoress. R. Carter & Brothers.

HISTORY OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES. By Rev. W. M. HETHERINGTON. The title of this work proclaims the importance of the subject, and the very copious index shows that the author has entered minutely into the matter. Such works are timely in this age of isms. The details here given of that able body of men are interesting in the extreme. R. Carter & Brothers.

THE MISSIONARY OF KILMANNY. By REV. JOHN BAILLIE. This book is a memoir of Alexander Paterson, with notices of Robert Edie, two young men converted under one sermon of Rev. Dr. Chalmers, and who afterwards became highly useful in the vineyard of the Lord. The influence of such memoirs cannot but be salutary. R. Carter & Brothers.

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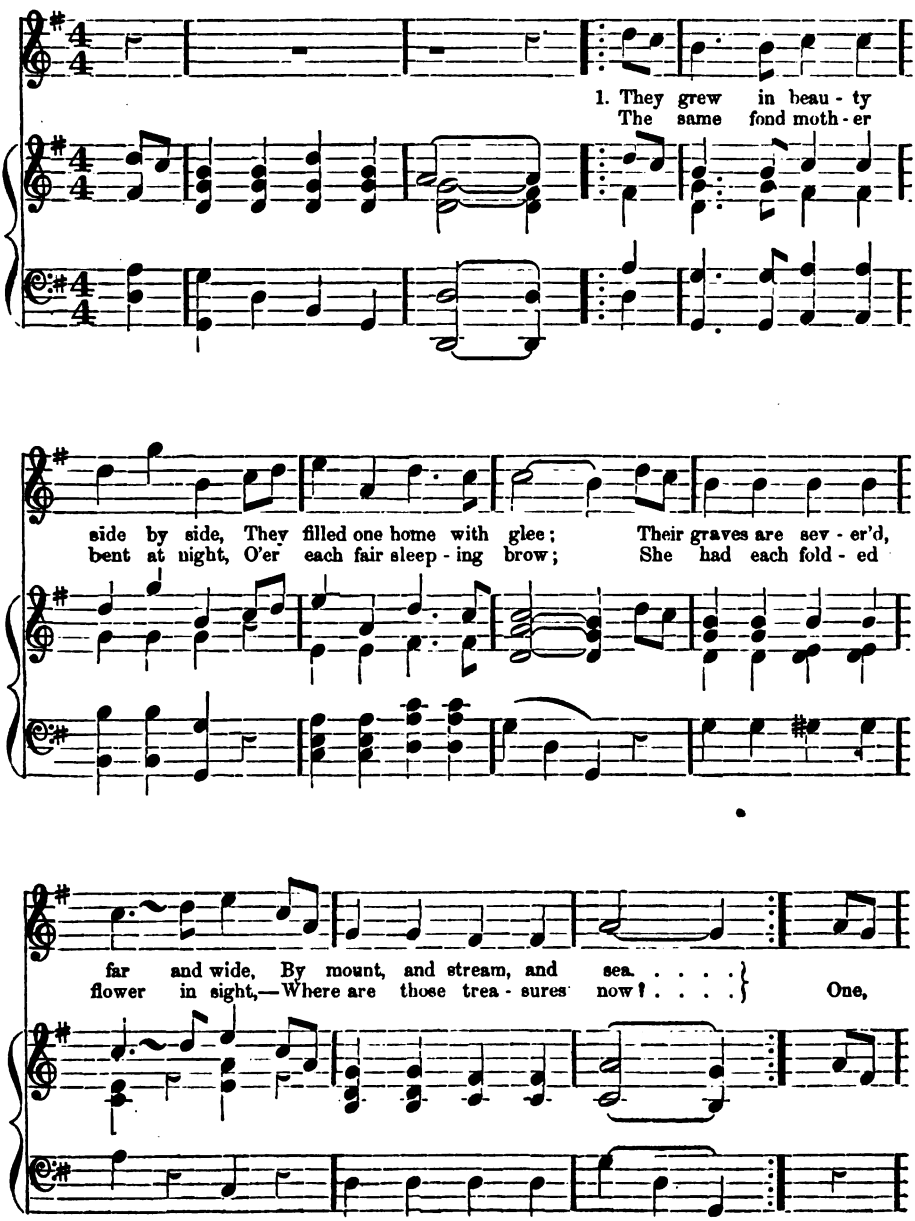
They grew in Beauty.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS. Music by Miss CORNELIA GOULD BROWNE.

1. They grew in beau - ty
The same fond moth - er
side by side, They filled one home with glee; Their graves are sev - er'd,
bent at night, O'er each fair sleep - ing brow; She had each fold - ed
far and wide, By mount, and stream, and sea. . . . .
flower in sight,—Where are those trea - sures now? . . . . .
One,

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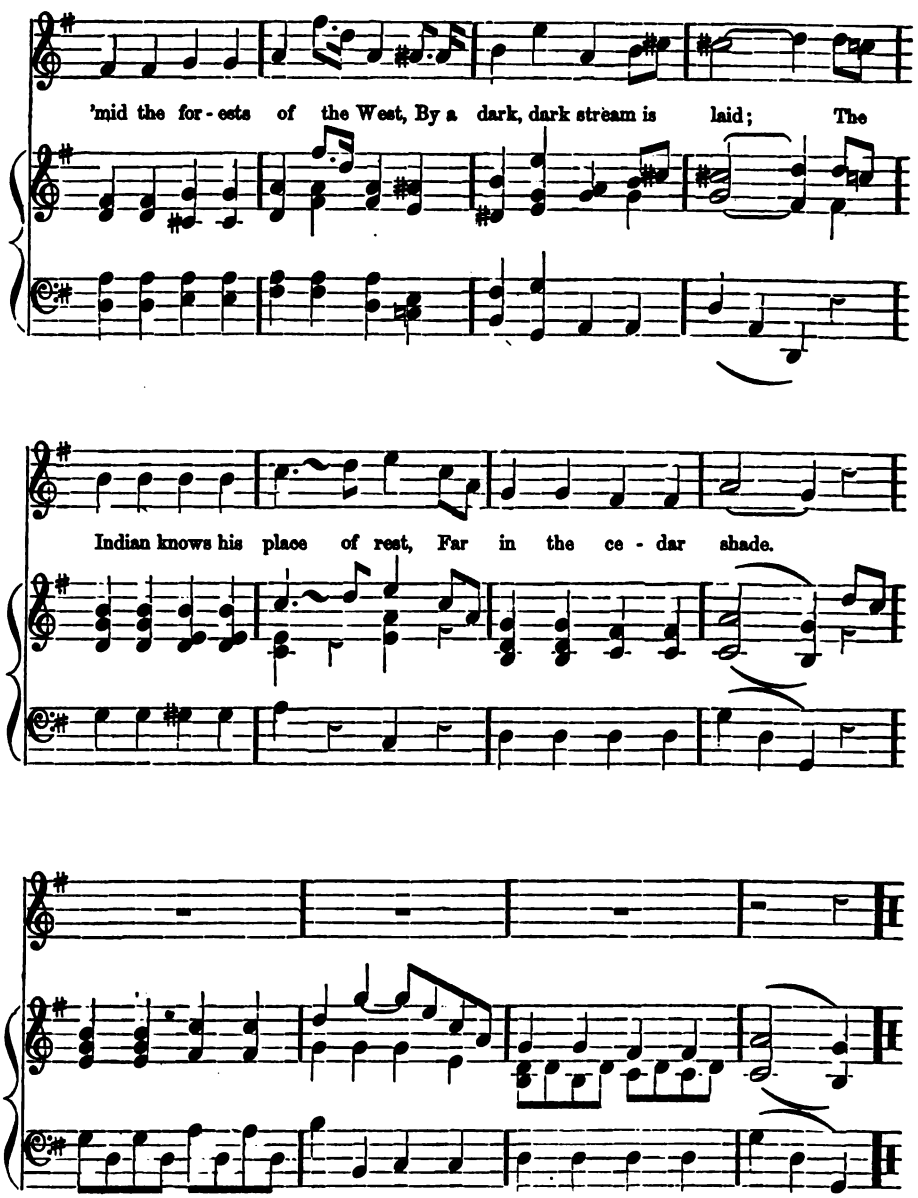
2.

The sea, the lone blue sea hath one; he lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all; yet none o'er his low bed may weep.
One sleeps where Southern vines are dressed above the noble slain—
He wrapp'd his colors round his breast on a blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers its leaves, by soft winds fanned—
She faded 'mid Italian flowers—the last of that fair band.

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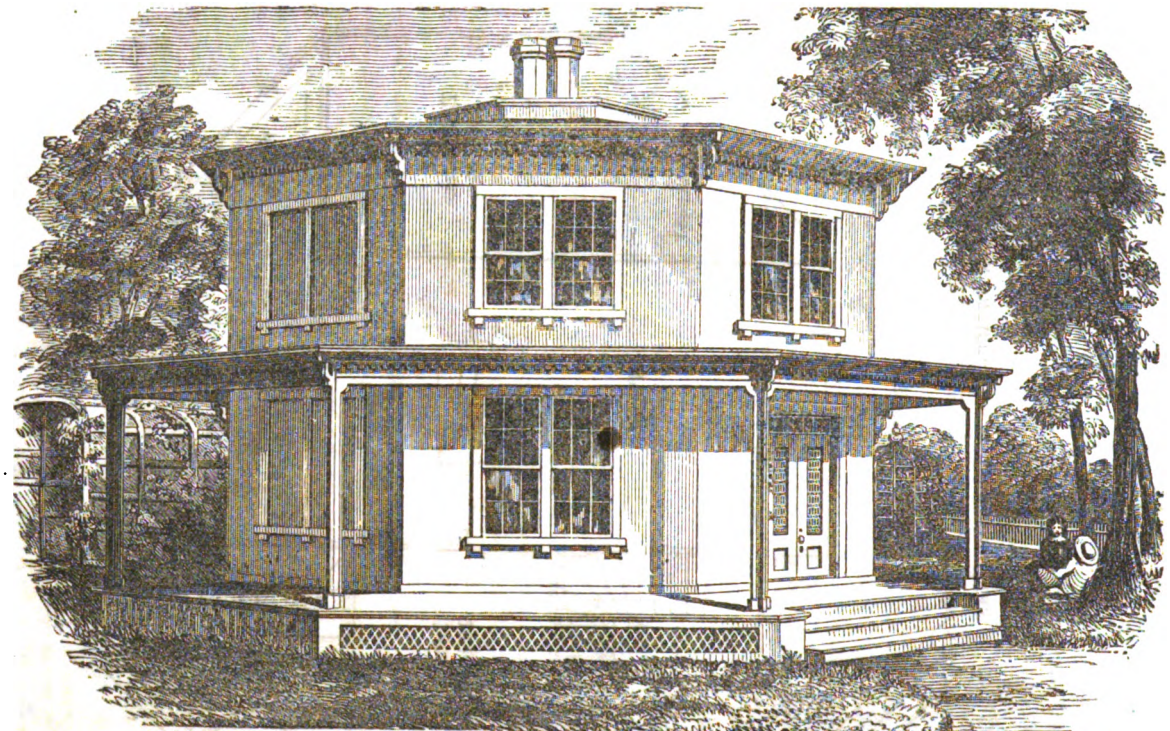

OCTAGON COTTAGE.

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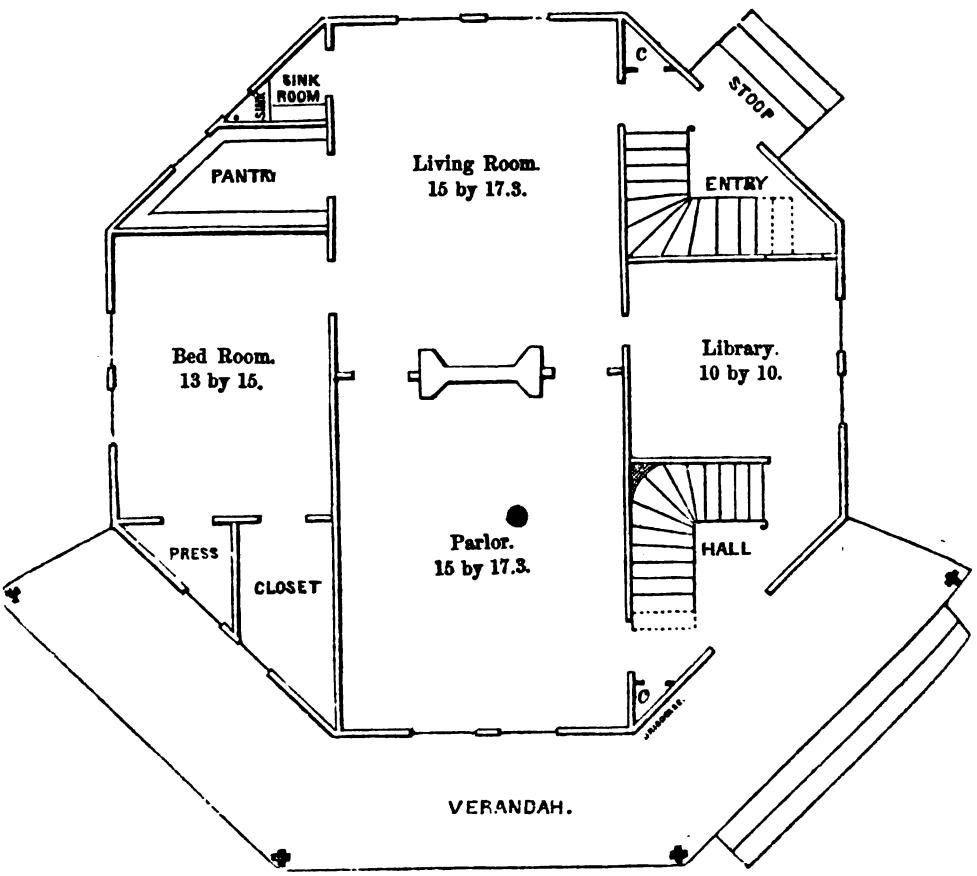

OCTAGON COTTAGE.—VIEW OF THE GROUND PLAN.

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THE

Christian Parlor Magazine.

1853.

NATURE OF REFORM WITHOUT THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER, D. D.

UNDER the head of that practical atheism of which we are in danger, may be properly brought the schemes of self-styled philanthropists, (some of them most amiable, well-meaning visionaries,) who would bring society to perfection without the aid of the gospel of Christ, or by schemes and means into which God in the gospel does not enter as an element. One is strongly reminded by these schemes of those "vagabond Jews, exorcists," who took upon themselves in Paul's time to cast out the evil spirits of society. But these philanthropists, though they had no faith in the gospel, and no experience of its power, did nevertheless call over them that had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus, *whom Paul preacheth*. It was not the *power* of the gospel which they sought to apply, but they availed themselves of the *name*. But it would not do. The men with the evil spirits leaped upon them, and overcame them, so that they fled from them naked and wounded.

Some of our modern reformers do in the same manner call over the evils of society the *name* of Christ, though they do not rely upon the power of the gospel, but leave it quite out of all their calculations for progress and perfectibility. Others have the grace not even to make the pretence of proceeding on gospel principles, and others again boldly reject the gospel and its institutions. In every case, unless their reliance for the regeneration of society be upon that divine efficacy of which God in Christ is the only source, the evils they proceed against will be sure to react against *them*, will leap upon them and overcome them, and send them away naked and wounded.

There is one thing which these reformers without the gospel leave entirely out of view in their schemes of perfectibility in society, and that is, the universal depravity of man. But a man is incomparably more wild and absurd in omitting this consideration in morals, than a mechanic would be, who should build and apply a machine, without calculating the power of friction. Without an allowance made for this universal depravity, and a superhuman provision against it, the projectors of the best and most benevolent schemes for the improvement of society must inevitably be disappointed. And whenever they are at all successful, they owe even their temporary success to the power of that very gospel, to the influences of that very Christianity, which they think they can do without, and in utter neglect of which they mean to make a perfect loving world.

John Foster, in speaking on this topic, observes that without all doubt "the main strength of human feelings consists in the love of sensual gratification, of distinction, of power, and of money." And he asks, in reference to the schemes of pure reason and virtue, by which philanthropists would regenerate society without relying on the gospel, by what suicidal inconsistency such selfish principles are to be brought to the accomplishment of schemes which, they cannot fail to perceive, are plotting against their own indulgence? He says he is "reminded of the Spanish story of a village where the Devil, having made the people excessively wicked, was punished by being compelled to assume the appearance and habit of a friar, and to preach so eloquently, in spite of his internal repugnance and rage, that the inhabitants were completely reformed." But the evil passions of the human heart are not to be caught, and in this manner made preachers of virtue against themselves; they cannot be

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bound and made to work for the reformation of society; "they have far too perfect an instinct to be trepanned into such an employment of their force." But these being "the preponderating agents in the human heart, what *other* active principles of it can the renovator of human character call to his effectual aid?"

Sometimes, for a little while, the proposed reform itself seems to gratify these active selfish principles, and so far they will lend their assistance, and seem to be subdued into the cause of purity and virtue. "But the moment that the reforming projector summons their coöperation to a service in which they must desert their own abject and corrupt character, they will desert *him*. As long as he is condemned to depend for the efficacy of his schemes on the aid of so much pure propensity as he shall find in the corrupted subject, he will be nearly in the case of a man attempting to climb a tree by laying hold, first on this side and then on that, on some rotten twig, which still breaks off in his hands, and lets him fall among the nettles."

Some reformers have great confidence in the natural *humanity* of mankind; the difficulty is to get their lever under it. But without the grace of the gospel, it is a vain and transitory impulse. Of the humanity of the people of England, "a nation which extols its own generous virtues to the sky," Foster remarked, in reference to the long unavailing appeals respecting the slave-trade, that the wickedness "would have remained as immovable as the continent of Africa, if the Legislature had not been forced into a conviction that, on the whole, the slave-trade was not advantageous in point of pecuniary interest." The corrupt nature of man is a thing which the advocates of human perfectibility without the gospel are unwilling to admit into their calculations; hence alone, if for no other reason, they are destined always to prove visionaries, and to be disappointed in their schemes. They must have an agency to go before them, and change human nature for them; but that agency must be superhuman, and that agency they reject.

It is a powerful passage with which Foster closes his fifth letter on the application of the epithet Romantic. "All the speculations and schemes," he says, "of the sanguine projectors of all ages, have left the world still a prey to infinite legions of vices and miseries, an immortal band, which has trampled in scorn on the monuments and the dust of the self-idolising men who dreamed each in his day that they were born to chase these evils out of the earth. If these vain demi-gods of an hour, who trusted to change the world, and who perhaps wished to change it only to make it a temple to their fame, could be awaked from the unmarked graves into which they sunk, to look a little while round on the world for some traces of success of their projects, would they not be eager to retire again into the chambers of death, to hide the shame of their remembered presumption? *The wars and tyranny, the rancor, cruelty and revenge, together with all the other unnumbered crimes and vices with which the earth is still infested are enough, if the whole mass could be brought within the bounds of any one, even the most extensive empire, to constitute its whole population literally infernals*, all but their being incarnate; and that indeed they would soon, through mutual destruction, cease to be. Hitherto, the fatal cause of these evils, the corruption of the human heart, has sported with the weakness, or seduced the strength of all human contrivances to subdue them. Nor do I see any signs as yet that we are commencing a better era, in which the means that have failed before, or the expedients of a new and more fortunate invention, shall become irresistible, like the sword of Michael in our hands. The nature of man still casts ominous conjecture on the whole success. While *that* is corrupt, it will pervert even the very schemes and operations by which the world should be improved, though their first principles were pure as heaven; *and revolutions, great discoveries, augmented science, and new forms of polity, will become in effect what may be denominated the sublime mechanism of depravity.*"

If men would reform the world, let them first come to Christ, and experience *his* reforming power in their own hearts, and then will they see clearly how to move upon the hearts of others, and how to conquer the evils of society. We begin right, then, only when we begin with divine grace in our own hearts, and an humble but confident reliance on the Power that is at length to subdue the world.

HOME FINDINGS.

It was a fine Whitsunday, and the bells were ringing for divine service. Merrily sounded their chimes over the old city, and tunefully they rang in the heart of a young girl, who was busily arraying herself in pure white, preparatory to setting out for the old cathedral. At length, her pleasant occupation being ended, she stepped forth from her little chamber, looking as pure

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and saint-like as Faustus's Margaret. Prayer-book in hand, she went into an adjoining apartment to say good-bye to her bedridden mother. She found her querulous and full of complaints, and the serene countenance of the maiden was ruffled for a moment; for these complaints tended to accuse an elder sister of neglect and unkindness.

"Dear mamma," she said, leaning affectionately over the bedside, "I thought you would manage to spare me just this once, I have so often been prevented from attending church. Susan has promised to do her very best, and though she does not know your ways so well as I, yet perhaps you could bear with her for a couple of hours, dear mamma, for my sake."

"Ay, ay," grumbled the fretful invalid; "it is always so. Young people must take their pleasure, whatever old ones go without."

The young girl, with her gentle voice, tried to combat this idea, so unjust in its application as far as she was concerned, but in vain; and at length, with a half sigh that quickly merged into a smile, and a regretful glance at her white raiment, she sacrificed her own wishes, and sweetly and cheerfully went to tell her sister that she was at liberty to go to church instead.

"Thank you, Ella," said Susan, gladly; "thank you, dear. I hope you are not much disappointed."

"No, Susan dear," Ella replied—and it was true; for at that moment there shone through her heart the sunshine that ever gilds a sacrifice for love's sake.

* * * * * * * *

On the same day, some three hours later, a party of young ladies who lived in the same town with Ella and Susan, were returning from church, apparelled in their gayest spring attire.

"I thought, Emily," said the eldest to one of her younger sisters, "that papa could not have managed without one of us, and it was your turn to stay at home. How did you contrive to follow us?"

"Oh! I just got ready, and then went and told him I was going to church. He did not say a word, and I did not mind his looks."

And Emily, a pretty but pert girl of seventeen, laughed as she related her triumph over her poor, nervous father.

"I don't think it quite right to leave my uncle alone," said another of the party, timidly. She was a cousin, who resided with the family.

"Nonsense, Maria," replied the eldest sister. You know it is a duty to attend church, especially on her holy festivals. Papa could manage well enough with John for a companion, only he is so dreadfully nervous."

"I cannot think it a duty," said Maria again, "to attend church, when we are needed by sufferers at home. As for uncle being nervous, you know it is a real malady; we read about it only the other day. Then John is so rough and careless, he is not to be depended upon."

So they found when they reached home. Mr. Burton, the nervous gentleman alluded to, was reclining on a sofa, in a mood of despondency pitiful to behold. John had first excited him by contradiction, and had then set out to visit a friend, leaving his ailing parent nearly two hours of loneliness to endure, while waiting the return of his daughters and niece from church.

Which felt the happier—the young ladies who neglected a greater duty to fulfil a lesser, because the lesser happened to be more agreeable to their feelings, or the loving daughter who sacrificed her own wishes to those of her sickly parent?

Found—That, though we are not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, there are other duties more binding even than this; and that happy are they who can discriminate between the greater and the lesser obligation, and regulate their actions accordingly.

STANZAS.

BY E. J. LOOMIS.

THOU art not dead! still art thou here:
And though we may not clasp thy hand,
Though seen not in the household band,
We feel thy pure love ever near:
Thou art not dead!

When dewy evening cools the sky,
And loved ones in the twilight meet,
Amid the songs so low and sweet
Again we hear thy melody:
Thou art not dead!

When Memory with her potent art
Brings back the scenes so long passed by,
We see the love-light in thy eye
And catch the warm beat of thy heart:
Thou art not dead!

No, thou art here, for love like thine
Would keep thee with us day by day,
And never let thee pass away,
Forgetful of thy household shrine:
Thou art not dead!

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WANDERINGS FROM GOD.

How many and how sad they are! All the sin of our nature, and all the evil that visits us in consequence, comes from wandering from God. Near to God, we are near to light and life; far from God, we are in darkness and death. The soul even of a true Christian may wander from God, and may do it very gradually and imperceptibly. But though the departure from God is easy, the return to him is difficult. The departure is amidst temptations, carelessness, and indulgences in sin; the return is amidst fears, distresses, chastisements, and bitter sorrows. The departure is heedless and without effort; the return is anxious, amidst tears and painful struggles. The departure is *with* our fallen nature, the return is all *against* it. The departure is driven on by Satan, the return is resisted by him, and must be a constant fight with him.

The soul of a Christian sometimes wanders from God, almost without knowing it, and gets at a great distance, without knowing how far. It is like a child entering on the open borders of a forest, where at first the path is smooth and agreeable, running beside the plain road, amidst soft grass, all safe, at ease, and quiet. But as the boy runs on, the road is gradually lost sight of, and the path becomes entangled, and the thick woods conceal the light, and the day closes, and all is night, darkness, and terror. So is a careless Christian's heart, going astray from God. The beginnings of the evil are sometimes in very little things, not in sudden and great temptations. But the consequences are sometimes worse than those which sudden and great temptations bring with them. Great temptations, if the soul be suddenly overcome by them, are apt to be succeeded by sudden and great repentance, and renewed watchfulness. But little sins, carelessness and wanderings, grow into a habit without repentance, and the conscience is spoiled of its tenderness, and the heart becomes heavy and hard, and there is sin without sorrow, and darkness almost without knowing that the light is gone. Oh, this is a dreadful case, when the soul has thus gone gradually and insensibly away from God!

When the soul has thus gone away from God, its life is all wandering, all earthly. Even its religious duties are wanderings from God, instead of joyful and warm approaches to him. All its religious feelings decay, and its devout sensibilities grow dim, and it no longer sees God, nor any thing clearly in God's light. It lives on in darkness, a dark, sad, melancholy life; and what is saddest and most melancholy of all, it does not, for a long time, awake to a sense of this darkness, or become uneasy at it, or alarmed about it, or distressed and troubled because it does not see God. It may go on thus for many days, if external things are suffered by God's providence to be prosperous and quiet. If no calamity falls upon the household, if the plans of this life, and its ordinary enjoyments, are not interrupted, it may go on for many days without the light of God's countenance, and yet not be troubled. The spell and palsy of the world is upon it, the intoxicating atmosphere of the world is around it, is breathed by it, and it does not feel its need of God, nor how evil and bitter a thing it is to sin against God.

The Psalmist speaks of the common creatures of God as being troubled when he hides his face from them; *thou hidest thy face and they are troubled.* But *men* that have wandered from God are in this respect less sensible than the brutes; they are *not* troubled at the hiding of God's face; they are not even aware that it is hidden. How many a man, bearing the name of Christian, thus goes on through the world, and goes about the world, with God's face hidden from him, because he is wandering from God, and yet he is all the while quite insensible to the sadness, the disconsolateness, the darkness and misery of his condition. So much the worse for him when he wakes up to it; so much the worse for him when God sends some grievous calamity upon him, or when his soul stumbles into some dark pit-fall laid for him by the great Enemy. He will be filled with anguish when he comes to be filled with his own way!

A man may be a very quiet and prudent stayer at home, and yet may wander far from God. And a man may be so much of a traveller as to be quite the world's citizen and circumnavigator, and may nevertheless keep very near to God. It does not need a man to go to the planet Saturn, in order to wander from God. A man may never leave his own fireside, nor his own room, and yet may make fearful journeyings away from God. A man also may be very steady at church, and also at family worship, and yet come not near to God. His habitation may be next-door to God's altar, while his soul is far away from God. *Israel hath forgotten his Maker, and buildeth temples.* A man may be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, and yet his heart may be dwelling in the tents of wickedness.

CHRIST, as our way to heaven, is to be waited on; and heaven, as our rest in Christ, is to be waited for.

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MISSIONARY WORDS.

BY E. F. BURR.

NEARLY fifty years have elapsed since the earnest commencement of modern evangelical missions. During this period but little change has taken place in the great statistics of false religion. The children are learning, as their fathers learned, that more than two-thirds of the earth's surface is benighted, and more than six hundred millions of its population Moslems and idolaters.

Are Protestant missions a failure? Not in the estimation of those who understand the value of human nature, and the natural law of progress in moral enterprises. Although the numerical ratio of the true religion to the false remains substantially unaltered—although the pictured illuminations of our school-charts continue as circumscribed as at the first—a great work has been accomplished. It is much to have become familiar with the principles on which missions should be conducted. It is much to have ascertained and cleared the true points of application for the great Christian lever. It is much to have already raised by it some hundreds of thousands into the blessings of eternal life. Henceforth more rapid successes may be expected. As planets continually accelerate their pace as they approach the sun—as fortunes increase with new celerity, the larger they become—so the missionary enterprise ever enhances the splendor of its movement as it advances toward its goal. Its past gains are out at compound interest. Its past results are the first slow terms of a geometrical series, whose final elements are, a nation born at once, and the kingdoms of the world become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

Protestant missions a failure! Say it not, O Millennarian, in thy hot haste to aggrandize the coming of the Lord. Say it not, O citizen of any name, in the poverty of thy information, or the avarice that seeks an excuse for illiberality, or the enmity that recklessly asserts the evil it would be glad to see, or the credulity that swallows the patent fictions of Melville. Lo! fruit enough at this moment, blushing amid the thick greenness of our young missionary vine, to make strong the heart of Christendom. The world is an occupied field. Every race is being taught; every considerable nation, with a single exception, is hearing in its own tongue God's wonderful Word. That Word is sounding out in more than a century of missionary languages. It issues from more than a thousand missionary centres. More than three millions of money are annually expended in giving it missionary currency. A score of evangelical societies, thousands of trained laborers, and tens of thousands of zealous assistants, record already their hundreds of thousands of converts, and their millions of eager listeners. Ci-devant receivers of missionaries are become missionary senders. Mountains are dwindling, paths are straightening, gates are opening, the voice of the muezzin grows faint from his minaret, triple Brahma trembles on his throne of caste, and China, replete of men, effete of manhood, and tenacious of the past, heaves with the promise of a Christian future. Every where civilization and order wait on the steps of faith. Every where science and art, commerce and liberty, piety and heaven, support her starry train. And there is progress in effort as well as success. The past year distances its predecessors in missionary alms. The chief English society has advanced ten thousand dollars on its receipts; the chief American, fourteen thousand. Unless the experience of that year differs from that of most others, there is a corresponding advance in the aggregate receipts of other societies. So more is doing for a dark world, while much is gaining. Watchman! what of the night? Behold! the morning cometh. Phosphor is riding high, and the east is blushing. Hail, O Christ, Lord of the ascendants!

Protestant missions a failure! Yes—let us confess it—they are a failure, a most wonderful failure. Not that we have aught to abate from the breath of our still echoing description; not that we think to confess that description a mere rhetorical flourish—an *ignis fatuus* of fancy and figures. Far from it. It is true, a thousand times true, all that we have said of the results and prospects of the missionary enterprise; and every lover of his race should rejoice over them as one that findeth great spoil. And yet—O be it softly and tristfully said—our blessed missions are a failure, a failure in comparison with what they should be. Had the stewards done their duty during a few past years, the glory that now is would have been as nothing, by reason of the glory that excelleth. Less than a tithe of the annual profits of American Protestantism would have made the fruit of all lands shake like Lebanon. Less than a tithe of the annual income of Protestant Christendom would carry the gospel within a single year through all the heart of heathenism.

During the past year, American Christianity, with her four millions of church-members, has given not far from seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the cause of Foreign Missions—

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an average of twenty cents. But they are not church-members alone who should give. We have a population of fifteen millions whose hereditary ties or avowed faith bring them fully within the scope of the claims of Protestant missions. Our contributions, distributed among this great number, give but four cents to the individual.

American Protestantism has done thus much for Foreign Missions. How much ought it to have done—having due regard to the claims of other objects? All our obligations of charity do not respect Musulmen and idolaters. We have a heathenism at home to grapple with, as well as a heathenism abroad. Beyond all doubt, our prime outlay of money and labor should be within our own father-land, whose salvation is now trembling in the balance, and along whose swelling marts and echoing prairies is hotly doing the great battle on which hangs the fate of human liberty and Christianity for ages to come. Our great West must, at all hazards, be Christianized—our great East, at all hazards, be preserved from the jaws of the Lion. And for this purpose the Tract Society must be helped to pour forth its tracts, the Bible Society its Bibles, and above all, the Home Missionary Society its column of living men, with a fecundity which has hardly found place in the dreams of our elder patriotism. But woe betide the day when we shall attempt to concentrate all our missionary resources upon our own country, however pressing its need! We must water others if we would be watered ourselves. We must help Asia and Africa if we would have God help America. The totality of our American alms, expended within our own territory, would not accomplish as much for us as does the fraction which is actually expended.

How much ought the Protestantism of America to have given to the cause of Foreign Missions during the past year? To answer this question, we should consider the value of the object proposed by such missions, and the extent of our means for aiding its accomplishment.

No pen can justly describe the importance of having the heathen world made acquainted with genuine Christianity. Without it, there will be no true liberty and no lasting civilization. Without it, the mass must sink to eternal perdition in the coming state: for though men may be saved by penitently acting according to the light they have, there is abundant reason to believe that those unacquainted with Christ seldom, if ever, act in this manner. It was for these reasons that the primitive disciples were such indefatigable missionaries. Would not one have concluded from seeing the career of the apostle Paul that he attributed great importance to the evangelization of foreign countries? With what glowing axle his chariot ran forth among strange races! How sonorously and fervently he flung off "certain sounds" from his trumpet of a watchman! How unsparingly did he cast out his strength along the track of his far-reaching itineracies! Labors, privations and dangers—why did he make so light of them? His soul was possessed with the infinite importance of his work. A perishing world was knocking at the door of his sensibilities. Therefore he ran and wrought and suffered. In no other way can we explain so intense and sustained an activity. Is not heathendom as important and perishing now as when the Apostle of the Gentiles did flaming missionary work upon it? From Jerusalem round about to Illyricum, and from New England round about to China, lo! the same unutterable necessity for the full preaching of the gospel of Christ.

And now, what are our means for aiding in this work? To give this inquiry a sufficient answer, it is not necessary for us to determine what part of the seven thousand millions of property belonging to the United States is held by an avowed Protestantism. It is sufficient to know that our means are such as to fill our parishes with comfortable and expensive dwellings. It it sufficient to know that they are such as to mosaic our churches with beautiful and costly attire. It is sufficient to know that they are such as to spread our humblest tables with costly luxuries from the antipodes. It is sufficient to know that they are such as to carry to the purse of every tolerable showman who may chance along, the ready and plentiful contributions of our poorest families. It is sufficient to know that they are such as to expend on the gay amusements and riotous powder of our national holiday more than we give to expand the kingdom of Jesus Christ. It is sufficient to know that they are such as to allow our parents to expend without thought in trinkets and confectionary for their children twice as much as ever finds its way into the coffers of our missionary societies. These are facts that teach. When we learn that all these expenditures are made without sense of inability, most of them without sensible inconvenience, and some of them without second-thought, we are sufficiently acquainted with the means of our people to come to some useful conclusions in regard to what they ought to have given during the past year to foreign missions.

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These facts show a very comfortable state of life among our people. It is clear that their annual pittance of some four cents to the individual does not bring them within view of the mountain-tops of self-denial. And yet, beyond all doubt, it is their duty to struggle up its difficult sides somewhat, for the sake of such an object as fulfilling an express command of Christ, and Christianizing a heathen world to its temporal and eternal salvation. Its abominations are so innumerous and reeking—its wretchedness and abasement so profound and universal—its tides of spirits, pouring into eternity their solemn cataracts, so swollen and rapid and ceaseless—that eternity is filled with experiences so frightful that the tongue refuses to utter them. Oh, surely there is here ground for some small self-sacrifice among us! For how much smaller objects will men lay open present interest to the bone, and even cut away the Shylock-pound and all, while looking boldly round to challenge and obtain the approval of society! Has all the obligation of self-denial for the dying alien devolved on Jesus Christ? Or has America a special dispensation from the duty which belongs to the rest of Christendom? Do not believe it. We must wear upon our missionary ability until the nerve is touched. Are four or eight cents per annum the alms of self-denial? Who minds such a sum when a whim is to be gratified? Who minds it for any thing save the progress of the Great Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars seem a large sum from some points of view; but let us not forget that it is, or should be, the offering of millions on millions of people. To such numbers it is a mere nothing which is thrown away every day without concern and without thought.

We do not care to affirm that our citizens expend too much on the comforts and embellishments of life. We wage no war against tasteful and beautiful dwellings or attire. The diet of an ascetic we do not feel called upon to press upon our friends. We have no protest to record against that curiosity which leads our people to flock to see things new and strange in nature and art. We are glad to have an independence to commemorate, and glad to have it commemorated—even to the point of patriotic orations, and the thunders of rejoicing cannon. Doubtless there are people who expend on these things far more than religion or their means can justify. We have even been accused of a *national* extravagance of expense only paralleled by our extravagance of cupidity. Whether this charge is just we shall not undertake to determine. Certain is it, that the majority of us, each for himself, feel and maintain that we are justified by our circumstances and position in expending what we do on the luxury and adornment of life. We will accept this view, and found upon it an argument against that scanty assessment for missions which we are pleased to levy on the millions of our stewardship. Ought we not to give more to feed perishing heathendom with the indispensable bread from heaven, than to please our bodies with dainties—more to cover the devouring nakedness of myriad souls, than to do sacrifice to the goddess of fashion—more to lift the thick veil which, to more than two-thirds of the race, hangs before the most central facts of religion and another life, than to satisfy our curiosity with novelties of sight and sound in museum and menagerie—more to make eternity a festival-day to nations than to furnish rich viands, streaming banners and noisy salutes to greet the shades of our ancestors, and the memories of Seventy-six—more to spread for the innumerable starving households of the alien "a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined," than to amuse our children for a few moments with the gaudy goods of the toy-man and confectioner? There is but one answer. We must give the most where the most is needed—where it will furnish the best results. Behold the nature of the results which missions propose and their achieved successes! Behold the promises of a faithful God and the rainbow-prospects now opening on the world's sight instead of the Christian's faith! What fair hopes for China, for India, for Turkey, for Africa! The shrill snapping of the roots of heathenism, as strong men strain at the missionary lever, reaches our ears monthly. Those roots lie loose in many a soil, and in some the earth has almost spontaneously fallen from around, and left them bare and dry and fit for the burning. They are not then the comforts and embellishments of life that challenge our heaviest expenditure. The missionary work has a paramount claim—a claim which our practice as yet refuses to recognize. There is hardly one of the luxuries of her use for which American Christianity does not contribute greatly more than she does for the perishing heathen. If she does not give too much for the one object, she does not give enough for the other. If not behind her neighbors, she is greatly behind her duty. May another year witness her greatly increased charities!

The vulgar mind fancies that judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.

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RIVER OF LETHE.

BY ROSE RAMBLE.

By thy bright water's magic stream,
I oft would rest and gladly dream
That blest oblivion's pall were cast
O'er all the sad and troubled past.

When comes regret like spectre dark
To haunt my breast, I'd launch my bark
Out on thy waters smooth and clear,
Disturbed no more by grief and fear.

Thy stream is bright, O magic river;
Thou canst from grief and pain deliver:
Yet he who quaffs thy crystal stream
May ne'er recall the past again.

If power were mine, would I not shrink
Oblivion's brimming cup to drink?
Nor pause as on thy waves I gaze
One prayer of gratitude to raise?

Though bright-winged birds sweet songs may sing,
Though emerald trees their shadows fling;
Along thy banks the fairies stray,
In waving boughs soft zephyrs play.

Though fairest flowers bend o'er thy wave
And stars in thy bright mirror shine,
Thou river gliding o'er time's grave,
I ne'er would call thy dark waves mine.

No, no; I'll ne'er the past resign,
But call its joys and mercies mine.
River so wild and dark and free,
I will not launch my bark on thee.

Fast by the throne of God, there flows
A stream which healeth mortal woes;
Life's storms all weather'd, toss'd no more,
Moored be my bark on that blest shore.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

BY REV. S. H. ELLIOT.

I HAD called him the *old Pensioner*; but a moment's reflection convinced me that this would be an error. He was a petitioner, not a pensioner. The old soldier served in the American army during the Revolution. He went into the service at the age of seventeen, when a mere boy, in the place of one who had been drafted and who had a dependent family. Many a long and wet and cold night he slept upon the ground during that service, many a comrade lost at his side in the hour of battle, many a grave dug for a fellow-soldier, many a stern shock of the foe resisted, that he might secure the freedom of his native land from the oppressor.

I saw him when the war had long passed by. He was old and gray-haired. More than eighty years had gone over him. His countenance was mild and venerable, although the iron frame of the soldier was bent somewhat with age; still his voice was clear and strong, his eye was bright, his heart cheerful. And he would recount to us the scenes of other days, as though living in them, still an actor.

When the war closed, he betook himself to a trade and followed it till he was past fifty years old. About this time he began to suffer a lameness in one of his limbs, and a cancer made its appearance. This arose from his night exposures during the war. In a year or two more, he lost his wife. When I first knew him, he was over eighty years of age, and thirty-three of those years had been years of suffering from the lameness and humor referred to. Thirty years he had been a widower.

He was the sire of a numerous house. His children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren gathered about, and showed him the kindest attention and reverence. A devoted daughter consecrated her life to his comfort. The entire family circle denied themselves to cherish and support their venerated father.

On a gentle hillock, just nigh to which flowed the shrubbery-bound creek that came down in a meandering flow through the meadows, and shaded by the far-spreading branches of an old oak tree, stood the old cottage home of the soldier. Like himself, it was worn nearly away, and the fence that guarded the enclosed grounds was also weak, brown and tottling. The ancient piazza was almost gone: all looked worn and antique, the barns, the sheds, the wagons, and carts; and still an air of comfort rested around the premises. And the old burying-ground where the neighboring families carried their dead, occupied the southern slope of the same hillock on which the house was built, just beyond the garden fence.

Within the dwelling, the great neatness that was every where displayed, made amends for the dilapidated appearances without. And in one corner of the sitting-room, near the open fireplace, with his staff in his hand, sat the soldier with gray locks, and stalwart frame, and cheerful countenance—the soldier of eighty years, and the petitioner to Congress for a pension!

TWENTY YEARS he had petitioned that body respectfully and earnestly for relief. *But he had no documents.* In the excess of his patriotism in earlier days, and relying on his own strength and ingenuity for securing him the means of living, he had destroyed them. The years rolled on,

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and of his acquaintances and comrades in the army, at last none survived. He became old, and infirm, and poor. When want pressed upon the old soldier, at the earnest solicitations of his friends, he made out his case as he could best recollect it, and by honorable senators, the PETITION of an old, time-worn veteran of the Revolution went before the Great American Congress. "Twice and again" he thus knocked at the doors of the nation: a beggar soldier, bruised, and gray, and patriotic, lay at the door. Honorable names ought to obtain for him at least a pittance of the national funds, for his sufferings were at times utterly inexpressible.

One generous effort more. He obtains the trembling signatures, the real autographs of three or four octogenarians in the parish, certifying his actual service in the army, the name of the captain of his division, and his present penury. But the petition met with opposition. It was wanting some material facts, and Senator and Representative failed to secure it a hearing. The soldier grew weaker as time rubbed him more roughly. The aged witnesses referred to, one of them over ninety, at last died. The veteran of the war remained the oldest male inhabitant of the town. But no answer comes from the halls over which the proud banner of the country waves, and still he is a patriot! "There is no land like this, no government so good, no people so great. *God's blessing on it.*" I have heard him thus eulogize his country when myself the bearer to him of tidings that crushed his heart.

At last, trembling and weak and old, the soldier lay down and died. His daughter smoothed the pillow of the old man for his last repose, and son and daughter and a numerous household gathered in respectful silence around the couch where the petitioner died. He was a Christian man. Never did he sit at meat but he first, in full and earnest voice, asked Heaven's blessing. Daily he laid his beating heart before the Throne; and when he breathed his last, a great and good, though poor and humble and neglected soldier of the army of the Great Revolution, who did his part to gain the victories of the eight years, war, went, it may be, an accuser of his brethren to the courts above.

Having been called to attend his funeral, which took place about one year ago, I dictated the following note on my return, which, however, was not forwarded, to . talented and worthy Senator of the district by whose assistance we had anticipated the relief of Congress:

"Hon. R. S. B——n:

Dear. Sir: I have this afternoon been called to the funeral of a common acquaintance. Mr. OLIVER TUCKER, the aged man and soldier who has petitioned Congress through yourself and others for relief—and for twenty years in vain—has left the world. He died within the walls of his own dilapidated mansion in the adjoining town of Woodbridge, just at the friendly hour of noon on the day of public *Thanksgiving*, surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. He died in the house where he had continually resided fifty years, being lame thirty-three, and a sufferer from a cancer produced during the night exposures of the Revolutionary service. Thirty years ago he buried his wife, and with fortitude and Christian resignation has borne himself manfully through every trial, and through all his distressing sufferings to the period of life. Either from the absence of the requisite documents or the brevity of his service, his repeated petitions to Congress have been disregarded. This upright, cheerful, prayerful, patriotic soldier and Christian has at length ceased to need, and will no longer ask the bounty of his countrymen to comfort him in his old age. He has entered the mansions of rest above.—YOU CAN WITHDRAW THE PETITIONS.

Respectfully yours, S. H. E.

"SHADY SIDE."

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

SHADY SIDE is a simple, natural and truthful narrative of life in a country parsonage; or rather a most life-like and vivid picture of the *actual*, the *real*, as it is daily experienced in the homes and the hearts of hundreds of laborious pastors who are stationed as watchmen, not on the *high* towers of Zion, but in her lowliest places; filling up unnoticed breaches in her walls; standing as porters at her postern gates, or humble door-keepers within the house of God.

As the name Shady Side implies, the sombre tints prevail throughout the picture, and the deep shadows almost hide the lights; but what of *that?*—the light of heaven is gleaming in the far horizon; and the pathway of our travellers through the earthly *dark*, winds upwards and away to that celestial gate through which the heavenly glory shines so bright.

This admirable little work is kindred to its predecessor, "Sunny Side," in many other respects than its title, and its general aim and scope. The mantle of the accomplished authoress of the former narrative has fallen with a

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double portion of her spirit upon the writer of the latter. It has the same naturalness and truthfulness of conception which made Sunny Side an "*o'er true tale*;" the same noble ideal of womanly and Christian character, and the same unpretending elegance and simplicity of style. *This* story has a *moral*, too, like *that;* and will do great good by the wholesome lessons to which it is indirectly calling the attention of the churches and the Christian public generally.

In the present state of society, the ordination vow must be a vow of poverty and self-denial—to the utter renunciation of all the temporal goods which secular life and business offer to enterprise and industry. If, then, earnest, devout and able men—men whose energy and ability would insure them success in *any* trade or profession—are willing to forego all their chances of a prize in the lottery of life and business, that they may devote themselves to the service of the Church, they ought not to be regarded as religious mendicants who live on her charities, but as laborers worthy of their hire, who are to be cheerfully and liberally supported and cared for, in sickness as well as in health, in the decrepitude and uselessness of old age, as well as in their manly prime, when they are able to bear the heat and burden of the day.

But these little books have a lesson and a moral, stern and admonitory, to pastors as well as people, and to pastors' wives and families as well as to those in whose midst they are placed to live and labor. What patience and painstaking devotion to his work; what self-renunciation; what faith, and patience, and courage, and hope are needed to make the faithful pastor—a pastor deserving the support, and love, and confidence of a faithful and generous people! And then the pastor's wife. What a beautiful, but unapproachable ideal; what an inimitable model of womanly excellence is the gentle, the patient and loving Mary Vernon; wise, and strong, and earnest to combat with the ills of life; quiet, decided, self-possessed; commanding *reverence*, yet never wanting in those winning amiabilities which gain the heart, and make her worthier still of love than reverence! Such models are *angelical*, and utterly unapproachable by any woman's wit or wisdom; by learning, talents or accomplishments; by native ease, or grace, or goodness.

It is by prayer, and self-communion, and the indwelling love of God and goodness, that such outward results in conduct and character are realized; and thrice blessed are the noble Marthas and loving Marys who sit at Jesus' feet, and learn of Him until they catch His spirit, and reflect the beauty and glory of His divine life in the little sphere of daily life and duty where His providence has placed them.

Of late, the question of "*Woman's Rights*" has been much debated and discussed; and wise, and liberal, and honest minds have expressed very contradictory and conflicting views on this much-vexed question, and, therefore, both Woman's Rights and Woman's Wrongs are subjects still debatable between Progressives and Conservatives; but *Woman's* CAPABILITIES, a cognate subject, is no longer on the docket to be tried or argued. That is *settled*. The "Log Cabin," and kindred portraitures of life among the lowly, to which we may now add "Shady Side," speak volumes on this subject, and show what unwrought veins of precious virgin ore lie hid in woman's intellect and heart, waiting but liberal culture, and a generous approving smile from wiser heads and stouter hearts, to add inestimably to the wealth and worth of our standard and current literature.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP.

BY E. L. E.

A THOUGHTFUL child, with pallid brow,
And wisdom fitting riper years,
Mourned as the dew-drops left the bough,
And thus he spoke amid his tears:

"Alas! the brightest, fairest gems,
Along the garden's glistening path,
The rose's jewelled diadems,
The sun has gathered in his wrath.

"Less happy they than those which rest
In humble dimness 'neath the shade,
And fall not, like the rose's crest,
Till evening's light shall softly fade."

A cloud its shower of wonders threw,
When brightly shone the sunset glow,
And painted on the eastern blue
A beautiful and matchless bow.

"Now look, my son," the father cried:
"The morning dew is gleaming yet;
In yonder sky, with gorgeous pride,
Those gems are gloriously reset.

"No more the careless hand of man
To earth may dash their glory down,
But, purified by God's own plan,
They sparkle in a heavenly crown.

"Then learn, my son, the gems of love
That first from mortal life are riven,
But pass from earth to shine above
With lustre purer far in heaven."

Thus spake the sire; but of the child,
Prophetic words to him were given:
For soon his spirit was exhaled
Like morning dew-drops into heaven.

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GOOD MANNERS.

THE familiar adage avers that "manners make the man." This is going too far, for a man may be gruff, and even rude, and yet good at heart and sound in character. But he would be a more agreeable man—very likely a more prosperous and useful man—were there added to his good heart and sterling character a suavity of disposition and gentleness of manners, such as give the finish to the true gentleman.

A gruff man is unapproachable. One has no pleasure in holding intercourse with him, and he thus shuts himself out from many sources of enjoyment, and from many opportunities of advancement. And yet, man is naturally polite. Take an unspoiled child, and nothing can be more graceful in its gestures and winning in its ways. But as the child grows up into the man, he becomes often gnarled, rude, and unmannerly, by coming into contact with others whose mode of action in life he unconsciously imitates.

By good manners we do not mean etiquette. This is only a conventional set of rules adopted by what is called "good society;" and many of the rules of etiquette are the very essence of rudeness. Etiquette does not permit genteel people to recognize in the streets a man with a shabby coat, though he be their own brother. Etiquette is a liar in its "not at home," ordered to be reported to callers at inconvenient seasons. Etiquette is merely the substitute—and that a most imperfect one—for good manners, where these do not pervade society as a whole. And did good manners characterize mankind, etiquette would forthwith be banished.

Good manners include many requisites, but they chiefly consist in politeness, courtesy, and kindness. They cannot be taught by rule, but they may by example. Some one has said that politeness is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. But a man may be perfectly polite to another without necessarily having any regard for him. Good manners are neither more nor less than beautiful behavior. It has been well said that "a beautiful form is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."

Manner is the ornament of action; indeed, a good action without a good manner of doing it, is stripped of half its value. A poor fellow gets into difficulties and solicits help of a friend. He obtains it, but it is with a "*There*—take that: but I don't like lending." The help is given with a kind of kick, and it is scarcely accepted as a favor. The manner of the giving rankles in the mind of the acceptor for long after. Thus good manners mean kind manners, benevolence being the preponderating element in all kinds of pleasant intercourse between human beings.

A story is told of a poor soldier having one day called at the shop of a hairdresser who was busy with his customers, and asked relief, stating that he had staid beyond his leave of absence, and unless he could get a lift on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser listened to his story respectfully, and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, Sir!" exclaimed the soldier, astonished at the amount. "How can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this"—pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket; "it is a receipt for making blacking; it is the best that was ever seen; many a half-guinea I have had for it from the officers, and many bottles I have sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to the poor soldier." Oddly enough, that dirty piece of paper proved worth half a million of money to the hairdresser. It was no less than the receipt for the famous Day & Martin's blacking; the hairdresser being the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose manufactory is yet one of the notabilities of the metropolis.

Good manners have been supposed to be a peculiar mark of gentility, and that the individual exhibiting them has been born in some upper class of society. But the poorest classes may exhibit good manners towards each other as well as the richest. One may be polite and kind towards others, without a penny in the purse. Politeness goes very far, and yet it costs nothing. It is the cheapest of all commodities. But we want to be taught good manners as well as other things. Some happy natures are "to the manner born," just as others are to the gift of song. But the bulk of men need to be taught, and this can only be efficiently done in youth. The schoolmaster and the parent are the proper teachers of manners. But at present, no one thinks of adding this to the duties of the schoolmaster in England,—although it is considered an important branch of instruction in continental schools; and as for the teaching of manners to children at home, it is usually done with a growl and a scold, and in a manner that does more harm than good.

But men must also be to a large extent self-educators in manners, as in every thing else. Why should we not cultivate a graceful behavior, so that we may feel at home wherever we go, and

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be enabled by the simplest acts of politeness to spread about us pleasure on all sides?

We have said that working-men might study good manners with advantage. Why should they not respect themselves and each other? And remember, it is by their demeanor towards each other—in other words, by their manners—that such self-respect and mutual respect are indicated. We have been struck by the habitual politeness of even the poorest classes on the Continent. The workman lifts his cap and respectfully salutes his fellow-workman in passing. There is no sacrifice of manliness in this, but rather grace and dignity. The working-man, in respecting his fellow, respects himself and his order. There is a kindness in the act of recognition, as well as in the manner in which it is denoted.

The same kindly feeling might be observed throughout the entire social intercourse of working-men with each other. There is not a moment in their lives which might not be made the vehicle for good manners—in the workshop, in the street, and in the household at home. And provided there be a wish to please others by kind looks and ways, the habit of combining good manners with every action will soon be formed. It is not merely the pleasure a man gives to others by being kind to them; he receives tenfold more pleasure himself. The man who gets up and offers his chair to a woman, or to an old man,—trivial though the act may seem,—is rewarded by his own heart, and a thrill of pleasure runs through him the moment he has performed the kindness.

Working-men need to practise good manners towards each other the more, because they are under the necessity of constantly living with each other and amongst each other. They are in constant contact with their fellow-workmen, whereas the richer classes need not mix with men unless they choose, and then they can select whom they like. The happiness of the working-man thus much more depends on the kind looks, words, and acts of those immediately about him, than the rich man's does. It is so in the workshop, and it is the same at home. There the workman cannot retire into his study, but must sit amongst his family, by the side of his wife, with his children about him. And they must either live kindly there, performing kind and obliging acts towards each other, or they must see, suffer, and endure the almost intolerable misery of reciprocal unkindness.

Admitted that there are difficulties in the way of working-men cultivating good manners—that their circumstances are often very limited, and their position unfavorable, yet no man is so poor but that he can be civil and kind, if he like; and to be civil and kind is the very essence of good manners. And even in the most adverse circumstances a man may try to do his best. If he do—if he speak and act courteously and kindly to all, the result will be so satisfactory, so self-rewarding, that he cannot but be stimulated to persevere in the same course. He will diffuse pleasure about him in the home, make friends of his work-fellows, and be regarded with increased kindness and respect by every right-minded employer. The civil workman will exercise increased power amongst his class, and gradually induce them to imitate him by his persistent steadiness, civility, and kindness. Thus Benjamin Franklin, when a workman, reformed the habits of an entire workshop.

There is such a thing as kindness running into officiousness, from an over-anxiety to please. Of course this is not good manners, because it is often very disagreeable, and causes irritation. Dean Swift was once persecuted in this way by an over-polite family in the country, and he tells the story of it in the following amusing style:—

"As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into the great chair that stood by a huge fire, and kept me there until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua-mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflower. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam avowed that I should drink it off, for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air: and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire, but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. 'Indeed, Sir,' says the lady, 'you must eat a wing to oblige me;' and so put a couple on my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal: as often as I called for small-beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved that I should not stir that night; and when I seeme

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pretty much bent on going, they ordered the stable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What would I have for supper? I said, I never ate any thing at night, but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me 'that this was the worst time in the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss,' the lady went, and left me to her husband, for they took especial care I should never be alone. . . . . Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. . . . . They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, left at last a bottle of stingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me a part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident [adds the Dean] that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but entirely from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it."

When Leonard Kaiser, who was burned at Scherding, 1527, for adhering to the Protestant faith, drew near the stake, he looked at the crowd and exclaimed, "Behold the harvest! O, Master, send forth thy laborers!" How full of the spirit of Christ was that blessed martyr! What ministers, what Christians, what churches would such a spirit make! Let us cherish it; let us pray for it.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY E. L. E.

There's nothing 'neath the sunlit sky
That shines so dear or half so bright,
So constant when hope's beacons die,
As *friendship's* pure and holy light.

There's nothing round the Throne above
That sheds a glory so divine
As *friendship* ripened into *love*;
Of perfect bliss the hallowed shrine.

'Tis not a transient radiance, caught
From fires that but a moment glow:
The altar whence its life is brought
Is lighted by no torch below.

And would'st thou through life's darksome way
This lamp celestial inly bear?
Light it by Virtue's purest ray,
For thy own heart, and shield it there.

MOTHERS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

We do not hear much of the mothers of great men. What their fathers were—what their reputation, qualities, and history—is related to us with great particularity; but their mothers are usually passed over in comparative silence. Yet, it is abundantly proved from experience, that the mother's influence upon the development of the child's nature and character is vastly greater than that of the father can be. "The mother only," says Richter, "educates humanly." Man may direct the intellect, but woman cultivates the heart. During the first years of the child's life, he is, owing to the necessities of the body, placed almost entirely in the mother's hands. And even then, from the earliest years, is the work of education silently going on. The child unconsciously *imitates;* and whom does the child first imitate but the mother? To quote again from Richter's beautiful work,—"Towns and countries have female names, and are represented as females; and, in truth, the mothers who educate for the future the first five years of their children's life, do found cities and countries. Who can replace a mother? Not even a father. For she, attached to the child by the daily and nightly bonds of care for its physical wants, can and must weave and embroider mental instruction in glittering characters on those tender ties. . . . . It is true that the sacrifices women make for the world will be little known by it—men govern and earn the glory; and the thousand watchful nights and sacrifices by which a mother purchases a hero or a poet for the state are forgotten—not once counted—for the mothers themselves do not

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count them; and so, one century after another, do mothers, unnamed and unthanked, send forth the arrows, the suns, the storm-birds, and the nightingales of time! But seldom does a Cornelia find a Plutarch who connects her name with the Gracchi. But as those two sons who bore their mother to the temple of Delphi were rewarded by death, so your guidance of your children will only find its perfect recompense at the termination of life."

Notwithstanding the meagreness of biographic details as respects the mothers of celebrated men, we have been enabled to glean the following illustrious examples of the influence of women on the development of great minds and characters. The mother of Lord Bacon was a notable instance. She was the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, who paid great attention to the education of his girls. They were all highly educated, and would now-a-days be considered "blues" of the intensest kind. Katherine, who married Lord Killigrew, wrote Latin hexameters, and Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, was described by Roger Ascham as the best Greek scholar among the women of England, with the exception of Lady Jane Grey. Anne, the mother of Lord Bacon, was an accomplished linguist—she knew Greek and Hebrew well; she translated a work from the Tuscan; and went deeply into the religious and philosophical disquisitions of her time. She devoted herself early to the cultivation of her son's intellects, and doubtless did much to give them that strong bias towards philosophic pursuits which produced such splendid consequences in the future developments of moral and physical science. There are other Lord Chancellors who have been in like manner indebted to their mothers,—for instance, the mother of Lord Erskine, who was a woman of much talent and discernment; and it was by her advice that her son, on leaving the naval service, betook himself to the bar for a profession. Lord Brougham's mother, also, who was a niece of Professor Robertson, the historian, is described to have been a woman of great vigor of mind; and her distinguished son was in the practice of regularly corresponding with her up to the close of her life.

The mother of Oliver Cromwell was a woman of no ordinary vigor and decision of character. She managed the brewery, by the profits of which the family were enabled to live; the father taking no part in the business. She carried on the trade after her husband's death, educating and maintaining creditably a large family of children. Forster, in his *Life of Cromwell*, thus speaks of this noble woman:—"An interesting person, indeed, was this mother of Oliver Cromwell—a woman with the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her. Ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse turn—of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience; who, with the labor of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters sufficient to marry them into families as honorable but more wealthy than their own; whose single pride was honesty, and whose passion love; who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon; whose only care, amidst all her splendors, was for the safety of her beloved son in his dangerous eminence; finally, whose closing wish, when that anxious care had outworn her strength, accorded with her whole modest and tender history; for it implored a simple burial in some country churchyard, rather than with those ill-suited trappings of state and ceremony, wherewith she feared—and with reason feared—that his Highness, the Lord Protector of England, would have her carried to some royal tomb! There is a portrait of her at Hinchinbrook, which, if that were possible, would increase the interest she inspires and the respect she claims. The mouth, so small and sweet, yet full and firm as the mouth of a hero—the large melancholy eyes—the light, pretty hair—the expression of quiet affectionateness suffused over the face, which is so modestly enveloped in a white satin hood—the simple beauty of the velvet cardinal she wears, and the richness of the small jewel that clasps it, seem to present before the gazer her living and breathing character."

Coming down to Napoleon Bonaparte, we find his mother to have been a woman of extraordinary vigor of character, and distinguished for her strong understanding. One of his biographers says of Napoleon as a youth,—"No body had any command over him except his mother, who found means, by a mixture of tenderness, severity, and strict justice, to make him love, respect, and obey her. From her he learned the virtue of obedience."

Napoleon was one of those who saw in the better instruction of mothers the best system of national education; for he used to say, that "The future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on the mother." And that her influence is immense for good or evil must, we think, be universally admitted.

The mother of the late illustrious Duke of Wellington was a woman of strong powers of

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mind, and the portrait of her which was recently published in the *Illustrated News* shows that her son strikingly resembled her in features and person.

Proceeding from warriors to poets, we find that Sir Walter Scott's mother, Anne Rutherford, daughter of an able physician and teacher of medicine, was a woman of marked talent, virtuous and accomplished; she was also a writer of poetry, in which she displayed considerable taste and vigor.

Southey, in his autobiography, speaks with great feeling and affection of his mother:—"Never," says he, "was any human being blessed with a sweeter temper or a happier disposition. She had an excellent understanding, and a readiness of apprehension which I have rarely known surpassed. In quickness of capacity, in the kindness of her nature, and in that kind of moral magnetism which wins the affections of all within her sphere, I never knew her equal."

Schiller, the German poet, is a distinguished instance of a son directly inheriting his mother's virtues and intellectual qualities. She was an exceedingly amiable woman, had a keen relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. She was pious, earnest, and enthusiastic in her temperament, mild and loving in her nature. Even in face and form the poet strikingly resembled her; in the tall and slender figure, the light hair, weak eyes, broad forehead, and melancholy expression of the face.

Goethe, another great German poet, also attributed much of his poetical excellence to his mother. He thus speaks of his parents:—"I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines on my auditors; from my mother I derive the fancy of representing all that imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity."

The mother of Thomson, the poet, was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, possessed of every social and domestic virtue, and endowed with great warmth of imagination. Cowper had a most tender regard for the virtues and affection of his mother, and his beautiful lines, beginning—

Oh that those lips had language!

are his affectionate and enduring tribute to her memory.

The mothers of many other men of genius were of similarly marked character and qualities. Hume, the historian, mentions his mother, the daughter of Sir D. Falconer, President of the College of Justice, as having been a woman of "singular merit," and who devoted herself almost entirely to the education of her son. It is recorded of the mother of Sir William Jones, that she succeeded in inspiring her son with a great thirst for knowledge; and on several occasions, when the inquisitive boy proceeded to ask questions of her, the answer was, "*Read*, my son, and you will learn." And the boy acted on the mother's counsel: she placed the requisite books in his way: the youthful Jones read most industriously, and he became one of the most eminent linguists and generally accomplished men of his day.

It was through a pamphlet which Mrs. Sheridan wrote in defence of the elder Sheridan, that that eminent woman was introduced to her future husband; and their son was Thomas Brinsley Sheridan, the genius and the orator. Leibnitz, the philosopher, was brought up entirely by his mother, a woman of great intelligence, who early directed her son's mind to philosophic speculations. Sir E. L. Bulwer speaks of his mother as a woman "of active and extended benevolence, cheerful piety, considerate justice, and kindly charity," and possessed "of all the qualities that brighten a nature more free from the thought of self than any it has been my lot to meet with." In his tender and most touching dedication of his collected works to his mother, Sir E. L. Bulwer says:—"From your graceful and accomplished task I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you, who were my first guide, were my earliest critic. Do you remember the summer days, which seemed to me so short, when you repeated to me those old ballads with which Percy revived the decaying spirit of our national muse, or the smooth couplets of Pope, or those gentle and polished verses with the composition of which you had beguiled your own earlier leisure? It was those easy lessons, far more than the harsher rudiments learned subsequently in schools, that taught me to admire and to imitate; and in them I recognize the germ of the flowers, however perishable they may be, that I now bind up and lay upon a shrine hallowed by a thousand memories of unspeakable affection."

It must indeed be perfectly clear that the mother, from her position with respect to her child, and from the more direct physical relation which the child bears to her than to the father, must have a much greater influence on the child's development into the future man or woman. Rousseau, in his *Emile*, has strongly and

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emphatically urged this point; and his book is yet the very best treatise upon education which we possess.

The character of men mainly depends on the character of their mothers, who thus determine the manners, tastes, feelings, and dispositions of men in all times. Hence the immense importance of improving the education of women generally; for it is only through their elevation and improvement that the moral and social condition of mankind can be *permanently* secured. No matter how much you improve the education of men, unless that of woman be improved in like measure, comparatively little is gained. The next generation, if the mothers are still left uneducated or half-educated, will be found scarcely, if at all, advanced before this.

No educational advantages, as respects improved schools and teachers, can compensate for the want of good teachers in the household. The Home is the best of all schools; it is the cradle, the seminary, the training-place of society. Let any one look round, and note the history of the families about him. He will observe reckless husbands the fathers of neglected families—neglected, at least so far as the husband is concerned. But in many cases there is an anxious, tender-hearted mother provided for the otherwise ruined children. She becomes more careful and industrious as her good-for-nothing husband increases in recklessness. That mother saves the family! We know hundreds of such instances in our personal experience. But note this fact also—that no matter how careful, virtuous, and industrious the father may be, unless there is a good mother and housewife at home, the children rarely turn out well when they grow up to mature years. When the father is bad, the family may be, and often they are, saved by the mother; but when the mother is bad, the cases are exceedingly rare in which any good comes of them.

The life of Lord Byron furnishes a striking instance of the unhappiness and misery produced in a naturally good and benevolent nature by bad maternal training. His uncertain and wayward impulses, his defiance of all restraint, the bitterness of his hate and the precipitancy of his resentment, are traceable, in a great measure, to the influences exercised upon him from his birth by his capricious, violent, fierce, and headstrong mother. "In the case of Lord Byron," says his biographer, Moore, "disappointment met him at the very threshold of life. His mother, to whom his affections first turned, either repelled them rudely or capriciously trifled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced the first feelings of pain and humiliation he had ever known to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she had wounded him." It was no unfrequent occurrence, in the course of the violent quarrels which took place between Mrs. Byron and her son, for her to take up the poker or tongs, and hurl them at her son as he fled from her presence. It was this treatment that gave a morbid tone to the whole future life of Byron, and which was afterwards visited so savagely by him upon society at large in the pages of *Don Juan*. He himself was well enough aware of this: careworn, unhappy, great, and yet weak as he was, carrying about with him through life the mother's poison he had sucked in infancy. In his *Childe Harold* he exclaims,—

> Yet must I think less wildly; I have thought
> Too long and darkly, till my brain became
> In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
> A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame;
> And thus, *untaught in youth my heart to tame,*
> *My springs of life were poisoned.*

Mirabeau's was a similar case; but upon that we cannot dwell. We think we have proved our case; and were it necessary, or had we room, we might accumulate almost endless examples to prove the truth of Napoleon's apophthegm, that "the future good or evil of a child's life depends entirely on The Mother."

A STANDARD-BEARER FALLEN.

On hearing of the death of Rev. Charles Hall, senior Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society.

BY MRS. MARIA C. TRACY.

Oh, weep for the fallen! The leader anointed
Hath fallen on the field, in his manhood laid low;
And weep for our Zion; for God hath appointed
Her covering of sackcloth, a mantle of woe!

In his armor he fell, girded strong for the battle;
The prince and the rulers of darkness his foes;
No loud-booming cannon nor musketry's rattle
Mark the contest when earth and high Heaven oppose.

Not carnal the weapons, nor earthly the armor
With which he arrayed his strong bands for the fight;
He marshalled his hosts 'neath the bright gospel banner,
Equipped from heaven's armory with spiritual might.

With the girdle of truth and the shield of salvation,
The helmet of faith and the vestment of love,
With the sword of the Spirit, God's own inspiration,
And the signet of unction and power from above;—

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Thus furnished, benignant, he gave them his blessing,
And bade them encamp on the enemy's ground;
Nor falter, nor fear; on the foe ever pressing,
Till through the broad land notes of triumph resound.

A glorious army march forth on their mission,
In the freshness and fervor of life's morning sun;
Their watchword, Salvation; while full to their vision
Faith presents the bright guerdon of victory won.

Through ravine and valley, on hillside and mountain,
Where the proud king of waters rolls on in his might;
O'er the wide, blooming prairie, where lakelet and fountain
Are serenely reflecting heaven's glorious light;

Where the dark mists of error like clouds ever brooding,
And sin and pollution God's image efface;
Where Rome on God's throne is profanely obtruding,
And bold Infidelity stalks forth apace,—

There plant they the standard, unfurling the banner;
There smite with the Spirit's all-conquering sword;
To the wounded and dying they offer the manna,
Sweet manna of healing from God's blessed Word.

And thousands the sceptre of Jesus are owning;
Subdued by his power, meekly bow to his sway;
While trophies of conquest God's altars are crowning,
The hill and the valley preparing his way.

* * * * * * * * * *

Oh, weep for the fallen! The loved standard-bearer
In his glory and strength on the field is laid low;
Weep, weep for our Israel! for God doth prepare her
A garment of mourning, a mantle of woe!

Bear softly, ye wild winds, the tidings ye're knelling
Far o'er the deep forests to ocean's dark surge;
And gently, ye wavelets of sound, be your telling
The low wailing notes of the funeral dirge!

For heavy and darkly the gathering sorrow,
Like a storm-driven cloud, o'er the brave ranks shall roll;
The outposts shall tremble, the strong-hearted borrow
From Faith's hidden stores, as night broods o'er the soul.

Yet faint not, like warriors whose firm ranks are broken,
Though low in the grave lies your leader and friend;
For Christ, the great Captain, still lives, and hath spoken
The word—"I AM WITH YOU, EVEN UNTO THE END!"

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY AGNES MAURICE.

In threading the dark mazes of the history of the past, and in tracing the footsteps of Woman, we find impressions as ineffaceable as the stamp of the Infinite upon her brow. Sent to earth in the full maturity of her powers, she had a mind adapted to the enjoyment of the material world, and an intellect capable of grasping the most abstruse science, and investigating the deepest mysteries. A being of purity, she was the imbodiment of grace and loveliness; possessed of an undying affection undimmed by the shadow of a cloud, it glowed like the brightness of a noonday sun, and fell with a benign influence upon the lonely path of her companion.

With a soul-lit eye and a voice tuned to Æolian strains, she had a charm to fascinate and a power to bind a congenial spirit, and encircle it within the twining tendrils of her own heart. An enthusiastic zeal mingled with the life-current of her soul, and caused its murmuring waters to flow in perfect unison with the sweet melodies of a smiling heaven and harmonious earth. With an immortal nature, she fully comprehended the greatness of the Supreme Being, and the sublimity of his character. It was thus she came to a mission whose only boundary was the azure vault that girdled the circling earth. Alas! that sin, with its blighting curse, should dim the brightness of her primeval glory, bringing a deep dark stain upon the spotless surface of her unsullied purity!

Passing briefly over a scene that made angels weep, and caused the harps of the seraphic choir to fall silent and motionless—a *revolution* that shook the foundations of a moral superstructure beneath whose falling crash an intelligent world must groan with spiritual anguish, and we find her possessed of the same mental endowments, but with a spiritual nature, the influence of which must extend not only over the broad expanse of Time, but one that reaches far over to the ceaseless cycles of Eternity.

Oh! fatal hour, that wrapped the world in gloom.

Fallen, fallen art thou, O misguided daughter of Heaven! Henceforth the horizon of thy happiness will be beclouded with sin—thy joys evanescent as the morning mist—thy sorrows deep and dark as the midnight gloom. But see! a light emanating from the bright realms of glory is gleaming in the far-distant future. Thou and thy posterity mayst yet live.

Go forth upon thy mission. That light shall shine upon thy pathway, and to that "Star of Promise" thou mayst point the benighted soul; and when that star shall rest in its meridian splendor over thy race, the head of the immaculate Son of God shall rest in childish innocence upon thy bosom—thy arms shall clasp him with a mother's fond embrace—thy tears shall flow when he groans and dies upon Calvary to redeem the *world*. But thy mission will not end then, nor will it end until no jarring notes shall disturb the harmony of earth—and again, unitedly, heaven and earth shall break forth in one symphonious strain of joy and gladness.

But we follow her through some of the walks

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of life, and mark the influence that goeth forth like the morning light every where.

As man's superior in those qualities best adapted to the moulding of character—with a tact to penetrate the secret avenues of the human heart; and with a mother's love as deep as the waters of the fathomless sea that never rests, and cradles upon its bosom the happiness of many souls—with an *affection* like *this*, the home circle presents a sphere of influence and action too vast for the conception of a finite mind. Mark the pressure of a mother's hand upon the head of her wayward son; that impression will be felt when the hand that rested there is cold and motionless in the grave. The voice that called him at the hour of prayer, and taught him to lisp "Our Father who art in heaven," will be hushed in the long, long sleep of death; but those gentle accents will still sound in his ears, vibrate on his nerves, and course the secret windings of his soul; and that man, the son of such a mother, will go forth into the world clad with a panoply of virtue, conquering and to conquer the evil propensities of his nature. As a wife, who can estimate the power of her counsel over one who is a part of her very being? Nor need we speak of a sister's untiring devotion and holy love, her undying interest and irresistible influence. Aside from this are other spheres of action embraced in her mission, of a more general character, including the whole family of mankind.

The boundless field of kindness, where the flowers of kind words and feelings spring up in luxuriant fragrance, and the trees of charity wave their pendent boughs, laden with the choicest fruits; this, *this* is woman's secure retreat, shielded from the biting frosts and chilling blasts of a cold, *cold* world.

Power stands with extended arms to receive her; but behold the reception! See extended upon yonder couch the attenuated form of a youth upon whom the "Angel of Death" has fixed his relentless grasp. The struggling soul beams once more in that dark, lustrous eye; now it rolls in its orbit, uncontrolled by mortal faculties—anon it rests upon that gentle being at his side. With a voice that seems like a sepulchral whisper, we hear him say, Sit closer, *sit closer!* wipe my brow, it is cold and damp. There—hold my hand within your own, that you may feel the last affectionate grasp of mine.

O ye who sigh for queenly courts and presidential chairs, draw near. Would you resign the sacredness of this hour for a lifetime in the halls of state? Would you efface the remembrance of a cherished one so richly embalmed in your memory, to have your name emblazoned before admiring multitudes? Would you relinquish a power like this to govern the world? Would you exchange the qualities that adorn your character for the sterner nature of man, and thus be despised by your own sex, and stigmatized and ridiculed by the other? Would you forego the pleasure of wiping off the dark stain upon your moral character, and by your gentleness win back again to happiness, to God, your fallen race?

O Woman, glorious in thy pristine loveliness, remember thou wast made man's reasonable companion; not his *governing*, but his guiding angel. From that eminence thou hast fallen; but thou art still his companion, his equal, not his *menial slave;* and while he meets and contends with a cold jostling world, the web of thy life is of a finer texture, in the woof of which the happiness of thousands of thy fellow-beings is intermingled. Guard well the purity and sacredness of thy mission, that when death closes thine eyes thou mayst awake in a brighter world, where thou wilt see many gems that thou hast gathered, in the coronet of glory that encircles the Saviour's brow.

DESERT PATHS.

BY MARY ANNE COLLIER.

"They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way." Ps. cvii. 4.

Our paths are in the wilderness,
A deepening forest gloom,
And all around is loneliness,
And we are far from home.
We scarce can find the tangled paths
Our wandering feet should tread;
In withered heaps along the way,
The fallen leaves lie dead;
The leaves are like the golden dreams
That gild life's morn with radiant beams!

Our bark is on the stormy deep,
It rides a blackened sea;
The waves are leaping high and fierce,
The crested foam flies free;
How fearfully we plunge e'en now
Within the dark ravine!
And now upon the mountain wave
The tiny craft is seen;
The clouds are bursting over-head,
The drenching storm around is shed.

Of old within the wilderness
The tempted Christ has dwelt;
Amid those shadowy solitudes
The Anointed One has knelt;
And oft upon a midnight wave
His bark has wandered far—
The stormy depths were darkened wide,
And heaven revealed no star.
We turn to thee, O Son of God,
For thou life's stormiest wastes hast trod.

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her model, the strength of her timbers, and the scientific manner in which they are put together. She will be the largest, the strongest, and the most beautiful steamboat ever built. The length of the deck is to be 345 feet; beam 45 feet; over all, 82 feet; depth of hold 15 feet, and 2300 tons burden. She will contain about 116 state-rooms, and can furnish sleeping accommodations for about 1000 people. Her engine, built at the Novelty Works, will be the largest in the world, having a 105-inch cylinder, and 12 feet stroke. It will be worth a trip through the Sound to see this capacious vessel. Our country may justly be proud of such a product of skill and enterprise.

H. L. FOSTER's Clothing Emporium, 27 Cortland street, we can heartily recommend to all our friends, as one of the best places in the city for gentlemen's goods. They are made in the very best style, and sent to any part of the United States. As they keep constantly on hand almost every variety of articles, we cheerfully make this notice of it, that our friends visiting the city may do themselves the pleasure to call and examine.

TO THE LADIES who wish to make purchases in the lace and embroidery line, we would say we know of no place in the city where such articles can be obtained so reasonably as at the extensive store of F. A. Gunn & Co, No. 104 Canal street. Their one-price system recommends them to the patronage of all. They believe this to be the right principle; and from the unprecedented success of their enterprise, scarcely a year old, they flatter themselves that they have already secured the confidence of the ladies. And if there is any thing attractive in politeness and gentlemanly manners, customers will go away well pleased. For further particulars, see advertisement on the cover.

Book Notices.

POETRY OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD. A Popular Exposition of the Science of Botany. By M. J. Schleiden, M.D., Professor of Botany in the University of Jena. Edited by Alphonso Wood. Newman & Ivison, New York.—Science considers nature. It investigates laws of matter and laws of motion. It ascertains facts, and analyzes and explains phenomena; but when the philosopher has the poet's eye, his work is different. Science no longer deals exclusively with mere material facts, and their systematic generalization. It essays a nobler flight. Imagination lends her wings, and the student of nature mounts to a point of observation so lofty, so uplifted above the ordinary field of scientific observation and research, that the poetry of science results from his survey of nature and her wondrous works. He weighs and measures—he observes and experiments, not to *prove* and demonstrate with mathematical precision the minutiæ of chemical and mechanical changes going forward in Nature's laboratory, but to wonder, admire, and to be astonished at the beauties, sublimities, and harmonies of nature.

It is to reveal the wonder, mystery and beauty of God's universe, that he studies the wide-open volume of nature.

Science, so studied, not only enlarges and expands the mind; it ennobles and refines it. Science, so pursued, is the nurse and handmaiden of devotion—the stepping-stone to the very door of heaven—the key which unlocks its golden gate, and brings the soul, admiring, worshipful, and reverent, into the very presence-chamber of the Infinite Creator, who designed and planned and executed all this wondrous scheme of things. A book which so exhibits nature, is a TREASURE, and every student and lover of nature will hail it as an oasis in the dry and barren deserts of exact demonstrative science.

In this translation from the German of Professor Schleiden, edited by Alphonso Wood, (and published by Newman & Ivison,) we have just such a book—just what its name imports, *The Poetry of the Vegetable World*. While it imbodies the latest discoveries of science, its object is not so much a systematic arrangement and exposition of subjects connected with scientific botany, as a popular illustration of those particular topics which are most happily and appropriately designated by the author as the Æsthetics of the Vegetable World.

This treatise, though POPULAR, is not designed for the novice in botany, for only a thorough and accomplished student of nature can enter, con amore, and with the gusto which entire appreciation inspires, into all the views of nature which the author exhibits in this unique, but most instructive and entertaining volume. E. D. W. M.

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN, ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER. By Rev. Rufus W. Clark.—The volume of lectures above noticed, on the Temptations and Mission of Young Men, deserves especial commendation; though it is impossible to produce any thing either very new, original, profound, or piquant on a theme so hackneyed; for the issues of the press on this subject, for the last five years, may be counted in scores. It SHOULD be so. Young men are the hope, not only of the family and the country, but also of the Church and the world. Let them then be trained to honor, virtue, integrity and piety. Let books be multiplied till their name is Legion, which, like THIS, insists

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upon the necessity of right home influence, which inculcates energy of character, which lifts up an admonitory and warning voice against the influences of a pernicious literature, a demoralizing drama, gambling, and its kindred vices, but, above all, against the fearful Hydra of modern skepticism.

This series of lectures has the merit of being eminently practical, not only developing abstract principles of DUTY, but applying them to the pursuits of trade and business—treating at length on the duties of employers, duties of clerks and apprentices, of the Bible, the Sabbath, of systematic benevolence, and the claims of our times upon young men. John P. Jewett & Co. E. D. W. M.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD. By Rev. Wm. M. Thayer.—These "Hints for the Household" are so plain, practical and direct, that they have the weight of *arguments*; enforcing the conscientious discharge of every duty arising from the social and domestic relations.

The family, with its conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal relationships, is here treated of in its every aspect—not only in the initial tie which binds two souls to make the journey of this human life *together*; but also in those affiliated ties which make it *one* though *many*; of the final dissolution of those ties by death; and the possible reunion of family and friends in heaven.

But such a happy consummation of the ties which bind a Christian family together in mutual love and confidence, cannot be realized in *heaven*, unless its members cultivate on *earth* those sympathies which make them one in Christ; and hence the family Sabbath, the family Bible and altar, family affliction, family reading, and the philosophy of character as affected by the laws of association and imitation, of habit and hereditary development, are *all* treated of in detail in its several chapters; making, as a *whole*, a most suggestive and useful volume for all who are earnestly disposed to make these hints practical by adopting them as the rule of daily life and duty in the family. John P. Jewett & Co. E. D. W. M.

THE MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT; or the Satanic License. By Rev. JOEL WAKEMAN.—A work dedicated to Maine Law progress. It is a timely book, written in a lively and attractive style. John P. Jewett & Co.

LITTLE SUSY.—A sweet little book for children, entitled *Little Susy's Six Birthdays*. By Aunt Susy. It is a story of home and fireside influences, blended with those touching little incidents which must have been drawn from real life. There is a vein of cheerful sympathy running through it, calculated to instruct the minds and chain the attention of children like the charm of vocal stories. A. D. F. Randolph, 683 Broadway.

THE TONGUE OF TIME. By Wm. Harrison.—The idea of this little book is represented by supposing it the language of a church clock, on whose dial the hand points, at the end of each hour, to some striking passage of Scripture. These are expanded into twelve chapters on religious duties, which compose the work. It is an impressive mode of presenting truth. A. D. F. Randolph.

SCOTIA'S BARDS.—A work of 560 pages, beautifully illustrated, and containing the richest and most stirring effusions of the Scottish poets. It is a rich treat to the lovers of poetry. Many of the pieces are in the national dialect, but they are exceedingly beautiful. R. Carter & Brothers.

GEMS BY THE WAY-SIDE.—By MRS. L. G. ABELL. An offering of purity and truth. A work of 480 pages, containing six fine illustrations. It comprises many interesting sketches in prose and verse, by Mrs. Abell, Sigourney, Hemans, and other popular writers. As a present for the young, none more suitable can be found. It inculcates the purest sentiments of virtue. It is published in handsome style by R. T. Young.

THE MOTHER'S BOOK OF DAILY DUTIES. By MRS. L. G. ABELL.—A work containing many hints and directions for the body, mind, and character. It is some testimony to the value of this book, that fifty thousand have been sold. It is a summary of useful knowledge, containing lessons of wisdom, taste, and economy, that should be learned by every wife who desires the secret of making home happy. R T. Young.

WOMAN IN HER VARIOUS RELATIONS. By MRS. L. G. ABELL.—This work contains many practical rules and hints for American females It is prefaced by a copious index, pointing to a great variety of topics pertaining to practical and fashionable life. The style is lively, and on the whole it is a very useful book R. T. Young, 140 Fulton street

LIFE OF WHITEFIELD.—The fact that this work emanated from the London Tract Society, is a sufficient commendation of it. It is a neat edition, well got up. R. T. Young.

SKILFUL HOUSEWIFE'S BOOK. By MRS. L. G. ABELL.—This is a guide to domestic cookery, taste, comfort, and economy. It contains 659 receipts, with an index pointing to every given question in cookery. R. T. Young.

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF DANIEL. By Rev. Albert Barnes.—This excellent commentary throws much light on this great prophecy. The well-known reputation of the author is a sufficient recommendation of the work. It is rich in instruction on some of the most important points in the book of Daniel. Leavitt & Allen, 27 Dey street.

LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER: or, Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin, Missionary in Turkey. By Margarette Woods Laurence.—This is a precious work. The subject of it was a most devoted missionary. The impressions left on the mind from the perusal of it are most salutary. It is calculated to increase the piety and warm the hearts of Christians. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

HELEN MULGRAVE; or, Jesuit Executorship. By a Seceder from Romanism.—So far as we have been able to examine this work, it is a faithful delineation of what the writer saw and experienced. The story is interesting, and style attractive. All such works are calculated to open the eyes of Protestants to the intrigues of Jesuits. Dewitt & Davenport.

THE AMERICAN STATESMAN: or, Illustrations of the Life and Character of Daniel Webster.—The object of this book is to present a sketch of the most interesting events which occurred in the history of the distinguished statesman. It is designed for American youth; and so far as we can judge, it is well calculated to stimulate them to a laudable ambition, with such an illustrious pattern before them. Gould & Lincoln.

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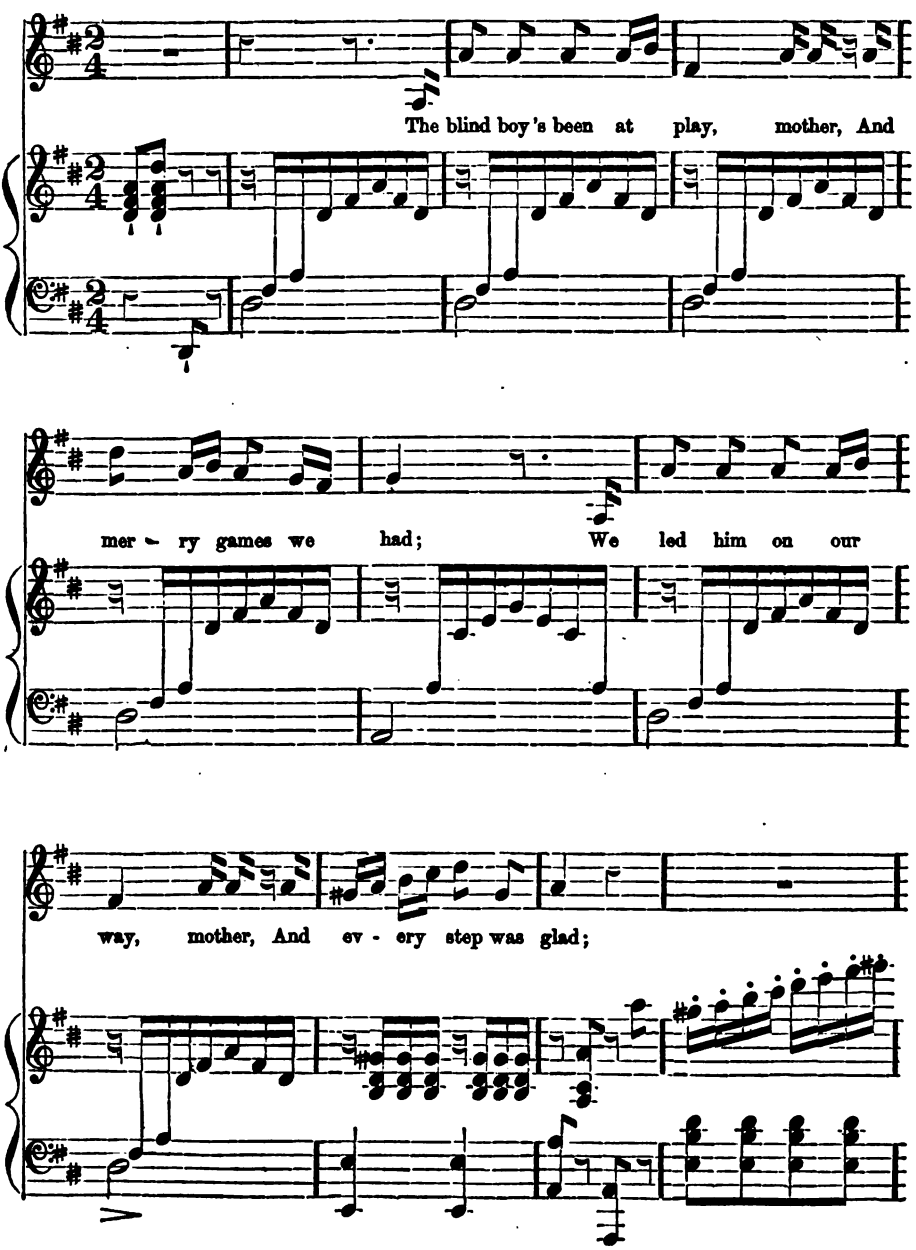
"The blind Boy's been at play, Mother."

MUSIC BY MRS. TILLINGHAST.

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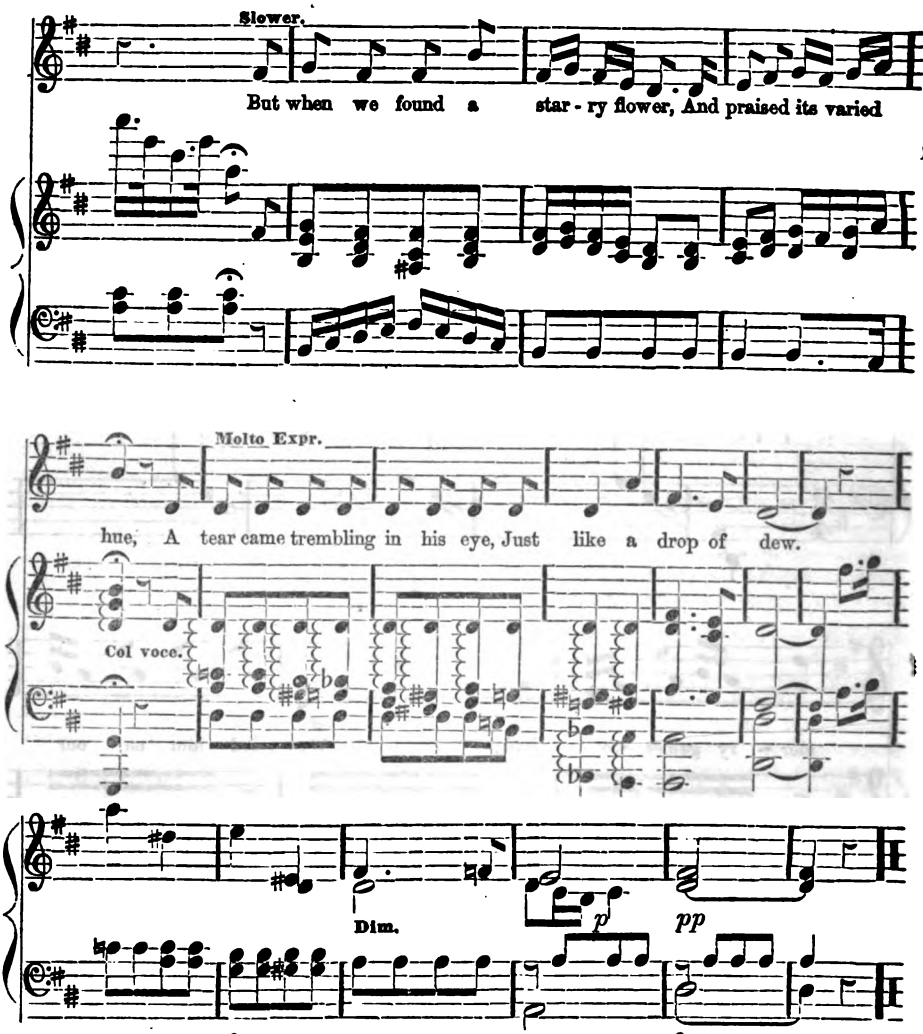
Slower.
But when we found a star - ry flower, And praised its varied
Molto Expr.
hue, A tear came trembling in his eye, Just like a drop of dew.
Col voce.
Dim.
p
pp

2.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rain-bow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the brink,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

3.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkles crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots;
"Ah, me," he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

4.

Oh, that poor, sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all that I love best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies, red and white,
I'll kneel upon the meadow-sod,
And thank my God for sight.

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